

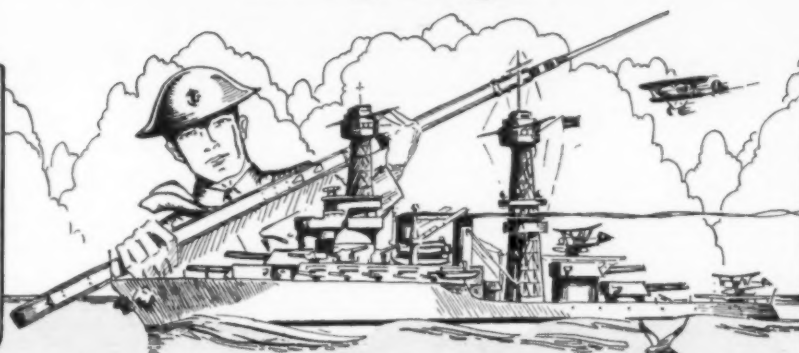
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The Marine Corps Depot at Philadelphia

THE MARINE CORPS maintains at Philadelphia a general manufacturing and supply depot, operated under the Quartermaster's Department, which constitutes the Corps' only manufacturing plant, and its principal storage and distributing depot, from which other depots and posts throughout the world are supplied. The physical plant consists of property and buildings at 1100 South Broad Street, in which are located the depot offices, all manufacturing activities, inspection department, motor transport shops, clothing and stationery storage, and of four large one-story warehouses located at the foot of Snyder Avenue, which are used for the receipt, storage and distribution of all supplies and equipment, except clothing and stationery, motor spare parts and materials used in manufacturing. The plant at 1100 South Broad Street also houses the Headquarters Eastern Recruiting Division, Headquarters 21st Reserve Marines, the Publicity Bureau and the Assistant Paymaster's office. Both land and buildings at this site are owned by the Government. While the storage warehouses at the foot of Snyder Avenue are Government-owned, they stand on rented ground on which the Marine Corps has a lease with right to extension to 1940. Both locations are well suited for the purposes for which they are used, have adequate railroad facilities and are outside the congested area of the city, making movement of supplies by truck, as well as by rail and steamship, relatively easy and simple.

The manufacturing branch at 1100 South Broad Street is divided into four departments, i. e., Clothing, Equipment, Woodworking, and Mechanical, each under its own civilian superintendent. These departments are manned primarily by civilians, enlisted men being used only for clerical duty and for work in the Armory in connection with the Armorer's School. The idea is to have productive work done by civilian labor, to avoid the competition of enlisted labor with civilians and to reflect in the cost of articles produced, their actual cost of production. As of October 1, 1930, approximately 144 men and 192 women were employed in the manufacturing branch, engaged in the production of the many and varied articles used by Marines which it has been found advisable and economical to make rather than to purchase in the open market. Many of these employees have been with the Marine Corps for many years. They constitute a loyal, efficient group working for the efficiency of the Corps and interested in its welfare.

The Clothing Department not only manufactures the many articles of uniform that are required for issue to enlisted men, other than knit goods, hats, caps, and shoes, which are purchased, but also makes flags, mosquito nets, pillow cases, sheets and other miscellaneous articles. In addition it manufactures officers' uniforms to order upon request of the officers con-

cerned. During the past year this latter feature of the Clothing Department did \$25,000 worth of business, or approximately twice the amount of this class of work done during the previous year. This result shows the increasing regard in which this service is held by the officers of the Corps, and their growing satisfaction with its work. About half of last year's class of 53 officers at the Basic School in Philadelphia was outfitted by the Depot, the remainder of the class by various civilian tailors. During the school year the Commanding Officer gave orders for inspection of officers' uniforms to check on fit, compliance with regulations, quality, and general appearance. As a result of this inspection, made by officers of the school, it was found that on the average the uniforms made by the Depot were in all cases equally as good in fit and manufacture as those made by civilian tailors, while the blue uniforms made at the Depot were decidedly superior on the whole to those made by civilians. As a result of this experience and of the interest of the Depot Quartermaster in getting these facts before the members of the present class, together with a showing of the savings involved, a much larger percentage of this year's class have ordered their outfits from the Depot. This department recently developed a uniform bag for sale to officers and enlisted men which has proved quite popular.

In addition to its work for the Marine Corps, the Clothing Factory last year, at the request of the Bureau of Supplies and Accounts, made for the Navy 22,424 jumpers, white, dress; 69,556 jumpers, white, undress; and 39,818 trousers, white. During the Summer of 1930 one of the principal activities of this Department has been the converting of the old style overcoat to the roll-collar type. This work has progressed to the point where there are now available in stock sufficient of the converted coats to meet all probable demands during the coming winter. While this converted overcoat is not equal to a new coat made from roll-collar patterns, it is believed that it will be much more comfortable, fit better, and present a better appearance than the old standing-collar type, and that its use will materially enhance the appearance of Marines when required to appear in overcoats.

Through constant study and experiment, changes and improvements have been and are being made in the design and manufacture of clothing. Many of these changes have resulted in improvements in the output at very considerable savings both in labor and materials; among these are changes in drawers; scarfs, cotton; coats, pajama; chevrons; insignia, and flags, as a result of which very considerable savings are being made.

In the Equipment Department a great variety of articles are

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"WHERE WE COULD TAKE A GUN"



UNTIL the ninth century Korea was unheard of by Europeans. It was first brought to their minds by the Arab geographer, Khoradabeh, who mentioned it as "An unknown land beyond the frontier of Kantu." The earliest description of any moment was written by a shipwrecked Dutch sailor, Hendrik Hamel, in 1653; and little further was heard of the "Hermit Kingdom" until it was visited by Captain Broughton in 1797.

Of legendary history, however, Korea has tales to equal the Arabian Nights. There were insulted goddesses who sought revenge, banished gods, evil and good, who combated one another for the destruction or salvation of Chosen (Morning Freshness), the native name for Korea. According to tradition, Empress Jingo Kogo of Japan conquered Korea in the third century and extracted from the vanquished people an oath of perpetual allegiance: "Until the sun rose in the west, till the rivers flowed backward, and the stones of the earth became stars in the heaven." But Japan soon discovered the jewel she acquired possessed keen cutting edges, and the empress withdrew. It was not until seventeen centuries later, in 1910, that Korea was formally annexed to Japan.

In the meantime Korea developed into a haughty, independent kingdom. China successfully controlled it for only a short time. In 1866 a French expedition was not only routed, but the retreating forces were harassed every foot of the way back to their ships. Unscrupulous, buccaneering adventures of diverse nations, attracted by the reputed wealth and mystery of the peninsular kingdom, repeatedly assailed its shores. The bones of most of them are still there. Japanese and Chinese pirates swept along the coast of Korea, taking as plunder whatever their strength could win. Small wonder, then, that the natives were antagonistic toward every foreign ship that approached. Even mariners who had been shipwrecked on the outlying islands were treated with greatest hostility. Although there are records of exceptional kindness shown on a few occasions, the fate of others has never been disclosed.

America instituted negotiations with Korea for the safety of seamen who were stranded on the peninsula. The Koreans intimated that they had adopted a policy for their own protection: "The distressed would be treated with kindness, the robber with powder and iron, and the invader with death."

An illustration occurred on June 24, 1866, when the American schooner "Surprise" was wrecked. An invasion by the French was anticipated by the Koreans, and through their lack of contact with the outer world, all white men were French in their eyes. In spite of these circumstances Captain McCaslin and his crew were treated as guests and safely conducted out of the country.

On the other hand, about one month later, the "General Sherman," a schooner owned by a wealthy American, sailed for Korea. From the beginning the expedition was under suspicion. The crew was armed too heavily for an ordinary trading venture, and the mysteriousness of the mission caused no little excitement. Somewhere in Korea, it was rumored, were the

By Frank Hunt Rentfrow

royal coffins of solid gold. Through the ages they had collected and were now of fabulous worth. The "General Sherman" was suspected of intending to rifle these tombs.

The tragedy has never been authentically recorded. The stories that evolved were conflicting and contradictory, but none of the crew was ever seen again. The most convincing account tells of the men being lured to the beach where they were hacked to pieces. Those who remained on board fortified themselves and repulsed several attacks before blazing fire-ships ignited the "General Sherman" and forced them to surrender to the mercy of the natives. They were not spared.

It was imperative that some understanding between America and Korea be developed. Accordingly, on May 16, 1871, a small fleet escorted Mr. F. F. Low, American minister to China, from

Nagasaki to Boiesee anchorage, off the west coast of Korea. Rear Admiral Rodgers commanded the expedition, which consisted of the Flagship "Colorado," the corvettes "Alaska" and "Benicia," and the gunboats "Monacacy" and "Palos."

Although Admiral Rodgers was nominally in command, the responsibility of the mission rested with Mr. Low. He was instructed to make a treaty, if possible, but the primary motive was to obtain safe conduct for shipwrecked sailors. He was admonished to avoid armed conflict, unless such action would involve loss of honor. In other words, he bore the olive branch in one hand and the arrows of war in the other.

On a foggy morning, the 19th of May, the squadron anchored off Ferrieres Islands. Further fogs delayed them and it was not until the 23rd that the Isle Eugenie was reached. Admiral Rodgers designated the anchorage at Roze Roads, at the mouth of the Salee, or Han, river. The "Monacacy" and "Palos" were the only ships capable of navigating the stream.

Under necessity the others would remain at the mouth.

On the morning of the 24th Captain Homer C. Blake put out with the "Palos" and four steam launches for the purpose of examining the channel beyond Boiesee Islands. The mission proved uneventful and the party returned four days later.

May 30th found the squadron anchored between the Isles Boiesee and Guerriere. The fogs had rolled away and the verdant beauty of the country was revealed.

A junk put out from the beach and the native crew, after signaling friendliness, accepted the invitation to come aboard. They announced themselves as messengers, stating that a delegation of officials would visit the fleet on the following day.

On May 31st the delegation of eight Koreans arrived. They bore neither authority nor credentials and were obviously of such inferior rank that both Mr. Low and the admiral refused to see them.

Mr. Drew, the secretary, conferred with the envoys and informed them that the fleet purposed to take soundings and costal surveys. The Korean delegates, lacking jurisdiction, made no reply. Their silence was interpreted for consent. So on the first of June the "Palos," the "Monacacy" and four steam launches proceeded up the river.



The landing party was put ashore on a swamp-like flat.

There was a disarming appearance of peace and quiet along the stream. The banks were high and steep and covered with luxuriant green woods. An occasional thatch-roofed village came into view, and rice fields, and natives staring curiously but with no signs of hostility.

As the little expedition moved northward they approached Kang-wa Island on their port side. A portion of the island jetted out into the channel, and it was suddenly observed that a fort lay almost concealed behind mats of screens. Cannon and gingalls were mounted in the embrasures. The current bore the flotilla abreast the fort.

A signal gun was fired. Immediately the screens were jerked aside and a solid sheet of flame burst from the stronghold. The water was churned into a whirlpool by the bullets.

The two ships quickly returned the fire. It was sharp combat, but the antique weapons and slow-burning powder of the natives were no match for the Americans. Although the recoil of her cannon tore the bolts from the side of the "Palos," and the "Monacacy" ripped her hull against a rock, the Korean bombardment was soon silenced.

The representatives of our nation demanded an apology from the Koreans, with the alternative of a punitive invasion, within ten days. The allotted time elapsed and no reply was forthcoming.

About ten o'clock on the morning of June 10th, 1871, the punitive expedition, comprising the "Monacacy," the "Palos," four steam launches and twenty boats, proceeded up the river.

The designated landing force consisted of a brigade of seamen infantry, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Casey; seven pieces of field artillery, under Lieutenant Commander Cassell, and a battalion of Marines, commanded by Captain McLane Tilton, with 2nd Lieutenant W. J. MacDonald, Jr., adjutant. The first Marine company, fifty-three men, was commanded by 1st Lieutenant J. B. Breese; the second, fifty-two men, was commanded by 1st Lieutenant F. A. Mulany.

About one o'clock in the afternoon the expedition arrived opposite the first forts, named Marine Redoubt by the Americans. Under covering fire from the "Monacacy" the landing party was put ashore on a swamp-like flat that stretched south of the redoubt. The men sank to their knees in the mud as they scrambled the two hundred yards toward firm land.

Upon reaching solid ground the infantry was formed, and with the Marines deployed as skirmishers an advance was made against the redoubt. The bombardment from the "Monacacy" had driven the garrison away and the Marines entered the stronghold without opposition.

Guns mounted on the parapet were rolled into the river and torches applied to all inflammable objects.

The sun was low in the sky and while the main body went into camp for the night, the Marines pushed half a mile north through a paddy field where they bivouacked as advance guard.

The following morning, Sunday, the march began at an early hour. The sun climbed up through a cloudless sky, presaging a hot, stifling day. With two-thirds of their force in reserve, the Marines assailed the second line of forts. As before, the enemy had fled, leaving an unfought victory for the Americans. The works were destroyed and the armament tumbled over the cliffs.

With the Marines as skirmishers and the main body following in column of fours, the expedition began advancing toward what they termed "Fort McKee," the key-fort of the kingdom. The sun blazed down and the steep hills shimmered in its rays. A few unarmed natives were dislodged and were permitted to retire unmolested.

Suddenly, as the skirmishers reached the crest of a ridge,

they observed a large force of Koreans collected on a parallel ridge. Artillery was rushed up and shells were soon bursting among the white-coated natives. They retreated in disorder.

A line of Marines was thrown out to advance parallel to the right flank of the fort. This movement was concealed by heavy brush and a succession of ridges. The party attained a position along a crest about one hundred and fifty yards from the enemy. The Americans' right rested on a narrow path that led to the redoubt. Planted in line, a few feet apart, some two-dozen Korean banners fluttered. Another ridge, parallel to the one sheltering the Marines, was about thirty yards in advance, but to reach it the whole line would have to be exposed.

Regarding the banners as a ruse, Captain Tilton detailed four men to go forward. No sooner had they reached the flags than a tremendous volume of fire slashed down from the

Korean stronghold. Nevertheless the quartet gathered fifteen of the banners and retired unharmed.

The detachment rushed for the advanced ridge. A hail of lead greeted them. One Marine fell mortally wounded. The rest reached the position about one hundred and twenty yards from the citadel, but concealed by dense vegetation.

Both forces increased their fire. The garrison consisted of more than fifteen hundred defenders, most of them tiger hunters, to whom death was far less important than valor. They began their death chant or war dirge, in a wailing, monotonous cadence.

With a yell the Marines left the ridge and swept down into the valley. Crowning a conical hill, one hundred and fifty feet above the bottom of the ravine, towered the walls of the citadel. The Koreans lined the parapet and showered gingall balls down on the Americans.

With the main body thundering behind, the Marines scaled the steep slope. The Koreans abandoned their ancient firearms for clubs and knives. With a desperation born of futility they rained rocks down on the Ma-

rines and picked up dirt to fling in their eyes.

Lieutenant McKee was first to mount the parapet. A bullet struck him. As he fell, wounded to death, a Korean warrior leaped in with a spear. A Marine shot him. Other natives worked forward to capture the wounded officer. Three seamen fought to his side. They fell before the rescue could be effected. John Coleman, a Marine, sprang forward and flung a wounded sailor over his shoulder, escaping to safety.

Seaman Lukes glimpsed the natives dragging the fallen lieutenant away. He called for volunteers. Seth Allen and Thomas Murphy responded. Furiously the three men attacked the natives. Their cutlasses swept through the air, heaping the dead about them. But the odds were too great. A squad of Marines plunged to their rescue. They found Murphy and Allen dead and Lukes suffering from wounds that made him an invalid for life.

The battle raged furiously beneath the noon-day sun. A Marine from the "Benicia" wrenched a matchlock from a native and brained him. Another singled out the enemy commander

(Continued on page 56)



Guns mounted on the parapet were rolled into the river, and torches applied to all inflammable objects.



FOURTH MARINES CHURCH

The Fourth Marines' Church continues to operate with great popularity within the regiment, and also among the great number of civilian friends of the Fourth Marines. Services are held in the Italian Gardens of the Majestic Hotel, where, amid the beautiful surroundings of the gardens, the Church is ideally located. The management of the Majestic Hotel very graciously tendered this beautiful setting for the Church, without cost to the regiment, and has spared no effort to comfortably house all who attend divine services each Sabbath morning.

The Fourth Marines Band under the capable leadership of First Sergeant R. G. Jones, continues to delight large audiences with weekly concerts, after the divine services, each Sunday.

Chief Marine Gunner L. F. Jensen acts as choir leader, assisted by Mrs. W. B. Onley at the piano, Mrs. N. E. True, Mrs. A. T. Mason, Mrs. F. L. Read, Mrs. L. F. Jensen, members of the choir.

Private William J. Hughes of the 28th Company still proves to be the banner attraction on the musical programme. Hughes possesses a clear, rich tenor voice and his rendition of the classics compares with the best artists of the concert stage.

MARINE DET. U. S. N. H. CHELSEA, MASS.

By Whistledink

Hello, everybody. No 'tisin't Floyd Gibbons, just an ambitious aspirant for literary fame. Nuff sed. We-uns here in Chelsea decided that you-uns should hear about a good post once in a while, in fact, right away, if not sooner, for possibly we have friends here, there, and everywhere.

Chelsea Naval Hospital as some do, and some do not know, is in a suburb of Boston although when writing home we generally say—"Quite neah to deah ol' Hahvard y'know."

A just right sized detachment of twenty-one men and (please don't accuse us of bragging 'cos were only admitting it) we think we're a purty darn good bunch of Gyrenes.

First Sergeant William Pince is our C. O. and needless to say we all like him first rate. Of course he puts out regulation growls when needed but they say you have to do that, eventually, why not now? And the far famed and frolicsome Paul (Pete) Petrusky is our next in line. A sergeant with a chest full of campaign bars and pants full of tummy but just like the bootlegger's daughter—for all

her faults we love her still, and what a still. (Don't get peeved Pete.)

Then we have four insignificant little corporals, E. M. Jones, who is true to his wife (sometimes) and can't quite decide whether he should be called Casey or Davey Jones. A. M. Seymour whose preceding initials should be p. m. as he's hardly ever awake in the a. m. Stanley Kinel, a peppy, pulsating, pugnacious Pollock, whose main ambition is to grow a moustache—some day. And Larry P. Wheeler who is just a new comer here from the U. S. S. "Texas."

Now meet the Pfc.'s folks. Evans '89 who still loves the ladies, Bailey who doesn't, Haley one of the detachment shieks, Devins the big-shot from Bawston, Taylor who has quite a rep' in the squared ring and who claims that he has held the Service Heavyweight Championship, Bergher who sings "Bars all around and not a drop to drink," Berner who is going to fill the shoes of Al Capone some day, Mitchell who smokes loaded cigarettes, Murphy who is trying his best not to buy an engagement ring for a Christmas present and last but by no means least everybody's friend, pal, and buddy and the friend of all working girls, successor of Don Juan, the Hon. Roche.

Privates we have five, Goodreau who at present is on leave, Depinto who tried the U. S. S. Outside but after three months shipped over, Reed who says that that 1890 in his record book is a mistake (and what a tummy he has), Parker another resident of Boston, and Spink the silent also recently shipped over.

There you have met them all, a good bunch in a good post in a good outfit, all alive and able to growl.

I hope some of my former shipmates of the old Wahoo run across this and, believe me, when I say it's a great life on the beach, fellows, and I certainly hope that "Red" is still a-growling at you all.

More later if ye editor censors it.

Adios hasta pasada mes.

GROWLS FROM THE "LEXINGTON"

By "Ding How" and "Boo How"

After completing a heavy gunnery season we once more find time to drop a few lines to "Ye Olde Leatherneck" giving all the dope about "Our Happy Family."

We still have B. M. Coffenberg as our company C. O. He boasts of the snap-piest detach afloat. Our J. O. is none other than W. R. Williams, past post adjutant of San Diego Marine Barracks, who has us performing on the flight deck every once in a while.

As a shining light, Patrick Corbett certainly had great brilliance but we will

have to admit with no reservations that Gunnery Sergeant Dan Daughtery is a total eclipse, showing an amazing versatility in everything from flight deck maneuvers to rifle stock rejuvenating (arf, arf).

Top Kick Richardson, whose conquests among the weaker sex have brought to the bulkheads of his office many miniature fair haired trophies, has a new addition in the form of a growling devil dog that barks every time retreat is sounded.

Sergeant Sperling of the old "Pennsy," and Sergeant Harter of "When I was in Guam" fame, are the two liberty hounds of this gang. As this goes to press Harter is one up on Sperling and shows no sign of weakening.

Recollect the first two lines of the Marine Hymn and you will know to what extent the illustrious Corporal Arnold has traveled. He has a story for every square mile of the globe.

Corporal "Cy" Higgins and R. J. Watkins are still the despair of the mail orderlies for if we put out to sea for more than three days the mail clerk has to make a special trip in number one launch to bring their mail alongside.

Lance Corporal Doney, after doing a cruise in the Army, Navy and Coast Guard, pulls down a big goldbricking position in the Marine Corps—selling soda pop to the boys.

"One Sock" Bates is getting so punch drunk that every time he hears a bell he falls into a poise of the manly art of self defense and starts to take off. (By the way, gang, this same "One Sock" is the undefeated middleweight champ of the "Lex" and that is what we call good considering that we have a crew of over 1600 men aboard.)

Bob Forton is the big ice cream man and says that where he comes from the jackrabbits are so big and tough they back up against a tree and fight off packs of timber wolves. He also says that doing over twenty months on the "Queen of the Seas" is just as tough, so he is putting in for a transfer to San Diego.

Pedro Gonzales Pancho Lopez Forrester, the fighting Irishman who last year came within an ace of winning the battle fleet featherweight belt, is all set to collect a certain bet he made with Jawn Downer. All those that know Pancho may have one guess as to what that bet is.

"Tarzan of the Grapes" Lewis and Harper, "The Ripper," are two new additions to the "Lexington's" race boat crew, and they sure pull a mean oar.

Blanchard, Morgan, Gary and "Brute" Nelson answered the call for football players and like all regular Gyrenes made the team. Fleet sport writers are wondering why the All-Marine team doesn't grab "Brute," as he is one of the best guards seen this season.

Windes and Block are about to take the big plunge into matrimony and have already passed out the cigars.

We bid a fond adieu to "Hurricane" Hutcheson and a hearty welcome to his successor, "Hurricane" Haney—always may we have at least one "Hurricane."

The A-A-U of compartment three issue a standing invitation to all good Gyrenes in good standing to drop around to see the gang once in a while. (Those on the "Mary" ask D. K. L.)

In answer to Sergeant Coleman and the record the "Saratoga" Marines hung up, we wish to state that although we didn't get that much coveted "E," we did get prize money on gun 5 and gun 12 in SRBP. We also wish to ask them what their score was in anti-aircraft firing.

We shove off in the morning to get in some drill for long range battle practice and after the completion of that we prepare to go to Bremerton, Washington, for our annual overhaul. Until next month, so long.

AIRCRAFT SQUADRONS, MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

This post has been silent for a few months due to the fact that we were fresh out of scribes, but now we are going to make up for lost time.

Since our last report many new men have arrived from the East Coast. A few have also left us, going both to the East and West Coasts. There are quite a few more due to go back, but it seems to be the old story—plenty of liberty but no boats.

By this time most everyone has heard about the Santo Dominican disaster, but have you heard about ours? A part of that hurricane came all the way over here and blew out the back of the erection shop and played a few other little tricks.

Every once in a while a couple of our pilots take a notion they would like to see the Caribbean Sea again, so off they go to Bluefields and Puerto Cabezas for a few days. Most of these trips, however, are for the benefit of the electioneers.

Now that the electoral mission is firmly established in this country and knows the ropes pretty well, they have found that riding in airplanes is preferable to the slow native transportation system of ox-cart, with the result that our pilots are kept pretty busy.

Aviation has a new landing field in Nicaragua at the outpost of Somotillo, Department of Chinandega. That means another egg market. They're scarce!

On July twenty-ninth, Fokker No. 2 crashed while landing at Ocotul. Six days later the new Ford transport which arrived from the States in May crashed at the same field, also while landing. Both crashes were due to bad winds. Since then a new field has been opened there and we expect no more trouble.

Lately a new Ford, the sister ship of the one that crashed and burned at Ocotul, arrived, piloted by Lieutenant Guy-

mon, one of our former bandit strafers and C. O. of the old detachment at Puerto Cabezas, with Staff Sergeant Lillie as co-pilot. Then on the twenty-first of September, Fokker No. 1, which was sent back to the States last January for overhaul, returned to the fold.

Two planes took off for Panama the other day to bring back a new "Duck," so we shall soon again have our full complement of planes.

All the sports are still holding sway, although basketball and tennis are at present the most popular. The basketball team, under Sergeant Q. M. Owens' leadership has so far been very successful, both in winning games and in maintaining a keen interest in the sport.

There are so many candidates for each position on the basketball team that no player can be said to have a "regular berth," nor does the temporary loss of a single player materially handicap the team as a whole.

Here is our present line-up (subject to change without notice):

Beiser (captain), rf.; Shattuck, rf.; Keller, rf.; Quam, lf.; Boyd, lf.; Smith, lf.; Martin, c.; Arndt, c.; Craig, c.; Wright, rg.; Newbolt, rg.; Thudium, lg.; Haney, lg.; Union, lg.; Flowers, lg.

There are many other strong players available who are not included in this list, so we feel "well heeled" for any competition which may come our way.

We have won four out of five games played to date.

In regard to tennis, we are still undisputed singles and doubles champions of Nicaragua. Lieutenant Young holds the first title, his last match with the native champion of Nicaragua having been won by him by the scores of 6-0, 6-0, much to the chagrin of the Nicaraguan. The doubles championship is held by Lieutenant Young and Private Parlato, the latter having just joined this post, much to the delight of Lieutenant Young, who has been longing for a good partner for many moons. Now we don't know who is the better of the two, for Parlato is right there when it comes to socking the old pill. We expect to find out, however, as soon as Lieutenant Young recovers from his infected foot, and Parlato from his strained back.

Well! No hay mas dope, so adios; haste la vista.

N. A. S., SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

By Brown

Washington and that wonderful climate. The Washingtonians say that it never rains in their fair State—at least not a wet rain. I think that is very wrong. The first thing we noticed today was the rain and from the looks of the dirt road beside the "White House" it is a decidedly wet rain. It will rain now for the rest of this winter and when it stops raining it will pour for a while.

There are some changes being made in our location. The house movers are moving the office building, thereby giving us all the sensations of a ship at sea. First it rolls to port and then to starboard with a few pitches sandwiched betwixt the 'tween. It is so wet that we are expecting the building to start sliding down the skids any minute. If that happens it is liable to end up in the lake.

The last class of student naval pilots are through with about fifty per cent

washed out. The usual quota were thrown in the lake upon finishing their solo flights. Some of them seem to think that the water was rather COLD but they were ducked, cold or warm.

Now that the hunting season is open every one is restless to bag a few ducks and pheasants. The captain and two embryo duck hunters went to Sedro Wooley last Friday and bagged the glorious sum of two ducks and one pheasant. Great hunting, eh, wot! The wildfowl will soon be gathering out here on the lake where we can only look and admire since this is a game preserve.

The first Sunday inspection occurred yesterday when Major General Logan Feland, of the Department of the Pacific, inspected the Marine Barracks. It was entirely unofficial so everything was the same as any other day.

Two more Marines have joined this post—Privates Saltser and Squier from the navy yard at Bremerton. Private Sherwood was transferred to the navy yard and Private Shimmel is being paid off this morning. We also have a new C. O.—Lieutenant Leslie F. Narum from Mare Island. He relieved Lieutenant A. L. Gardener, who was sent to Nicaragua. It seems that this post is just a way station for the officers, at least this is the third one in six months. We haven't been able to get acquainted with our commanding officers so far, but we have great hopes that Lieutenant Narum will be allowed to stay with us for a while.

Now that the world series are in session it is hard to get anyone to do anything in the way of work, but there comes my relief and that means I eat. To continue, the present status is just one big question as to whether I win or the other guy loses. Let's hope that "we" do.

NEW CONSTRUCTION AT THE MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VA.

By Q. M. Sergeant W. L. Granger

The chief of the Bureau of Yards and Docks, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., entered into contract with Ralph Sollitt & Sons, Chicago, Ill., on the 24th of October, 1930, for the labor and material and all work required for constructing four barracks buildings; water, sewer and drainage systems; heating and steam distributing systems; electric lighting systems; power and telephone systems, and certain roads and walks.

The cost of this construction is to be \$1,243,074.00.

The work is to be commenced within 30 calendar days after receipt of notice to proceed and to be completed within 450 calendar days from the date of receipt of notice.

The work includes plain and reinforced concrete; brick and hollow tile; artificial stone; granite and limestone; steel, iron and bronze work; slate roofing and built-up roofing; sheet metal work; metal studding, metal lath and plaster; interior marble and tile work; wood framing doors, windows and finish; hollow metal doors; plumbing, sewerage and water systems; heating and steam distributing systems; electric lighting and power systems; telephone conduits, and concrete and bituminous macadam paving.

The work is covered by 36 standard specifications and there are 60 drawings accompanying the specifications and forming a part of the contract.

Paving over new fills will be done after the fills have had sufficient time to settle thoroughly. The present Barnett Avenue, except through the site for Barracks "D" and First Street from the present Barnett Avenue, westward, will be maintained in good condition until Administration Avenue, from new Barnett Avenue west to First Street, and at least one side of new Barnett Avenue are paved and open for traffic. A temporary road will be constructed around the back of barracks "D" to maintain the traffic on the present Barnett Avenue. The present connection from Administration Avenue to Fifth Street will also be maintained until Administration Avenue is paved.

NOTES FROM SAN DIEGO

By Bill Dubois

Major General Joseph H. Pendleton, U. S. Marine Corps, retired, addressed an audience on Santo Domingo and the Fourth Regiment expedition to that country in 1916 on Saturday, October 25th. General Pendleton was introduced by Brigadier General Robert H. Dunlap, U. S. Marine Corps, commanding the Marine Corps Base and who was General Pendleton's chief of staff in Santo Domingo in 1916. General Pendleton told one of the most thrilling stories in the colorful history of the Corps—that of the old Marine Corps and the old Fourth Regiment. Slides and motion pictures of Santo Domingo and the West Indies were shown on a screen, General Pendleton having loaned a collection of his own pictures for that purpose. Quartermaster Sergeant Philip J. Manning, Quartermaster Sergeant Lee Brandt, First Sergeant Matthew Kaeshamer and Sergeant William L. Dubois formed a guard of honor for the general, all of them having served under his command in Santo Domingo.

Brigadier General Robert H. Dunlap, Major Keller E. Rockey, Captain Charles McL. Lott, First Lieutenant Thomas J. Kilcourse, First Lieutenant George W. McHenry, First Lieutenant Marvin V. Yandle and Marine Gunner Charles R. Nordstrom, U. S. Marine Corps, have been awarded the Nicaraguan Medal of Merit and Citation for services in Nicaragua. General Dunlap also received the Presidential Medal of Nicaragua for his outstanding and exceptional services to that country. The Medal of Merit and Citation was also awarded to the following named enlisted men for the excellence of their services in Nicaragua: Gunnery Sergeant Willis L. Ryckman, Sergeants George Elms, Jett A. Hurst, Charles W. Isham, Charles A. Mussen, Homer T. Provost, Hannon W. Stagg and William L. Dubois, Corporals Ernest F. Ballinger, Private First Class Edward F. Rowe, Privates Richard M. Cornelson, Arthur L. Fitzpatrick and Kenneth M. Struck, U. S. Marine Corps.

In presenting this medal to the above named officers and men, the commanding general expressed his whole-hearted approval of performance of duty so greatly appreciated by the President and people of Nicaragua.

Sergeant Major Henry Cummins, U. S. Marine Corps, was transferred to the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, Class II (d), on 1 November, 1930. Sergeant Major Cummins will reside in San Diego.

A class of seventeen officers, headed by General Dunlap, was graduated from the Equitation Class and received certificates of proficiency in horsemanship on October 26th. The class in equitation has been conducted by Captain Fenton S. Jacobs, 11th Cavalry, U. S. Army. On Thursday, October 30th, the first polo match in the history of the base was played on the new football field. The teams were composed of Marine officers and headed by General Dunlap and Major Rockey. General Dunlap's team won the match. Some excellent riding was exhibited and only one spill marked the game. The enlisted men in the bleachers, not content with the polite applause usually displayed at polo matches, cheered lustily for their officers.

The horses used in the match were supplied by the 11th Cavalry and not trained for polo.

Due to the shortage of men at the base, the office force of base headquarters has had to turn out and manure the lawns around the administration building for the past two weeks. The boys get out on Monday afternoons and do their stuff with the lawn mowers, rakes, pruning shears and what have you. Last Monday the lawn mower handicap was run, Sergeant Major Jere Black winning by seven blades of grass and three dandelions with Corporal Pat Ryan and Sergeant Bill Dubois running close second and third, respectively.

The "hot dope" around the base at the present time is the draft for Pearl Harbor early in December. Word has been received that about one hundred men will go and there is no lack of applicants. It seems that duty among the grass-skirted hula ladies and beautiful beaches of the Paradise of the Pacific has a special appeal to adventure-seeking Marines.

Heads of the various departments in the base have been advised to be prepared to relieve men who are available for sea or foreign service on short notice, due to the fact that calls are being made on the base for replacements. Things look rather shaky for the plank owners. There are only a few of the best of us left. Nicaragua and China having made a frightful hole in our fast thinning ranks. The slogan adopted by the old guard is, "Don't give up that corner bunk."

Private Merle L. Lambert played an excellent game at tackle for the Marine team against the Army on Sunday afternoon, October 19th. He came through the game without a scratch but the same evening was injured in an automobile accident and sent to the Naval Hospital. His many friends in the base extend best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery.

Paymaster Sergeant Lee B. Andrus, late of Nicaragua and Mare Island, will report at the base for duty on November 15th.

Staff Sergeant Harry L. Girard, U. S. Marine Corps, was retired after thirty years service on November 1st, 1930. Staff Sergeant Girard carries the best wishes of his many friends in the Corps

for health and happiness in the future. He will live at Catasauqua, Pennsylvania.

Navy Day, October 27th, was celebrated at the base with track and field events in the morning and exhibition drills by the artillery and infantry in the afternoon. Holiday routine prevailed and a great number of visitors were shown around the base.

Captain Louie W. Putnam is the new commanding officer of Base Headquarters Company, Captain Edward B. Moore having been detached to Marine Barracks, Puget Sound, Washington.

Sergeant Major Jere Black, who is responsible for the personnel situation at base headquarters was promoted to his present rank on October 13th. Jere (pronounced "Jerry") so far has failed to spring his rank on any of the underlings and continues to swap growls with everyone much the same as when he was an ordinary first sergeant regardless of the dignity of bearing supposedly requisite to his new status and more elevated position.

The command was paid on October 31st and it is planned by the paymaster to pay on the first of each month provided the money can be obtained on that day. Payment of the command has been delayed on one or two occasions because of the first being a holiday with the banks closed and the paymaster at the base does not have adequate facilities for keeping a large amount of money on hand. The paymaster has requested a new safe and it is expected that this useful piece of every paymaster's equipment will arrive in a few days.

THE CLERICAL SCHOOL

By Corporal Cullen

Well, here we are again, sadder but wiser! The first month of the Clerical School has passed into history, monthly examinations included. Class averages were high and there was a wild scramble among the boys for the top-notch rung of the ladder.

Sergeant Miller, our instructor, is holding us "right in the proverbial road," and all of the gang have buckled down to the hard work and grind for four more months. The Quartermaster had to survey our dynamo and oil can, testifying to the fact that midnight oil is being consumed in quantities and no less. Liberty is plentiful, but who wants to go on liberty when he has an examination the next A. M.? Our class at present numbers eighteen, with two others being temporarily detached to the sick bay. Privates McGinley and Wambaugh are the guilty ones. Private Collins left us via a dependency discharge. We all wish him luck. He will probably need it. Henery and Hancock took the long sleigh ride back to police work, rifle, and guard mount. Tough, boys, but better luck next time. Private Davis has been knocking 'em cold, but Le Francois and Kirchoff are giving him a merry chase. (Musics please note.) Trumpeter Floyd is right up and among them with a splendid average of 95%. He got away to a bad start but has been climbing steadily. Some of you fellows in front better watch your step or you'll be down looking up. Go to it, Floyd, we are all pulling for you. Frye spends his leisure time in correcting his girl's letters—written in Gregg shorthand. He refuses to divulge the contents. Bet that he

can't read them. He also has a peculiar growth on his upper lip. Claims it is a moustache, but I know he's foolin'. Three guesses what it is. The writer gave up a long, long time ago. For the benefit of our bunks who know Frye, he still smokes a pipe. Really, he did (BUY) a new one. Corporal Goldsmith has made a big discovery—that gasoline and shorthand don't mix. Yep, you guessed it. He owns a Rin-Tin-Tin. Brace up, Goldie, school only lasts five months. Pfc. "China" Logan is still alibing. He even has an alibi for the question "Why were you born?" Moore, as usual, is kicking. Rotten chow, rotten this, rotten that, but always first in line when chow bumps go. Bet a dollar he ships over. Lesovsky is always talking. He can ask more questions than even the Delphi Oracle can answer, but he is right there on examination day, so who cares. Boettcher still reads his mystic and mysterious novels, and is, incidentally, the class genius. Our "Prof" tells us that genius is merely the combination of 99% perspiration and one per cent inspiration. Boettcher has the inspiration in his Rachael, not the Rachael in "Rachael, Rachael, I've been drinking," but a real, honest-to-goodness Rachael. Now for the perspiration. He was caught doing a marathon around the barracks with a thermometer protruding from his mouth. What did it register, Boettcher? Pfc. Henderson enjoys writing girls he has never seen. He wants a girl in every town in America. It is suspected that he intends to become a traveling salesman. But as Henderson is an excitable man, we are certain that he just "throws the bull." Pfc. Freiman came in late to class the other day, wearing a beautiful after-the-night-before look. When questioned by the sergeant as to his whereabouts, he said that he had been drinking "chicken whisky" and just had to "lay." Careful, Freiman. Pfc. Martin doesn't like Philly as well as Nicaragua—says the "firewater" costs too much. Being from Georgia, he isn't responsible for anything that he might say or do. Frantz is the class plugger. Doesn't say much but has his head in a shorthand book all day. Sergeant majors and first sergeants will fight over this fellow.

A tip for the boys contemplating requesting assignment to the next class. Take it from me, shipmates, don't come unless you possess a high school education or its equivalent, are prepared to forget for five months that such a thing as liberty exists, and that there is anything in this world but spelling, English, typing, shorthand, etc. In return you are given every facility with which to work, and instructed by a man who is the equal or superior of any instructor in the outside business colleges. If you have it in you, he will bring it out. Upon graduation, promotion is invariably rapid, and, if you do not wish to remain with us, are well fitted for a position and career on the outside. If any of you doubt my word, come down and see for yourself.

As the writer was dodging the bill collectors Saturday afternoon (pay day), he heard the following dialogue between two of the most illustrious members of the school:

Floyd: I win, got three aces.

Henderson: No, I win.

Floyd: Wha—what you got?

Henderson: A pair of deuces and this fist.

Floyd: Yep, you sure do win. How come you're so lucky?

The following was reported to have transpired in the city court at three o'clock the same afternoon:

Judge: You are sentenced to ten days in the workhouse.

Prisoner: Thanks, your Honor. Will you please call the navy yard and tell Sergeant Miller that I won't have my typing assignment ready.

Freiman has been writing poems again. I don't mean sentimental ones (for Freiman doesn't like the girls), but just poems. The following is a little ode, dedicated by him to the Clerical School, and with that, shipmates, we will leave you, promising to be back next month:

A Ballad

In the class we read and spell,
And of the things we learn, we tell
The effective "Prof" before the class,
Who reads off some while others pass.
And then we have stenography,
(It makes me wish me back at sea)
A subject deep and difficult,
Yet failure only the student's fault.
And typing is another of my banes,
Crick in the neck, fingers in pain.
And English is a subject I have found
Harder than the machine to pound.
Castles in air that I have built, all
Have begun to dissolve and fall,
Imagined, months of life like a Turk's,
Instead it's just study and getting the
"works."

But winter draws on with its cold, icy
chills,
And the sick bay prepared to dish out
its pills;
So, tho' I beef, and the school I roast,
I'd rather study than stand a "whistling
post."

TWENTY-FOURTH COMPANY, 4TH MARINES, SHANGHAI, CHINA

By W. R. Tyler

Cold weather is setting in at this time and winter athletic activities are well under way. Each company in the regiment has formed basketball and football teams. As yet no scheduled games have been played though plenty of time has been devoted to practice. This company is looking forward to a successful period of defending the company honor on the field. Lieutenant Goudreau, battalion athletic officer, has an interesting schedule ruled out and the first basketball game will be played next week.

The company commander was favorably impressed over the number of qualifications made at the fall range practice. Corporal W. O. Wilson was the highest individual scorer, followed closely by 1st Sgt. Jordan. High winds and fishtail breezes proved themselves highly capable of throwing a five into the three ring. Thus many of the men, though actually good shots, were forced to be satisfied with qualification only. December, the month of machine gun range practice, promises many of the boys expert gunner. Much practice has been gone through in tapping, traversing and searching. As is usual at a rifle range during big money day alibis are thicker than bull's eyes. Many of the men fired the course over at Chank Kees

and the Leathernecks the next night. Heard on the firing line: "By gracious, when I made those two misses I didn't know what to do, got mad, saw red, settled right down and made a duece."

Competition is very keen among the platoons, sections and squads over the best looking quarters. The battalion executive officer (Captain Arthur) complimented Gunner Murphy and the third platoon on the finest looking quarters at last Saturday's inspection. Popular vote is that Corporal Oliver T. Schmidt is well up to the front of competitors. Corporal William C. Roach and Corporal Doggie Wilson are attempting a record breaking attempt. To those who have not had the pleasure of serving with the troops in Shanghai a little description of our quarters will serve to enlighten. General Lu compound consists of a three story grey stone building fitted with up-to-date fixtures, such as hot and cold running water, electric lights and fans, a fireplace to every room, and a bath tub or two (though the showers are preferred by most), sliding doors between squad rooms, great chandeliers in every room, a four-foot mirror in all rooms. The rooms are made more ornamental by goldfish and other silent pets. Anything that crawls of four legs is taboo.

The structure, originally built by a powerful war lord (General Lu), was designed to be the most comfortable residence in the city. Little did the general think that some day it would be occupied by United States Marines. Situated in the heart of residential foreign concessions, access to the most popular points in the city are very convenient. Green lawns, trim hedges, a beautiful assortment of rare trees (imported from stranger lands), a delightful waterfall which trickles into a park lake, and a stone bridge with specially made stepping stones to cross on makes the picturesque camp complete. A six-foot granite wall shields the compound from the rest of China. The main gate, situated in the southeast corner of the compound, finds the Marines ever on the job, and strict identification is made before any stranger is admitted into the gate. To complete the picture—the heart of an American swells greatly as he passes the compound and sees the STARS AND STRIPES rippling majestically in the playful breezes. But for more personal dope:

Sergeant McHugh was relieved as battalion police sergeant by Sergeant Tony Roscoe of the Nineteenth Company. Mac has joined the fighting Stokes Mortar and Howitzer Platoon. Sergeant Erickson was transferred to regimental headquarters for clerical duty. Private Joseph J. Taschler was awarded a citation by the regimental commander for bravery and instant action during an accident. He was complimented on his ability to cope with a situation in true Marine style. Joe is also on the regimental swimming team. Privates Weber, Walla, Daily and Wilkerson are on the regimental bicycle racing team, and have gained local recognition. Private Zavelitch and Private Beckett are our fighters. The former has exchanged blows with many local favorites and is winning his share of the fights. New blood in acey ducey and cribbage games came over on the last boat. Sergeant Diamond and Gy. Sgt. H. O. A. Keller

are the crib players, while Sergeant Fowel and Homel are making tracks and striding toward the goal which Sgt. George Talley has maintained since Sgt. Lee Mathis returned to the States. Sergeant Talley was elected N. C. O. Club secretary last month, and Sergeant Tyler was elected club representative for the 24th Company. Private Wilt was transferred to Hdqr. Co., 3rd Bn., for range duty. 1st Sgt. A. W. Taylor was admitted to the hospital with a fever of 105 degrees, diagnosis, catarrhal fever. Private Weber is company contributor to the WALLA WALLA, regimental news weekly. Von Tersch promoted to private first class. Congratulations, and where are the cigars? Gunnery Sergeant Bostrom returned from the hospital where he recuperated from a black (door jam) eye. Sergeant Yount flares forth with a new pair of shoes. Sergeant Turner and Sergeant Patterson are still the pioneer builders and wreckers of homes. First Sergeant Jordan got mad and brought his bird cage home the other night. Since then he has been busy staying in nights.

Private First Class Adams has the carrying bug. At least from all appearances he carries a heavy load at all times. At that it's no fun being assistant to the assistant police sergeant. Private First Class Willis, the red-headed company clerk, knows his beans when it comes to having us sign on the dotted line. Private Thomas, the big man from the 1st Platoon, 1st squad, claims that they shouldn't make him supernumerary of the guard for then he can't stay up nights—and he sure hates putting a whole night in the hay. Says it isn't natural. Trumpeter Ward was observed making for the main gate in a new civvie get-up—at that Albert doesn't look so bad. So far none have claimed honors for being the company sheik. Suggestions would be considered for someone seconding these men: Pryor, Corporal Schmidt, Pfc. Donald Rigdon, Private Wasniewski, Private First Class Himelhan, Private Young, Private Wendell A. Walker and Trumpeter Skrivaneck. Sergeants Fowel and Homel are thinking of organizing their Korean legion guards.

Gunnery Sergeant Bostrom, the cabaret rounder, has been staying in of late, thus relinquishing to Sergeant Patterson all honors.

Gunnery Sergeant Goldberg of the second platoon claims that "column right about" and "column right two times" is a fitting command. We used to in former days know of a person who used this frequently though of late years it has been abolished. Again *absit invidia*.

This company was awarded the turkey dinner again this month for good behavior. Not one man out our entire 150 was on report. In a land like China, especially if the commanding officer allows numerous privileges, usually no small number of men take too much rope. Thus we feel justified in saying that the trust that our "OLD MAN" puts in us is returned.

Remarks from the new men, or heard at the mess table:

Sergeant Diamond: "I was astonished at the appearance of this company. I am proud to become a part of it. Say, Tyler, what would happen if this com-

pany were transferred to Chicago? Do you think Scarface would stand for it? My personal opinion is that not a bootlegger, racketeer or highjacker would want a second taste. Oh, our Uncle Sammy doesn't appreciate those wrong doers—but does he us?"

Private First Class Himelhan: "And in all the fourteen years of my service I have never been as contented as I am now. I remember when I was a boot, about twelve years ago—the old timers of that time used to tell about the old Marine Corps . . . I hate to think of it . . . now I am telling the present day boots about the new Marine Corps."

Gunnery Sergeant Keller: "Ach, when I was in the Kaiser's army we used to have real men—as I am too old to dream now I have to pinch myself to see if I'm awake when I see the men obeying commands. To my opinion, and twenty-four years' service back me up . . . insubordination I have never yet come across . . . and don't expect to . . . Ach, mine boy, don't be a highbinder or a bootlegger . . . auf Wiedersehen."

A MOTHER'S IMPRESSIONS OF QUANTICO

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

The writer has been very inquisitive as to just what a mother thinks of Quantico after being all over the Marine Corps. So, after quite a lot of coaxing, Mrs. Carrie McHaffey, mother-in-law of Gunnery Sergeant Morris Fisher, famous for his shooting in the different international and national matches, consented to write her impressions. After reading them you will find that Quantico is one of the best posts to serve at in the Marine Corps: "This is my first residence in Quantico. It has only been some two months since I came here.

"I think this is a fine location for a Marine post, from every standpoint.

"You have religious privileges for all who worship, a very fine Chaplain of pleasant personality whose high ideals should inspire all who come in contact with him to be a better citizen, and I am much impressed with the patriotism and reverence that is taught here. I was enroute home the other evening when colors were pulled down, and I saw the men wherever they were standing at attention. It gives one 'the thrill of a lifetime' to see this, and I wish all the children of the United States could observe this ceremony and know what reverence for the flag of our country means.

"Too great stress cannot be laid on reverence for our flag to make good American citizens.

"You have a fine library and gymnasium where various activities such as the movies, concerts and other affairs are carried out. There are some excellent buildings now, and when the various new buildings that are planned are erected you will have a fine post. You know this State in which your post is established is called 'Beautiful Virginia' and is strewn with beautiful scenery.

"I went for a stroll up the west trail past the stadium last evening and am constrained to repeat that a stroll through the shady, cool, and beautiful woods is one of the most beneficial things a person can do at Quantico.

"The discipline in the post is good, and is respected by Marines and the residents of the camp.

"It would be to the advantage of any young man to enlist in the Marine Corps. He would learn habits of industry, cleanliness, order, and loyalty to his government. He would enjoy the outdoor life and the privileges that are given him and become a better man and a more loyal citizen."

RETIRED

Three more old timers have been placed on the retired list recently. They are: Quartermaster Sergeant Carmon Petringelo, Staff Sergeant Harry L. Girard, and Staff Sergeant James Smith. Petringelo completed thirty years and twenty-nine days in the Army and Marine Corps; Girard thirty years, five months and twenty-two days; Smith thirty years, one month and six days, in the U. S. Marine Corps.

These three men have long been familiar figures in the camps of the Marine Corps scattered throughout the world and their acquaintance numbers thousands amongst us. It is with sincere regret that we bid them farewell, but they have earned their days of ease, and the whole Corps joins us in wishing for their health and happiness during the coming years, and that they will keep in touch with the Corps for which they have given so many years of their lives. It is assured that they will always be welcome guests at our messes and may their visits be frequent and enjoyable.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY MINE DEPOT, YORKTOWN, VIRGINIA

By Simp

It is going to be quite a job to tell all the dope about our "Home, Sweet Home" from the time our last article was written, up to the present. In the first place, most of the baseball season is to be reported on, and as "Ding How" Beardsley, the Nemesis of goldbricks, was the scorer at most of the games, it seems a course in Chinese will be necessary before the jumble of funny looking jiggers in the score book will make sense. But—nothing attempted, nothing done, so here goes.

Marines

Date	Score	Opponents	Score
September 3rd	3	Williamsburg	5
September 6th	7	Gloucester Point	2
September 7th	14	Williamsburg	3
September 10th	5	Seaford	7
September 13th	0	Fox Hill	5
September 14th	7	Todd & Brown	0
September 17th	17	Lee Hall	2
September 20th	2	Fox Hill	4
September 21st	3	Todd & Brown	1
September 27th	6	Gloucester Point	0
October 4th	3	Lee Hall	2

From the above, it will be seen that the Marines won seven games and lost four. On September 1st the Marine team was strengthened by the transfer of six players from Hampton Roads to Yorktown—Munari, Carver, Denno, Pendery, Turk, and Ware were the lucky (?) birds. First Sergeant Bellora, the team manager, is very optimistic about next year's prospects; says we are going to cop the peninsula championship, without a doubt.

Sometime ago when the Top, J. D. Bellora, got his bow and arrows, it was a great joke to the entire detachment, but now all is changed. The ones that

did the most razzing are now the most rabid enthusiasts, among them being Corporals Robinson and Simpson, and Privates Denno, Frost, Kroll, and McCay, all of them being members of the Marine archery team. Commander Underwood, the executive officer of the station, is also very much interested in the sport, having been a member of the Marine team in the last match held on the station. To date, we have held three matches, winning two. The matches were held over three ranges: 40, 50, and 60 yards. It is our desire and hope to get the Peninsula archery minded, and other posts would do well to follow our example, and start archery clubs. It is a fine sport with plenty of exercise, and just think of the saving it would mean to the government in ammunition!

Now that the foregoing is off the chest, we will start broadcasting the more personal items. Corporal Munari was transferred to Hampton Roads recently for further transfer to Guam. Munari is a rattling good ball player, and our loss will be another post's gain.

A couple of heroes have been living in our midst, unsuspected by anyone until the medals arrived. Sergeant Caven and Private Barr were awarded the Medal of Merit by the President of Nicaragua. Both are very modest and refuse to state what act of heroism won the medals, but Corporal Powrozink's guess would seem to be as close to the truth as any; that Sergeant Caven did great service to the country by refusing to ride a motorcycle, thereby saving countless lives. Private Barr's past is a blank, but Powrozink again comes to the fore with the suggestion that he (Barr) may have been cited for services rendered the republic, said services being the acquisition of information from captured bandits, his method being to drink with them until they were willing to lead the way to Sandino himself. Some of us can't keep from thinking that that is merely Powrozink's idea of an ideal way to win a medal . . .

Sergeant Atwood is still doing business at the old stand (the mess hall). He is a living testimonial of how good the chow is here.

Until recently, not a man in the post believed in Santa Claus, but now—well, just send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Corporal J. W. Allen if you want proof. Two or three others half-way believe, but Allen has the proof, although he will tell you that Sandy has shed his whiskers and old red coat, and become unbelievably slender and youthful. It was raining the day he saw him, so he may have had boots, but—let Allen tell it.

The dance held at this barracks on November 4th was a huge success, in spite of a rainy, disagreeable evening. The dances here are the big event of every month, and very few of those who get invitations fail to attend.

Speaking of dances, the dance hall at Yorktown is now "just a memory." About 3:00 A. M., October 25th, a fire was reported in Yorktown, and the Marines were the first to get into action, as usual, but were unable to save the top floor of the building. The fire was secured at 6:30 A. M., after a hard fight. The same building was saved once by Marines, but the call came too late the second time.

The music is bearing down on taps, and as sleep is one of the greatest blessings to man—well, you see how it is. Ten to one that whoever is reading this says, "God bless that music."

NEWS FROM THE BRIGADE HQ. AND HQ. COMPANY, 1ST BRIGADE, PORT AU PRINCE

By "GGS"

This company has never appeared in the "Broadcast," so far as I am aware, so this is to make up for the deficiency of news from our organization.

We have Brigade Headquarters, consisting of Brigade Commander and staff, Brigade Sergeant Major's Office, Pay Office, QM. Office, Commissary Office, and the Provost Marshal's Office, as well as the Brigade Morale Office.

Brigade Commander is Colonel R. M. Cutts, well known for the Cutts compensator, which is widely used in the Marine Corps on sub-machine guns, and



SERGEANT FELIX THEODORE

Garde d'Haiti

The first man enlisted in the Gendarmerie d'Haiti (now the Garde d'Haiti). Sergeant Theodore has served in the Garde continuously since its establishment in 1915 and is now chief orderly at the Headquarters of the Garde in Port au Prince.

automatic rifles. The Chief of Staff is Major W. B. Sullivan. The Brigade Adjutant is Major E. T. Lloyd, assisted by QM. Clerk R. M. O'Toole. Lieutenant G. O. Thomas is the editor of the press news and aide to the Brigade Commander.

The Brigade Quartermaster is Major P. A. Capron, ably assisted by Ch. QM. Clerk E. F. Connors. Mr. Connors has a new recruit at his house, Private Patrick Connors, aged about one month. The Brigade Paymaster is Captain G.

P. Doane, assisted by Ch. Pay Clerk G. W. Stahl.

The Brigade Commissary Officer is Captain G. F. Bloedel, who is leaving us this month. Captain Peters, just arrived from Washington, is his relief. Ch. QM. Clerk Patrick (Pat) J. Grealey is the assistant. The commissary includes brigade bakery and gasoline station, as well as the sales commissary.

The Provost Marshal is First Lieutenant E. G. Kirkpatrick, who is also company commander of this organization. He knows his job from A to Z, having been Provost Marshal two or three times here before. Ch. Mar. Gunner T. G. Laitsch is the Assistant Provost Marshal, Morale Officer for the Brigade, and several other duties too numerous to mention. Private "Tex" Shelton is the Provost Clerk. "Tex" is gazing enviously at the newly made Pfc.'s, but hasn't had much luck, so far, in his attempt to achieve that dizzy height of promotion.

The M. P. Platoon of this company is in charge of Gy. Sgt. Bredehoff, who certainly makes it snap. "Fritz" Frazier is well known among the brigade for his excellent massage work on the heads of unruly inebriates, with his trusty lignum vitae sawed-off broom handle. Sergeants are Crowell, who was made by special authority from the M. G. C. for heroism; Dulaney, Chester Washington Niblo, who is leaving us for Shanghai this month, as is Crowell. The corporals are too numerous to mention, but we will say that there are some snappy lads among them.

Our Sergeant Major is L. P. Cartier, one of the finest shots in the Marine Corps. Sergeant H. C. Sharp is the chief clerk at Brigade Headquarters, familiarly known as the "Topside." St. Sgt. F. H. Kelsey is in charge of mimeographing, and also manages our ball team. The other clerks in the Sergeant Major's office are Murray, Williams, Rogowski, Harbison, the law clerk, Ankrom, Moore, the handsome orderly, and Brockman, the mimeographer.

The personnel of the QM. are Quartermaster Sgt. M. E. Miller, of Quantico fame, Sergeant O. B. Lasater, Corporal Charles E. Gardner and Private First Class Lendo.

The Pay Office is infested with Pay Sergeants Long and Ayres, Sergeants Fisher and Morrow, and Corporal Doherty, the old soak.

Commissary personnel includes Supply Sergeant Dougan, a new man, fresh from the States; Sergeant Lytle, Corporal Spivey, the chief of the dough-slingers, and Mike Kasprack, the paperweight champion of Perth Amboy and points north. Oh, yes, I almost forget Arkansas Dempsey, the gas man from Gastonia.

Private First Class Alexander is our company ink slinger and typewriter torturer. First Sgt. Henry R. Hinson, better known to old Hampton Roadites and Nicaraguans as "Chin," performs the duties of first sergeant as well as he did that of mess sergeant.

Taylor, the dashing Morale Clerk, sits in front of the athletic store room with loaded rifle and fixed bayonet, vowing that only over his dead body will the fine assortment of bats, gloves, and other athletic gear that he has been hoarding for many a moon, go out of the store room.

"Hopping Bobby" Ryan is now a brigade exchange bookkeeper, filling the shoes of the now-departed Joe Limerick. Ryan was formerly of the Royal Canadian Field Artillery. He filled in as gun wiper, gunner, and I think he finally rose to be an acting private.

The Brigade Exchange is one of the departments in this outfit, but they are detached to the 2nd Regiment, so we do not get much dope on them. McKloskey is the steward.

HOT SHOTS FROM HINGHAM

By "Goose"

Hi, there! You have not heard from us for some time but here we are now broadcasting from the fashionable South Shore, the home of Plutocrats, Democrats, and the Ammunition Depot.

In our midst at the present time is Private First Class Ellard, late of Nicaragua and points south, who was awarded the Nicaraguan Medal of Merit at inspection Saturday, the 8th of November. The medal was presented by Captain W. S. Anderson, U. S. N., inspector of ordnance in charge, and the order conferring the decoration and the citation were read by Captain J. F. Burke, U. S. M. C. Best wishes, Ellard.

On August 18 Captain George T. Hall was relieved as commanding officer of this post by 1st Lieutenant Joseph F. Burke who was promptly promoted to the rank of captain shortly after. Captain Burke, during the short stay he has been with us, has proved himself a real tough commanding officer, and has received the wholehearted backing of the whole command.

For some unknown reason there is a great demand for cod liver oil among the galley force, but as near as we can figure it out, the gang in there now are just about as big fishes as you will ever see in many a moon. No names mentioned, of course, just Catlett, Floyd, Box and McMahon (pronounced Mc-May-On).

Automobile row is perking up again with the advent of cold weather, transportation being of primary consideration around here when the snow begins to fall. And believe it or not, most of the cars are actually paid for.

Speaking of cold weather, that gang at Tientsin had nothing on our roaming horse patrol. Farmer Rose thinks that it is fur coat weather at all times, and what with a fur hat, the aforesaid fur coats, two sweaters and two suits of heavy "scivvies," he manages to struggle through a four-hour watch.

The telephone exchange is well taken care of, even though the operators still insist that thrrrrree over the phone sounds like a five. Ask Schaeffer, he knows.

The mess is presided over by Sergeant Domzalski and what I mean it is presided over. Ski is a past president of the Russian Relief Society and during the Naval Conference was delegated to assist all the starving barmaids in Paddington. But regardless of Ski's heavy social duties, we EAT here and without a doubt this is the best feeding post in the Marine Corps. Phm. 3cl. Thom. P. McCabe, late of Haiti and China, at-here, has been in the Marine Corps longer than he has in the Navy for the simple reason he can't get enough to eat in the

simple reason he can't eat enough in the Navy. After having served two long years in the Navy proper, he had himself attached to the Marine Corps. He says the chow's better.

Well, good-bye. We must go out and knock off a couple of ducks for chow. Oh, yes, we have plenty of hunting here and lots of liberty. That coupled with good chow, and excellent movie shows produced by the Hon. Corporal Barney Oldfield, gives us just what we want, a happy contented home. If you like this we will shoot a bigger line next month. Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year to all other Marines from the gang at Hingham.

MANAGUA MARINES HOLD TOURNAMENTS DELUXE

Entire Day Given to Bridge, Pinochle, Horseshoes, Baseball and Tennis

By Bristy

Managua, Nov. 2.—Starting immediately after Sunday School, bridge and pinochle players gathered in the recreation hall and the tournament was on. The tournament ending at about ten-thirty, the spectators then witnessed a horseshoe tournament at the Navy battalion camp. An elimination event this was and ended at eleven-thirty, all participants tired out. Prizes of equal amounts were awarded the winners.

In the afternoon the baseball team of the camp and also a regular team of the camp met on Loma Field for first prize money. They had an interesting nine-inning game in which the "regulars" walked away with the large end of a 7-to-4 score. These two teams have had numerous games and seem to have evened it up—until today, when the "regulars" took their game.

At three o'clock the band gathered in the movie hall and played many musical scores. They were in session for over an hour. We finished the afternoon easily and in the evening attended the sermon by Chaplain Mansfield, who also handed out prize money earned by the boys during the day.

SEVERAL NEW BUILDINGS ERECTED IN CAMPO DE MARTE

By Bristy

Managua, Nov. 2.—The day of the tent in Campo de Marte seems to be doomed, for new barracks are now under construction. One of the buildings has been finished and is now occupied. It is neat in appearance, both inside and out, well ventilated and has a tile flooring, a nice reading porch, all screened in with electric lights and everything.

The erection of more barracks are well under way and it won't be long now until all Marines in the Campo will be in their new quarters. It is said that there will also be a swimming pool in the camp at an early date. A baseball diamond has been proposed and Loma field was selected as an ideal spot.

A new bakery has also been erected here and is now in operation. It is well equipped and has a large coke-heated oven, which is the largest and best of its kind in Nicaragua. The bakers are turning out some very good bread and rolls, too.

HOW NEW ARRIVALS ARE GREETED AT QUANTICO

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Quantico, without a doubt, is one of the best posts to serve at in the Marine Corps, and Captain Norman M. Shaw, the Post Adjutant, surely knows how to tell the newcomers why.

Anyone listening to Captain Shaw would think this place to be the University of Georgetown or some other college. He is a most interesting speaker and a person could listen to him for any length of time. He has the knack of holding the attention of a body of men and the way in which he expresses himself is not at all boring. They are all interested in what to expect here at Quantico and give their undivided attention to the captain.

Captain Shaw tells the new arrivals just what Quantico offers in the way of healthy and interesting recreation; namely, baseball, football, tennis, volley ball, basketball, track events, swimming and other sports.

The library is one of the best in the Marine Corps and the Librarian is well educated and knows her books. The recreation room in each of the barracks is of the best. The Marine Corps Correspondence Courses are available to every man with a place to study in each of the barracks.

This is very helpful to men upon entering civil life. It helps them to be better prepared to qualify for civil service positions.

The Adjutant also tells about the "pitfalls" that confronts a young man and how important it is to their future welfare to keep good associates.

There are dances and smokers, with a very large crowd always in attendance.

In brief, if the men give their best to the Marine Corps they cannot lose out. The training and travel they receive repays them a thousand fold, and after serving their cruise with the Devil Dogs they will leave the service with an honorable discharge. This is the best recommendation for any position they may choose to try for.

They will be able to make their mark in civil life because the training and experience in the Marine Corps can be well likened to a College course.

VIRGIN ISLANDS NEWS NOTES

By Corporal Lloyd M. Rapp

The boys from the institute are here again. Stand by. The next number will be rendered by our local fungi band, composed of Privates Coodell, McVicker and Bowman. The title of this little melody: "When the mangoes fail to blossom in St. Thomas, I'll go catching fish for you." Alright, let's go!

One of the most touching events I have ever seen take place was in the form of a farewell party gotten up by the detail that left us on the September "Kitty." Here's a sketch of the story:

Time: Just after evening colors.

Place: Rear room in the Buzzards Cafe.

Characters: Short timers and their pals.

But anyway here's the dope:

Being senior man present, I elected myself chairman. Things opened with a bang and things continued to bang for the entire party. There is so much to

say—and I am afraid most of the readers won't understand—but for those of you who have done duty here in the past two years, and know, I'll proceed. Now, now, silence, please. Thank you. Corporal Goulette, noted humorist, king of toast-masters, jack of all trades and lastly good fellow, was first on the program. I might explain here that the rules were: Do a dance, sing a song, tell a good story, or—get out! Well, Goulette sang a song; a song entitled "The Tattooed Lady." He sang this with so much feeling that when he finished the house shook. The applause was so great that another round of sarsaparillas had to be ordered to bring the required silence for proceeding. Then general discussion, covering everything and all times, was entered into: the good and bad of our post, the States, and—well, you know what Marines talk about at a time like this. Trumpeter Smith, then feeling real generous, demanded silence and taking the floor he extended a cordial invitation to all present to spend a week at the Brookside Farms. (His home, by the way.) This place is situated somewhere east of Pittsburgh. Needless to say, none present felt mean enough to refuse his invitation, for one could tell Smith meant it, and he is a pretty large fellow. Why, when we looked close enough we could see tears in his eyes. But, time and tide wait for no man. And liberty hours were drawing to a close. So, gathering our uniforms, we silently left Buzzards Cafe and steered for Kings Wharf; and just on time. Not a minute to waste. Time for a last handshake, a breezy "see you next cruise," and then it was all over.

First Lieutenant St. Julien R. Marshall and First Sergeant Reutsch are still trying hard to make good field soldiers of every man in the command. After the hikes and scouting patrols were over we had regular musketry training and to top it all off the N. C. O.'s are given problems on the field, where all that has gone before is put into use. Everything from the approach march to the application of the principles of musketry for results. First Sergeant Reutsch is invaluable, and people passing the drill field in the morning wonder what is making all of the noise. If they stop a while they will see and hear a fellow with a lot of chevrons on his sleeves making a lot of motions with his arms and then a uniform here and a uniform there starts across the field. Later they all gather around to hear their mistakes, then assemble and do some snappy close order drill and the marching manual on the short hike back to the barracks. Between times the N. C. O.'s are learning to make maps, with Lieutenant Marshall as instructor.

Corporal Perry is now in charge of the laundry and although the laundry is not what we think it should be, there have been some great changes for the better in the short time since he took the duties over. There are a few old timers who are comparing Perry with Private Finn, who was once our esteemed "laundry queen."

Sergeant Budzick is the Post Exchange steward and for his staff he has Privates Moninger and Francis. The staff is well liked. Here's warning them: they must continue to serve extra large portions of ice cream to the writer of this column, or they lose their "drag."

Sergeant Abrams and Private Grupe, late of Brooklyn, recently joined us. Private Grupe was here before and he liked the post so well that he shipped over for it. Sergeant Abrams is doing O. D. duty and Sergeant Fuller is the police sergeant. Sergeants Bates, Richardson and Corporal Rapp are doing duty as sergeant of the guard. The last named is telling the troops: "It won't be long."

Pfc. Hamilton, coxwain of the Marine fifty, decided to give his ship a complete overhauling, so he called his bunch of henchmen—I mean crew—together, and they have made a sport model freighter out of their boat. Private Walker, the engineer, called in his helper, Private Staab, and they cleaned the motor up so it is working like a Packard. Private Reel is the bowhook, and his department is also looking pretty bright.

Corporal Williams relieved Corporal Taylor at St. John as N. C. O. in charge. He carried Private Bullard along to relieve Private Gardner as handy man. Do your stuff, Solon! His first cook is Private Solomon and what he can't cook—just isn't! Pfc. Collins was relieved by Private Bold, as radio operator. Collins came over to see the dentist—he probably tried to break coconuts with his teeth. (Private J. L. Downing, our other radio gadget and war correspondent for the Governor of St. John, is at present "gold-bricking" in the hospital in St. Thomas.)

Privates Reffer and Erickson have advanced to the rank of private first class. Pfc. Reffer has been relieved as C. O.'s orderly by one of our "aspiring pugs"—Private Alfred Martin. Private Glynn relieved Martin on the city patrol.

Landing force manuals and training regulations are again the vogue. On the 8th of November all of the privates first class took part in a competitive examination for corporal. Result: Pfc. Winfree to corporal. Private Grupe was promoted to private first class, filling the vacancy left by Winfree.

Private First Class Geissinger extended his foreign shore duty here so that he could issue lime to Private First Class Samp. You see, Samp is the post's

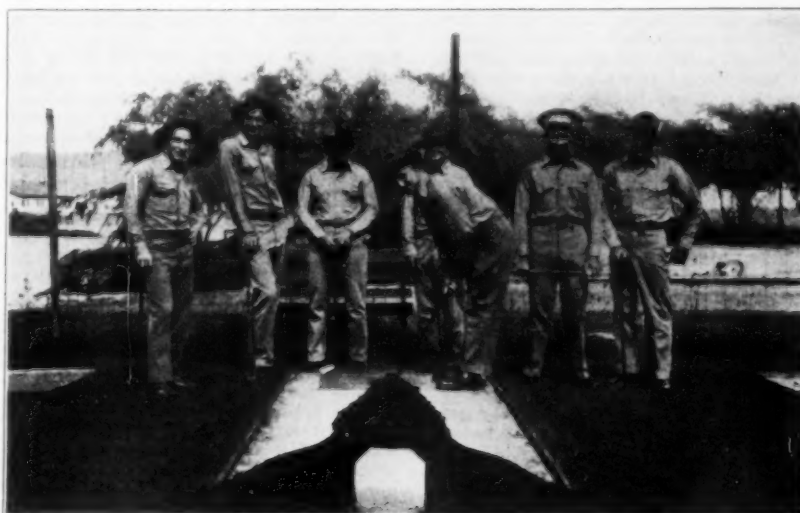
official whitewasher. Private Parker has given up his afternoon sleeping because his new job takes most of his time—he is the company clown at present. Parker is also filling Private Zawadski's place as mail orderly and file clerk during the latter's sojourn in the hospital with an infected foot, contracted on the baseball field. Parker says he hopes Chester will be out of the hospital soon, and we all hope he will be out in time to start the ball season with the baseball team.

Privates Titchenell and Lusenhop are "big shots" in the Boy Scout activities in St. Thomas. They are, at present, drilling their boys in preparation for future parades. If Lusenhop invents many more commands while he is drilling his scouts he will be sure to make a name for himself. ("Troop, attention! Forward—do it!")

Just recently two handsome fellows decided to have their pictures taken. So they donned their "Blues" and stepped out in front of the barracks. Private Steinbach, post photographer, was chosen to do the "honors," but before the cameraman could get the range, a crowd of natives had gathered to see what all of the "bright work" was about. These two modest fellows, becoming alarmed at the gathering crowd and fearing publicity, decided to have the thing done in "Dungarees." They made a hurried change and each grabbed a swab (to put them at ease). After the execution it was discovered that the camera contained no films. Ralph, how forgetful of you! And after doing the work twice, how can you afford to sell pictures of Corporal Rapp and Private First Class McCurry at five cents each?

Private First Class Thomas, an old timer, is the Governor's chief orderly, and Private Jordan (Rock Ape) is running him a close second for this coveted position. Private Griffith, ex-messman, states that: "Ch-cha-chas-chasing golf s-sti-stic-sticks is much bet-bet-better than wollop-p-p-pots."

Private Rizer, Company kid and practical joker, must be in love—he is always playing "hearts." Yes! very much



Through the courtesy of Commander Lorain Anderson, U. S. N., these Marines enjoy the privilege of playing on his miniature golf course at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii.

in love; he never wins when Jean or E. B. Smith are his opponents.

Private Hubbard claims he is from Kentucky, but we know better—actions speak louder than words. He is from Chicago! His ability to handle an automatic rifle warrants this statement.

QM. Sgt. Stahl wishes to congratulate QM. Sgt. Backus on his appearance with the staff at parades. Stahl's words were: "Look at Backus! Just like a 'West Pointer!' We wonder how it was meant?"

Our old sailboat, the "Flora" (affectionately called the "Whistlebreeches"), was sold and a new boat bought in her place. The new boat is a "peach" and every afternoon a crew of men go out for a sail and swim at one of the numerous bathing beaches. Oh, yes! The name? "Silver Spray."

Our new rifle range is nearing completion and the chief pay clerk is to be congratulated for the work he has put forth on the construction of the butts. Mr. Sherry is also in charge of the garage and under his supervision Privates Life, Tullio and Hoffman are fixing the White trucks so that they will look like new—even if they don't run that way.

Well, it being siesta time, the only sensible thing to do is hunt my best friend. His name is "Bunk."

CAPE HAITIEN RAMBLINGS

By Bill Maye

Have been trying to get the ol' gray bonnet on to do a bit of ear-bending and it has taken considerable priming to get me to elucidate something. At least there is something other than the usual to talk about this time, so put on your snow shoes and we're off for a sleigh ride.

Much has been said about picnics, yet I believe the one we had would be a picnic hard to even tie-up to. Our Company Commander, Captain H. A. Ellsworth, conceived the idea of taking off with half the members of this compound to make Hey! Hey! in the boondocks. The other half were to have their day the following week. Ex-Cape Haitien Marines no doubt remember West Beach, the scene of our jamboree.

Well, we all lined up at 7:30 a. m. last Thursday on our miniature parade ground and after a lapse of a few minutes we got started. Sergeant "Baracuda" Suttka bellowed attention, but the boys were bound to have their day and promptly fell out to await the arrival of our unexcelled pace-setter, "Papa" Ellsworth. Every effort was made to assure the success of this picnic (I mean picnic) and we will always remember the ladies who were kind enough to bake us those most delicious cookies and cakes. Somehow or other I can't seem to get the boys out of camp, so let us assume we have taken fifty million paces and here we are at West Beach. Might mention that a special convoy of photographers took shot after shot (not shots, but camera shots) of the gang on the trail. Jack Neidiffer, Johnnie Johnson, Farrell, Maye and Pfc. Connell nearly broke their necks trying so hard to get into focus of all the pictures. What a gallery of mugs! Too much for only one camera.

First event of the day, of course, was chow bumps by our beloved music. Trumpeter Boyd, and, believe it or not, half the gang was back for seconds be-

fore the last note faded. The main event of the day was chow and BOY! WHAT CHOW! The menu is submitted for the sole purpose of making someone's mouth water. Here it is: Roast chicken, spud salad, cheese on toast, barbecued hot dogs, various cakes and cookies, olives and pickles. Last but not least, the ants were delicious, too. What is a picnic without these animals, or just what are they? Gunnery Sergeant Porter was our esteemed "Chef de Hotel" (without the orchestra or even the hotel) but believe me he is a mean hand at building fires without the stove.

Two certain officers had a heated argument as to who could hike who's shoes off and the discussion was settled in favor of "Papa." . . . Who were the wise guys that kept running circles around the gang on the return hike and who was it thought he was back home, calling goats or hogs and who thought he found a piece of gold in them there hills, when said gold was only a mashed beer cap! Private Goolsby, a steady patient at the sick bay, was carried back (all in) by a three-year-old native. Dr. Kelley has him where he wants him now and all the corpsmen are tickled pink, too—there will be a big operation tomorrow to see what makes ol' Goolsby TICK SO MUCH. Bandsman Wassam was master of the rowboat and Skii, his mate, was chief rower, but who cared about the boat after we landed all the chow off? Private McGraw and some other gold bricks who made the hike on the kicker, honored us with their most gracious presence. Oh, yeah?

Now then how about a little compound news? Second Lieutenant (Bang Bang) Van Orden, the big range man, is back with us again after a short tour on a bull's eve hunt. Second Lieutenant (Chow-Chow) Dodge is still our most efficient mess officer (we only have one) and Second Lieutenant (Sparks) Heil is also back in the folds as communications officer, after an extended leave in the States. But he didn't come back alone, for he is now the proud father of a baby boy. Was told by Private D. R. Smith, our sheik telephone linesman, that the phone bell is kept padded these days at the Heil residence.

Captain Plambeck, our new Q. M. chief, believes in having young blood in his department and has dispensed with some of the pencil pushers in the Q. M. office and buggy drivers at the garage. Darn good idea to get the young fellows started on interesting jobs. Private Seidel has a habit of weighing about one pound of hand with cuts of meat, but he has his way with the ladies. There isn't much can be said about three newcomers, Lieutenant Colonel Smith, First Lieutenant Basset and Marine Gunner Lloyd on account of their being with us for such a short time, but from the dope gathered so far, I'm sure that we will get along like one big happy family. Major W. Thring, our executive officer, is right there with the boys and look out when you play against him in a game of tennis. He swings a mean racquet and doesn't take dust from the best around these parts. It is almost needless to say what is thought of our company commander. When the whole camp calls him, Papa, w-e-l-l, that's nuff said.

Let's take a stroll around camp and see what's what and who's who. We still have Sergeant Lindsey and Private Har-

kins as soda fountain queens, those boys with that disarming Pepsodent smile. Corporal Boyett, our mail clerk, is trying to figure out where all the pink envelopes come from and why so many. Must be mail for the band barracks, I'm sure. Corporal Dodrill is one of the new M. P.'s and he seems to grow an inch taller every month. Our property clerk, Private First Class Elliott, is trying to account for a shortage of one pillow case, although he has been using said case for the past month as a laundry bag. (Strange, isn't it?) Private First Class Gandolfi, jack of all trades, and our big paint splasher, is about to paint the flag pole again and we wonder if he gets a thrill out of this as once did a music named Kennedy. Well, who is that coming around the corner? Be darned if it isn't George "Jew" Martin and ol' Victor Slemmer towing in the Ford again. Our carpenters, Nelson, Hewett and Marks, are now building a set of trapeze for our pet monkey, "Burbo." Did you ever see the original missing link? Yes, sir! We have him, step this way, one dime, 10 cents. Private Drolet will take over Rudolph's place as post barber, but he will cut ladies' hair only, so it's said, and I was just figuring to get my hair marceled next month. This is indeed sad news for Mickey and Peaches—Jones and Father Frog, too.

Before signing off I must make mention of our ol' stand-bys, the gang at the sick bay, Wilson, Fleenor, Bierhals and Beckstein. Any time one of us wish to get excused from drills on account of disability, why . . . Carl, Jim, Herb or Art will gladly break an arm or a leg for us, just merely as an accommodation. Or else, our new doctor, Lieutenant Commander Kelly, can get a fellow excused if he be allowed to operate for one thing or another. At this point I wish to congratulate all the members of our post dispensary for their efficiency. I really should say something as I'm the only one on the sick list. One can never be too careful these days.

To avoid having to send this letter parcel post and to give the boys a chance to brush the snow off their bonnets, the one with the RED RIBBON ON IT from Canfield Avenue Square, I'll be saying so long folks, I'm sorry you all were kept so late.

"CHESTER" CHAT

By R. Boyer

On the fifteenth of August the U. S. S. "Chester" stood out of Newport, Rhode Island, bound for Barcelona, Spain, the first stop in her Mediterranean shake-down cruise. There had been no liberty in Boston and none to be enjoyed in Newport and the crew of 590 aboard the "Chester" eagerly turned their faces eastward. The passage across the "big pond" was marked only by excellent weather. However, about one fourth the "sea lions" took a temporary dose of mal de mer. The gobs spent most of the time getting the ship cleaned and painted, and when her sides received a coat of gray in Barcelona, we could boast of the tidiest ship at anchor outside the breakwater in many a day.

Without a doubt the men enjoyed their stay at Barcelona more than that in any other port. Not only was it the first port visited, but the people were hospitable, prices low and diversions available. We visited the exposition grounds,

which are beautiful to an astonishing degree, Tibidabo, the amusement park above the city, walked down the Rambla, and gazed with interest at the old fort guarding the city, the muelle boats and numerous planes behind the breakwater, which afforded us an excellent mark when at the guns.

The first of September we weighed anchor and shoved off for Naples. En route we passed between the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia. On the second day we let go the starboard anchor in Naples Bay. This Italian city is certainly pleasant when seen from the water. All the buildings appear to be of light colored building stone; all are of nearly the same size. The old castles and the king's summer palace can be seen and to the right of the place is Vesuvius. This ancient volcano is of a soft purple color and smokes continually. Many of us traveled up the electric railway to its peak, or visited the ruins of Pompeii. Some of us were fortunate to journey to Rome. However, due to the high prices liberty was not so pleasant as in Spain. While at Naples H. M. S. "Revenge" and the Greek training ship "Areas" also visited the city.

We departed from Naples on the eleventh, but scarcely had we put to sea when we answered a call for help from the little Island of Stromboli off the southern coast of Italy. "Full speed ahead," and the "Chester" took off in a manner fit to put a destroyer to shame. We reached the scene at about three o'clock in the morning. The volcano could be seen flaring up every few minutes. "Away landing party" with a Marine in the bow of the motor whaleboat in order, as the executive officer expressed it, "so we can say the Marines have landed and have the situation well in hand." However, after vainly searching for the panic-stricken natives, the "Chester" was informed that help was not needed. On this and on several other occasions Sergeant LoGiudice aided the captain as an interpreter.

After three days of steaming through the Adriatic, and the sea of Marmora we dropped the hook in Constantinople, Turkey. Neither coming nor returning were we able to see the famed Dardanelles, that is, visible evidence of the scrapping of fifteen years ago. The city itself is not pleasant to look at, but the neighboring territory is very pleasant. Liberty was well enjoyed here, a dinner was given us by the wife of the American Ambassador. We landed on one occasion and laid a wreath on the monument to Turkey's war dead.

On the twenty-second we took off up the Bosphorus and sailed several miles into the Black Sea and then put about and made for Athens. The Bosphorus is a winding river, or strait, or whatever it is, and its green hills are covered with castles and parts of castles and picturesque architecture. The next day we stopped at Athens or more accurately Piraeus, which is the port of Athens. This place is, in the writer's opinion, rather ugly. There is no vegetation of any kind, the hills are bare even of houses. However, we waded in (literally) and made the most of the liberties which can only be made in Europe. The best part of the liberty seems to be the next day when everyone brags on the beauty of his lady friend and the quantity of Black and White consumed, ignoring, of

course, that "useless and unnecessary feeling."

While at anchor the Greek fleet came in and anchored, and while the old "Idaho" was still practically hull down on the horizon, every salt aboard had her identified. There was much talk expressing confidence in our ability to sink the entire fleet of thirteen ships with our eight-inch battery.

The visit to each port was a very good course in soldiering at sea. We can all tell the Spanish, Greek, German, Turkish, French, Italian, and English ensigns. A visit to Naples is an excellent test of the corporal of the guard's ability to keep away bum boats. We stood enough full guards to know how to do the job perfectly. We gained some familiarity with uniforms in general, and can appreciate



Chester Marines visit Pompeii, Italy, with two Black Shirt friends.

the quality of our own when we recall some Turkish infantrymen in uniform.

After a short stay at Gibraltar, we put to sea on the morning of October 4th and arrived in Chester, Pennsylvania, at noon on the thirteenth, having cruised 10,821 miles, having stood watches when the clock was set back an hour, and having been in such weather that the "Chester" rolled 32 degrees causing us to eat off the deck, needing only "grass and trees to make us think we were on a picnic."

MORE CHESTER CHAT

By Ripp and Kelley

While steaming along at a fair rate of speed on the evening of September 11, 1930, there came out of the air a radio message stating: "Rome—Press here states that the volcano Stromboli suddenly resumed intense activity. Streams of lava surprised the village of Ginestra killing five and injuring many. A destroyer is rushing first aid to the stricken area." A quick message to Washington from the "Chester" requesting permission to proceed to the stricken area was promptly granted and with full speed ahead we made for the little island. It was a run of several hours and during this time all preparations for a first-aid party were made so that upon arrival at Stromboli medical supplies, food, etc., were in readiness for immediate landing. In the wee sma' hours of the 12th, we dropped anchor as near to the shore of the island as possible. Our searchlights (manned by Marines) swept the shores for possible landing and also to notify the terror-stricken people that help had arrived. Simultaneously with the anchor,

the motor whaleboat was launched into the water and the ship's doctor, the gunnery officer, a hospital corpsman and Sergeant A. J. LoGiudice undertook the trip to shore as investigating party to ascertain means of rendering assistance. "Joe" LoGiudice, as interpreter, was "right there" in that capacity, and the Fascist Commandant who met the party when they landed informed them that they (the Italians) had the situation well in hand and that they were able to handle it. The Commandant was profuse in his thanks for our offers of assistance and expressed surprise that a foreign man-o'-war should come so readily to their assistance, doubly so when informed of the preparations aboard that had been made. The party having been assured there was nothing we could do, shoved back to the ship and in a short while we were again on our way to Constantinople. Private Vitale deserves credit for his interpretation of messages received from the Italian admiral and also from Rome concerning Stromboli. A pretty sight, while anchored off Stromboli was the American flag at our gaff illuminated by one of the big searchlights rippling in the cool early morning breeze, proclaiming our identity to any who ventured near.

In Constantinople, the officers and crew were entertained by the Y. M. C. A. chapter there, who did their utmost to make our stay in that port a pleasant one. A regular picnic and barbecue followed by sports kept the gang happy and made Constantinople a well remembered spot in our cruise. A baseball game with a team from Constantinople and our own provided plenty of amusement and thrills. Four Marines play with the ship's team, Corporal Ripp pitching, Levi at short, Schmidt fielding and Wolbank at 3rd sack. The game was a slugging match, the Marines being the big guns on the ship's team and the final smoke of the battle cleared away with the score in our favor, 21-10.

Prior to pointing the nose of our ship homeward, the captain took the ship up into the Black Sea where we turned about and headed for Athens, again passing through the Bosphorous and the Straits of Dardanelles. This was our farthest point of travel and the many old forts that adorned this route were viewed with much interest. Most of us, as in Barcelona, hated to leave this place. An uneventful trip of four days brought us to Athens, Greece.

Piraeus, about a half hour's ride from Athens, was our anchorage during the "Chester's" visit. We anchored about a mile from the dock and it was here that our shore boats experienced some rough trips and exceedingly difficult landings. One thing we did have was overnight liberty in Athens and that made up for the inconvenience of traveling. Here, too, the gang took in sightseeing trips to the famous ruins of Athens. Judging from the many rolls of camera film used, the boys should have some mighty interesting albums. Athens is quite a modern city and the living costs made it an excellent liberty town. An ex-gunnery sergeant, now connected with the American Legion in Athens, greeted us and broke out some snapshots taken at Quantic and he still retains his pass for that post. Wonder will he come back in?

Well, once again we pulled up the hook and headed nearer to home and also our

last foreign port, Gibraltar. Gibraltar is quite an interesting place and the many fortifications are a real wonder. The English sailors and soldiers became quite chummy with us and many a friendship was created that resulted in exchange of addresses and reminiscences of visits to various places. Midnight, October 3rd, fifteen knots standard speed was rung up and we headed for Chester, Pa.

NEWS FROM THE FOURTH MARINES

By 1st Lieut. C. D. Baylis

October 1. The Third Battalion baseball team, winners of the Fourth Marines baseball championship, were awarded a special dinner at which were present the Commanding Officer of the Fourth Marines, Colonel C. H. Lyman; the Commanding Officer of the Third Battalion, Lieutenant Colonel H. W. Stone, and members of the Regimental Commander's staff. At this dinner the baseball pennant was presented to the winning team by Colonel Lyman. Lieutenant Colonel Stone presented individual silver baseballs to the members of the team. Those to receive awards were: Corporal H. A. Smith (manager); Corporal J. H. Slusser, Privates First Class W. M. McGrew, W. F. Quigley, C. A. Schoenert and M. W. Trotter; Privates J. H. Johnson, St. E. M. Haney, P. D. Kimball, C. W. Hellmig, E. M. Mencener, E. J. Morrisette, R. W. Peterson, A. L. Stoneking.

October 9. The 28th Company of the First Battalion won the Regimental rifle competition held at Hongkew rifle range, with a score of 909. Second place went to the 24th Company of the Third Battalion with a score of 841. The Headquarters Company of the Third Battalion finished in third place with 838. Private Bottemer of the 28th Company was high individual with a score of 231. The 28th Company is commanded by Captain W. W. Ashurst; the 24th Company by Captain S. F. Drew; the Headquarters Company of the Third Battalion by Captain J. E. Snow.

October 13. Fourth Marines boxers held their own with outside competitors in their bouts at the auditorium. Dan Searcey earned a draw in his bout with Jock Creighton (late of H. M. Navy); Private Blackwood won from Kid Segundo, famed Filipino battler; Private Zavelitch won from Young Gonzalo; Sergeant Marvin (27th Company) lost a bout to Kid Yacko, Russian fighter.

October 15. The Non-commissioned Officers' Club of the Fourth Marines tendered a dinner to the enlisted members of the 15th U. S. Infantry from Tientsin, who accompanied the officers' polo team to Shanghai for a series of polo matches.

October 16. Fourth Marines changed uniform from khaki to forest green. Weather mild . . . tang of autumn in the air.

October 17. Sergeant Major L. B. Rice relieved Sergeant Major L. H. Alexander as Regimental Sergeant Major. Sergeant Major Alexander will return to the U. S. on board the "Henderson" for duty at M. C. B., San Diego, California.

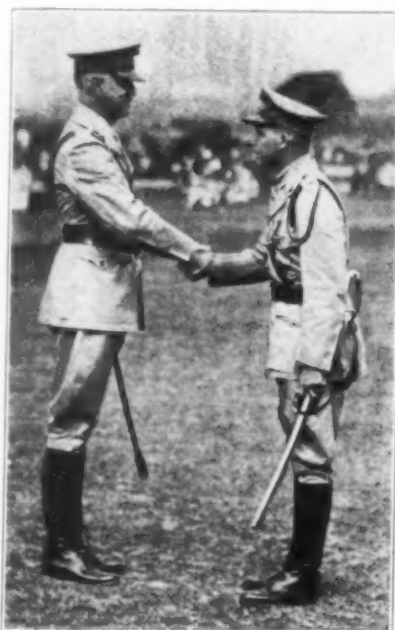
October 22. Colonel Richard S. Hooker, U. S. M. C., Mrs. Hooker and three children arrived in Shanghai on board the S. S. "President Cleveland," of the Dol-

lar Line. Colonel Hooker will relieve Colonel Charles H. Lyman, U. S. M. C., as Commanding Officer of the Fourth Marines.

The Fourth Marines baseball team returned to Shanghai on board the S. S. "Nagasaki Maru" of the N. Y. K. Line, after a twenty-five day "good-will baseball tour" of Japan.

October 23. Private J. F. Hadow, Twenty-seventh Company of the First Battalion, was accidentally killed by falling from the second story of the company billet.

October 27. The Fourth Marines held "open house" on Navy Day. In the forenoon the billets of the Third Battalion were open to the public; refreshments served in the newly commissioned mess hall.



Captain J. P. Brown, recipient of Navy Cross, being felicitated by Col. C. H. Lyman, commanding Fourth Marines.

The athletic feature of Navy Day was the football game at Pioneer Field between the Third and First Battalions, won by the Third by the score of 31 to 0.

The Third Battalion team is coached by Corporal H. E. Rasmussen. Rasmussen, Bridges, Slusser, Rose and Swank starred in the backfield. Grady, Hudson, Williams, Richards, Smith, H. A., went great guns in the line. The Third showed good teamwork.

The First Battalion put a willing but inexperienced team on the field; put up a game fight, but had to give way to the terrific line pounding of the Third's backs. Long, Wever, Daugherty, Daun and Hahn went good in the backfield for the First; with Daley, Moon, Lee, Chimohaski and Berniski doing yeoman work in the line.

Both teams are members of the Shanghai Football League which came into being this year for the first time. Other teams entered are the Foreign Y. M. C. A. and the American School.

The Foreign Y. has defeated both the

First Battalion and the American School and plays the Third Battalion on Saturday, November 1, in what will be the football classic of the year in Shanghai, a game that will decide the championship and the possession of the "Cunningham Cup," offered in competition by Mr. E. S. Cunningham, the former U. S. Consul-General. Last year this cup was won by the Foreign Y. from the American School. These teams were the only two contesting:

The line-up:

First Battalion.	Position	Third Battalion.
Kilroy	Left end	Mencener
Hefner	Left tackle	Taschler
Knapp	Left guard	Richards
Daley	Center	H. A. Smith
Hardenbrook	Right guard	Grady
Eichenger	Right tackle	Hudson
Wever (Capt.)	Quarterback	Rasmussen (Cap.)
Hahn	Left halfback	Rose
Daugherty	Right halfback	Bridges
Long	Fullback	Slusser

Score:

First Battalion 0 0 0 0—0
Third Battalion 12 6 7 6—31

Touchdowns: Slusser (2), Bridges, Swank, Rasmussen. Goal after touchdown: Rose (goal from placement).

Substitutions: Third Battalion—White for Hudson, Alex for Richards, Swank for Rasmussen, Rasmussen for Swank, Williams for Grady, Jackson for Taschler. First Battalion—Moon for Norris, Lee for Kilroy, Berniski for Lee, Daun for Long, Andis for Wever, Chimohaski for Eichenger.

Time of quarters: 15 minutes. Officials: Referee—Captain C. B. Cates, U. S. M. C. Umpire—First Lieutenant C. D. Baylis, U. S. M. C. Head lineman—Captain L. Passmore, U. S. M. C. Field judge—Private First Class E. B. Fogleman.

As an added attraction, the tug-of-war teams from the First and Third Battalions staged a contest between halves. The First Battalion team won the first two pulls and the match. The First Battalion team was piloted by Sergeant Herman Freedman of the 25th Company. This is the second year in succession that the First Battalion team has won the yearly tug-of-war contest.

October 28. The Headquarters Company of the Fourth Marines were awarded a good-conduct dinner. The Headquarters Company is commanded by First Lieutenant C. D. Baylis, U. S. M. C. At this dinner the members of the Fourth Marines baseball team were honor guests. Present also were the Commanding Officer of the Fourth Marines, Colonel Charles H. Lyman, U. S. M. C.; Colonel Richard S. Hooker, U. S. M. C. (Colonel Lyman's successor); members of the staff; Lieutenant Colonel H. W. Stone, U. S. M. C., Commanding the Third Battalion, and Major G. W. Osterhout, U. S. M. C., Commanding the First Battalion.

On behalf of the Non-commissioned Officers' Club of the Fourth Marines, the President of the Club, Quartermaster Sergeant George S. Furey, presented the members of the baseball team with individual silver baseballs, suitably engraved, as awards for the past season.

Colonel Lyman made the presentation speech. Those receiving awards were the coach of the Fourth Marines baseball team, First Lieutenant C. D. Baylis, Captain L. Passmore, First Lieutenant T. H. Saunders, First Sergeant I. J. Fine,

Sergeants H. Boyle, S. E. Maddes, T. J. Chapin, Corporals B. Cogsdell, J. H. Wilson, PhM2Ct. J. H. Parsons, Privates First Class E. B. Fogleman and V. E. Long, Privates J. H. Lindstrom, A. R. Lund, C. W. Stanton, St. E. M. Haney, H. T. Welch, P. Moore, P. D. Kimball. Corporals Jolley Brown and G. W. Pearce, members of the team who had returned to the States, were mailed their awards.

The Fourth Marines baseball team finished the season with the enviable record of 34 games played, 27 victories, 7 defeats, for the wonderful average of .794. The team for the past two years, under the coaching of Lieutenant Baylis, has turned in 43 victories and 7 defeats out of 50 games played for the average of .860.

October 30. The Headquarters Company of the Third Battalion, commanded by Captain J. E. Snow, gave a good-conduct dinner at the Third Battalion mess hall.

The standings of the Third Battalion basketball league to date are:

	G.	Won	Lost	Pct.
19th Company ...	4	4	0	1.000
24th Company ...	3	2	1	.667
21st Company ...	2	1	1	.500
22nd Company ...	5	0	5	.000

Conditions in Shanghai remain the same. All seems to be quiet on this, "The Eastern Front." The Fourth Marines have shaken down after the last "Chaumont;" all organizations are carrying on regular training schedules. Weekly reviews are held on the race course—helmets ducoed to the 'nth degree; packs and equipment in first-class order; bayonets glisten in the sun. Organizations parade with the marked precision of veterans. The side lines murmur appreciating remarks; the Regiment has its place in the esteem of the people of Shanghai.

Athletic activities "carry on" successfully, with the Fourth Marines more than holding their own with outside competitors. Now that athletic relations have been established with the Japanese, future trips to the Flowery Kingdom are planned during the rugby football season and in baseball season. To any qualified athletes "at ease" back in the States we extend the invitation to join us and find out that the recruiting posters carry a true yarn—that "Marines see the World." The Fourth Marines are seeing it and enjoying it.

The Fourth Marines Church, with Chaplain R. W. Truitt at the helm, continues to function to the enjoyment of the command. Thanks to the courtesy of the Carleton Theatre Management, services are now held at that theatre. Through the courtesy of the Shanghai

Municipal Orchestra, selected soloists from that wonderful organization have appeared on the weekly Sunday concert programmes. The Fourth Marines Band under the skillful guidance of First Sergeant R. G. Jones, bandmaster, continues to please the public of Shanghai with their popular concerts.

The Sergeant Major's office is kept busy with extensions—attesting to the popularity of the Fourth Marines—to the satisfaction of serving in Shanghai.

SQUIRREL FOOD FROM PORT AU PRINCE

By Fred Belton

Inasmuch as this comes from Port au Prince no other excuses are necessary.

Captain Gilder Jackson played in about seven polo games before he got that blushing feeling when the referee called out, "Goal, Jackson." Lately he's been pushing them through with consistent regularity and in response to numerous queries as to where he acquired the necessary "It," we bow in modesty and explain that we wrote the following song for him to the tune of "Little Pal" which he sings as he plays. It has brought the most gratifying results and goes like this:

Why don't you go in, little ball?
In between those two posts, little ball.
It's so long since I scored, that my team's
getting bored
And I'll warm a bench, comfy as a barbed
fence.
I'll put you away, little ball
On a stand made of gold, little ball,
Autographed you will be
So when friends come to me,
How proud we will be, little ball.

We see by the papers that horses run on Epsom Downs but no mention is made of when one downs epsom.

Then there's the one about the chap who went into a dog hospital by mistake and when he told the doctor he was sick the doc said, "Let me feel your nose."

They've given up the idea of taking talking pictures of our polo games for two reasons. One is the censorship and the other is obvious.

Incidentally, if you ever hear Tex Rogers humming, "If I Had a Talking Picture of You," it's a safe bet he's thinking of those goals he scored in the opening polo game.

Then there's the birth control advocate whose defense was that things were so bad you had to sing "In two shades of two apple trees" to keep up with the times.

Speaking of songs, have you heard the efficiency expert's version of an old song? It goes like this: "One eye that glows with love so splendid."

The Liberty magazine offers \$100.00 a week for funny faces. A composite picture of the regiment supporters after the last polo game against Aviation would make them raise the ante.

Today's "Horroroscope"

Those who celebrate their birthdays today are more fortunate than those who have to wait for some other day. Children born on this day will grow up. They will be older than those born ultimately and younger than those born previously. The stars show that they will be the same age as those born today. This is a very lucky day for people who were born during the months of January, March, February, May, April, September, June, August, July, December, November and October. People married on this day will live happily together if they don't separate.

Oscar: What do Port au Prince polo players say to each other as they line up?

Polofan: Please be advised that there is still a censorship in existence.

Oscar: Who originated the saying, "The Marines have landed?"

Asker: The credit for that saying goes to an unknown who saw two of the regiment polo team fall off their horses and remarked, "The Marines have landed."

Oscar: I have written a fast moving romantic play about Haiti. What should I do with it?

Playwrong: Be nonchalant, light a fire with it, and if it's something fast moving about Haiti, sell the ashes for laxatives.

Oscar: I see they are putting up tennis balls in cans. What next?

C. I. M.: They'll soon be putting up polo scores in cans to be used in a last chukker rally. It will be all right if they don't forget the can opener.

Oscar: I saw an advertisement one day with the headline, "She flew from New York to Boston." Would you make a headline out of that in these days of flying?

A. E. M. G.: We'd put that in red letters. However, if she had flown from Boston to New York that would have been only common sense.

Oscar: If four out of every five have it, how about the fifth?

F. J. M.: He sells the empty bottles.



The Twenty-eighth Machine Gun Company, First Battalion, Fourth Regiment, Shanghai, China. Capt. W. W. Ashurst, commanding.

In Chicago recently a prominent society lady suffered a broken collar bone by being the first to fall in the first fall hunt. The horse must have stumbled over an empty cartridge.

Artificial islands 500 miles apart are being discussed to facilitate trans-Atlantic flying. This is good news to swimmers who seem to have navigated everything but the oceans.

One doesn't have to go on a tear these days to get that morning-after-the-night-before head-throb. All you have to do is be a Communist in New York City and start a demonstration.

Today's Horrorscope

People who were not born today must have been born some other day. Financially this is a good day for anyone who buys stocks at a low price and sees them go up. Marines enlisting today will be paid off exactly four years from yesterday. The Post Exchanges will not give out samples today, nor any other day, for that matter.

With experimentations in television making such progress, we'll soon have to dress to answer the telephone.

There were 1,031,084 more marriages than divorces in the United States last year. In other words, we can record a gain 1,031,084 "yes" men.

If they keep on dumping liquor into the sea the ships that manufacture their own water will soon be violating the prohibition law by serving spiked water.

Famous last words: I'll call that bet.

Society Notes

Frank J. "Spud" Murphy, also known as "Shanghai," who has cavorted around many outfields in the Marine Corps, is a motorcycle cop in Port au Prince. They used to set their watches by the noon siren, but since Murphy started to sound it they call up and ask what time it will be sounded.

John J. "Pooch" Bukowy, who has scored many a six points for the Quantico football team, is also a motorcycle cop in Port au Prince. There'll be no more football for Bukowy until they make the playing field wider. He weighed in at 217 yesterday and still has hopes.

Captain Sam Freeny, who covered so much ground around first base that they had to fire the second baseman to keep him out of his way, is fire marshal of Port au Prince.

Captain Radcliffe is back from vacation and will resume his Friday night H-H-Kaying down at the broadcasting station.

This year's world series melon amounted to nearly \$1,000,000. It has been larger but it was a nice juicy melon for all that.

With suspected beer pipe lines in Yonkers and liquor pipe lines actually discovered elsewhere, oil well drillers will soon go to work carrying their own soda water.

Hats off to the optimistic Marine who remarked two days before pay day that

his outfit had been going to bed surrounded with quarters for a long time.

Memories of a Sea Soldier, his buddies, and the dark days of 1918 aboard a man-of-war with the Allied Fleet in the Danger Zone:

The mid-watch: A wicked night
With storm and driving sleet.
A grim battleships fights her way
Through breaking seas and blinding spray,

Alert and ready for a fight
For Liberty, Civilization and Right.

The gun crews stand to by their guns;
The storm completely drenches.
They stick it out in War or Peace—
And one Marine to his chums, said he:
"What a Hell of a cold night it must be
For the poor fellows in the trenches!"

—Author unknown.

The next time Cooper makes a jump
we'd appreciate a little lubrication for
the neck.

When the music sounded chow call just
before the third race he remarked that
it was the first time in his career that
bumps had met with such little response.

Heard at the track: My horse would
have won, only . . .

The innovation of tea dances at the
American Club met with such decided
success that they are now held regularly
on the second and fourth Wednesdays of
each month and, coupled with the regular
first and third Saturday night dances,
they have added greatly to the popularity
of an already popular club.

A new dance floor, roomy and airy,
has been added during the past year
under the supervision of Captain Charles
I. Murray, who is serving as a major in
the Garde d'Haiti, in the capacity of
chief of police of Port au Prince. The
interior of the club has been turned into
a homey, enjoyable place to spend an
afternoon or evening. Over 150 people
attended the cabaret dinner dance held
on October 18th and more of the same
kind are promised.

The hostess for the club during the
month of September was Mrs. O. P.
Smith; for October it was Mrs. J. E.
Davis and for the month of November,
Mrs. Ed. Pawley.

Miniature golf, or the lure of the cotton
seed, has come to the tropics and by
the time this is in print there will be a
nine-hole baby course in full blast out at
the local Aviation field where walking
will be reduced to a minimum, drivers,
brassies and irons cast aside in favor of
a lone putter and everything but golf
language cut down to its tiniest. They
can cut a golfer's two-mile walk to a
couple of yards, but the antics of that
little white nugget when it hangs on the
brim or runs up the slope, looks in and
comes home again, hits obstacles and
does all sorts of funny things, will defy
the minimizing of the golfers' delight—
his vocabularal efforts when things all
go wrong. Whether it be tournament,
match of just for fun, there seems to be
a worth of satisfaction in berating the
universe when today's drive on the first
tee, which was exactly the same as yesterday's, dribbled down the fairway about

forty yards while yesterday's was a
screaming 250-yarder right down the
middle. There is only one outlet for
such happenings and that is the verbal
outlet, the golfer's own. Miniature or
not, golfers will reserve their right to
their own language and may the ear
muff market benefit—other players will
be so awfully, awfully close.

The American Club of Port au Prince
was in line to make a clean sweep of a
friendly tennis singles tournament
played on the American Club courts here
when darkness caused the cancelling of
two matches after two sets had been
played.

Lieutenant T. J. Walker, American
Club, defeated Mr. Heath of the Petonville
Club in straight sets, 6-3 and 6-2.
Captain Sam Freeny, American Club,
took two out of three from Van Waterschoot of the Petonville Club, 6-2, 5-7
and 6-4.

Major O. P. Smith, of the Garde
d'Haiti, playing for the American Club,
had split two sets with Barnes, Petonville
Club and local champion, when
darkness intervened. Hans Bieling of
the American Club was leading 5-3 in his
third set after breaking even in the other
two when nightfall put an end to the
proceedings.

A seven-team baseball league, the biggest
in the history of the American
forces in Haiti, will get under way here
on November 4th when the Garde d'Haiti
team, 1929 champions, and the Brigade
Field Hospital nine tangle in the initial
struggle of the winter season. The competing
teams and their managers are as
follows: Brigade Field Hospital, Commander
Pollard, Garde d'Haiti; Captain
Freeny, Aviation Squadron 9-M; Lieutenant
Walker, Second Regiment; Lieutenant
Blanchard, Brigade Signal Company; Lieutenant
Dickey, Motor Transport; Lieutenant
Batterton and Ch. Mar. Gnr. Laitsch, Brigade
Headquarters.

When unforeseen events broke up the
1929 baseball series in the early part of
last November the Garde d'Haiti team
was declared season champions after
running up one of the most impressive
baseball records in service history. Nine
consecutive wins with a total of 94 runs
scored with only eight runs against them
left little doubt as to who should take
the cup for a year. Of the eight runs
scored against them, the Aviation team
scored five. The nine victories included
three shut-outs over the Regiment team
and two whitewashes over Brigade Headquarters.

Motor Transport, Brigade Signal and
Brigade Field Hospital are this year's
newcomers. Last year these three organizations
were combined into what was known as the
Sig-Trans-Hospital team. Aviation, Brigade
and Regiment will see numerous changes in
their line-ups, while the Garde d'Haiti has
been hard hit by the transfer of Howard
"Hungry" Hudson and a knee injury to Olin
Beall which is expected to keep him out of
competition. Beall and Hudson formed the
Garde battery in all their games last year.

The brunt of this year's hurling will
fall on Bukowy, who chose to roam
around number three sack last year.
"Shanghai" Murphy, outfielder, has been
drafted in from the pastures and will don

the shinguards, chest protector and mit at the receiving end.

Captain Sam Freeny will cover as much ground as ever around the initial sack, while "We" Hall expects to continue cutting down hits that head around his domain between second and third, familiarly called shortstop.

In announcing the official cancellation of the polo series between the Garde d'Haiti, Regiment and Aviation polo squads, the local Polo Association has brought a couple of old proverbs into play and proved that two heads are better than one. The other proverb brought to the fore is "Don't put all your eggs in one basket." Explanations being in order, we hasten to begin:

Polo is unlike most any other sport in that out of a shipload of Marines or sailors one is almost sure to find a few here and there who have at some time participated in baseball, basketball, swimming, track, pinochle or what have you, but with polo it is entirely different as there is very little riding done in either service and owning a string of polo ponies would be a good argument to stay in civilian life. Transfers and the like coming at most any time are liable to put a crimp in any team and one cannot train a polo player in a day. Then again we have members of the civilian colony who must be taken care of. There is little enough to do in a tropical country where the closest resemblance to Fifth Avenue is a string of street lamps a hundred yards apart. Hence an organization team starts out today with a crackerjack outfit of mallet manipulators and tomorrow loses one player and the loss of one player from a quartet can make an awful lot of difference. One can lose an outfielder and be almost certain that the next boat will bring another, but when a team loses a number one, for instance, they are going to have an awful hard time locating another.

Don't ask why this wasn't thought of before because if you do we'll have to quote another proverb which says "Better late than never." With these things in mind, that conglomeration of brains who go into huddles and become the nucleus of the Polo Association gathered the horsemen together and, after discussion, found out that the folks who swing the mallets felt the same way they did about the matter.

"Big Bill" Williams, the nickel and dime man from "B" Street, presided at the gathering of the horse followers and asked their will. Up rose Captain Gilder Jackson and moved that "Big Bill" himself be authorized to choose three team captains who would get together and pick out three teams, name them, and start a nine-game series on November 2. Captain Leo D. Hermle, a major in the Garde d'Haiti, couldn't get up quick enough to second the motion and emphasized greatly his pleasure at being able to support the suggestion. It was voted upon and carried, shoulder high, as it were. The idea of these three teams will be that no matter what personnel changes take place the teams will remain as a team and take in newcomers as they arrive. This leaves the field open for teams to choose from the Marine, Navy and civilian populace of Haiti without necessarily being handicapped by waiting for the next steamer to come

along with a player assigned to the station they represent.

We almost forgot to say that Captain Jackson insisted that the three captains get together alone to pick the teams. Picking polo teams is a job that equals in popularity an umpire's decision on a close play in a Navy vs. Marine baseball game. The safest place to pick the teams would be in an open rowboat, provided the oars were allowed to drift. Many have tried it without success, but let it be said that the twenty-odd people who compose the playing members of the Polo Association are a bunch of real sports. A growl here and there due perhaps to the fact that most of them are on their second cruise. Under all these growls, however, is that spirit of sportsmanship that has made polo the popular pastime it is in Haiti today. The captains of the teams will be Captain Jackson, Captain Rogers and Lieutenant Riseley (Captain, Garde d'Haiti). Their teams are as follows:

Orioles—Captain Rogers, Corporal Donato, Private First Class Drews, Phm2cl. Larkin, Private Alsok, Pfc. McMahon, Pfc. Kottler.

Blue-Jays—Captain Riseley, Garde d'Haiti; Major Murray, Garde d'Haiti; Major Shepherd, Garde d'Haiti; Lieutenant Whitesel, Garde d'Haiti; Major Hermle, Garde d'Haiti; Mr. Reynolds, Private Green.

Cardinals—Captain Jackson, Sergeant Enloe, Dr. Gendreau, Sergeant Williams, Pfc. Miller, Lieutenant Batterton, Lieutenant Belton, Garde d'Haiti.

The first game of the series will be played on November 2nd between the Orioles and Blue-Jays and the series will consist of nine games. The trophy will be the Polo Association cup and there will be individual cups for players on the winning team. The opening game will be a gala event in that the new club house, located on the west end of the field on line with the center of the playing field, will be dedicated. A forty-foot porch will afford spectators protection from the sun when watching the two legs on four legs chase down the elusive pill and make the witnessing of games a more enjoyable pastime than ever.

"Big Bill" Williams and Olin Beall will officiate at the games.

Let it be said that in sport there is sportsmanship and in sportsmanship there is comradeship and comradeship forms the basis of a successful military organization.

It would have been the irony of fate if the boy who sold his mother's teeth for ten cents to see a picture had gone to the show where they were playing "He Who Gets Slapped."

Now that we have miniature golf courses, how about a robot to do the putting?

We had a girl once who was so dumb she thought Harry Carey was a Japanese suicide.

With a tunnel between Detroit and Windsor, folks can now travel under cover for the fluid that delights.

And there's a lot of football teams that would like to change the name of Notre Dame to "Notre Jinx."

If the present standard of heavyweight boxers keeps up, there'll be more pugilists in the bread line than there will be exchanging taps in the bread basket.

About the only fight of interest nowadays is the battle between the jar and the tube, and they're both pretty well lathered up.

By their socks ye shall know them.

A judge fined traffic violators 22 pairs of children's shoes in Michigan some time ago. If they go up again it'll cost them a pair of roller skates each.

The bird that forged his grandfather's mark to checks evidently didn't know his x's.

At the time this was written the Port au Prince service baseball league was so tight you could turn the league standing upside down and then you'd have to run them alphabetically to stop argument.

Four teams are now tied up for first place in the seven team league, so if they stopped the league now the last team would take third prize while the rest of them were trying to figure out who won.

"This is a lucky strike," said the tramp as he puffed on a newly found cigarette butt.

The chap who was cranking his car when a train smashed it and left the crank in his hand should have been pushing it, then the spare tire might have been spared.

We read about a man named Dunn who tried to hang himself, cut his throat and opened his veins to commit suicide, and failed. Maybe by this time Dunn feels that Dunn can't be done.

A total of 143 runs have been scored in the first ten games of the Port au Prince service league. After the league is over they ought to give the cup to the scorekeeper.

Were you born today? If you were and are reading this you may go to the head of the class.

When is a No not a No? When it's a woman's.

It's easy enough to look pleasant
When life is a beautiful pipe,
But the guy worth while
Is the guy who can smile
When arising at five for a hike.

Famous last words: "I never wear a parachute."

And then have you heard about the dumb sailor who, when the girl said "My Leatherneck isn't here tonight," went down to the store and bought one.

BROWN FIELD'S BLOWER SECTION

From the heading, "Brown Field Plane Talk," we want to start 1931 with the above caption. The gasoline and air mixture in leaving the carburetor of one of our popular engines is led through a "blower section" and there it is subjected to a whirling finned compartment that further breaks up the component parts

and makes them more combustible before they are carried through the intake pipes to the cylinders. With our new heading we want to take the happenings hereabouts and putting them through our Underwood "blower section," render them acceptable to the victimized readers of "The Leatherneck" in case the readers are gullible enough to swallow our line. But in the event the line doesn't register the gentle readers can pass it off as exhaust and other hot-air mixtures that go for nothing.

With the advent of a New Year, Brown Field and Marine Aviation on the East Coast come into a heritage, won by accomplishment, that will give this station one of the best flying plants on the East Coast. A handful of men and officers, the aftermath of the World War, wrested the pine-studded peninsula that juts out at the confluence of the Chappawamsic Creek with the Potomac River, from old man nature in early 1919. With only a tent hangar to start with, foodstuffs being carried on the men's backs across the railroad bridge over the creek, and with little if any airplane material, the field was started in mud, miserable weather, and all other adverse conditions. And today as the new building program is opening up for the new field, the Department of Commerce carries our field as "No. 53 Quantico—emergency landing field." No. 1 Field is a two-way field only southwest and northwest, and No. 2 Field across the tracks is a two-way field north and south. Many a plane has been wrecked in cross winds and as we write this yarn, this minute, a pilot has just somersaulted one of the new F8C-5's over on its back in attempting a stiff cross wind landing. A world of excellent experience has been gained but it has been costly.

The contract as let to the Trimont Dredging Company, 10 State Street, Boston, Mass., on the third of December will entail the diverting of the Chappawamsic Creek across No. 1 Field diagonally from the guard house to a point 150 yards up-river from the photo laboratory and the entire point outboard from the new channel will be cut to a mean grade of eight feet above mean low water level and the dirt sloughed northward into the Chappawamsic Swamp on grade level with the R. F. and P. railroad to join the opposite bank of the present swamp at the end of the north end of the present road bridge across the swamp. The new road from the field to Quantico will be paralleled and just off the railroad right-of-way with a small culvert over the new channel at the present site of the guard house. The guard house will be moved across the concrete road and will be paralleled to the sick bay and directly across from it. The R. F. and P. railroad announces that it will have its bridge over the new channel diversion by February so as to not hold up the work on the field. There will be a jetty wall from the present extreme end of the point to the north bank of the present channel of Chappawamsic Creek to hold the new fill in the swamp. The new channel of the creek across Field No. 1 will be 70 feet wide at the bottom and will be an open ditch, according to present plans of the Public Works Department. The limits of the new field will include an area 2600 by 4600 feet in dimension. At this writing two of the No. 1 Field hangars are re-erected on

Field No. 2 and the third hangar on No. 1 will go within the next fortnight. The radio towers are down and just like "presto chango."

As though some magic finger had pressed on the tops of the towers, there springs up opposite the Service Squadron barracks and between the photo lab and headquarters building, a new 45-foot tower structure to be known as the weather tower. The first floor will be for living quarters for the aerological and telotype operators and the second story will be for the housing of instruments and the offices of the "weather birds." The 15-foot tower will accommodate the theodolites and other sighting-in gadgets that give us the dope on next week's wind currents. The extension of the large hangar on Field No. 2, whose doors Gunery Sergeant Budrow is a past master at opening, is getting set for the new 60-feet of steel skeleton work. There are 20 civilian laborers on the field in addition to the contractor's hordes and the unemployment situation here is passe.

6 November, 1930.

From: The Secretary of the Navy.
To: First Lieutenant Frank D. Weir, U. S. Marine Corps.
Via: The Major General Commandant.
Subject: Special letter of commendation.

1. I have read with gratification of the part you played in the rescue of First Lieutenant Hayne D. Boyden, U. S. M. C., when the plane which he was flying crashed in the water near the Quarantine Station, Pensacola, Fla., on May 28th last.
2. It appears that you were piloting another plane in the vicinity and, upon seeing the crash, immediately flew to the place of the accident, landed on the water nearby and swam over to the wrecked plane and assisted in rescuing Lieutenant Boyden who was unconscious in the forward cockpit of his plane under the water.
3. The correspondence regarding this matter was referred to the Board of Awards, Navy Department, which board stated that it considered your action to merit high commendation and recommended that you be addressed a special letter by the Secretary of the Navy. It is a pleasure to comply with the Board's recommendation.
4. Your prompt action assisted in preventing this serious accident from ending fatally for Lieutenant Boyden, and I commend you highly for the coolness and presence of mind which you displayed.
5. A copy of this letter will be filed with your military record.

/s/ C. A. ADAMS.

Even some of us Marines work sometimes with such a good example.

Now don't believe it unless you want to, but all this travijando (work in Spanish) is supposed to be completed in a little over a year's time. But just like the old Greek myth of Hercules when he was told he would have to play chamber maid at the Aegean Stables, he must have had a big shovel and the Boston dredging outfit say that is has just that spade. But it is a bigger thing in a bigger way that I can tell you about as the total cost of the job is more than I will draw for the year 1931, even when the inter-departmental pay board gives me my raise in 1950 with back pay. So come over and see it for yourself. There is a Santa Claus and fortune is smiling on Marine Aviation in the East. In the mirage of the future we have the promises of a new brick barracks, shops, several hangars, administration buildings, and all the rest to be conceived by a futuristic landscape artist conforming to the curvature of the R. F. and P. tracks near the present location of the little

fishing shack that sets hard by the creek bank on the north side of the Chappawamsic. If you are not completely "snowed" by this time there "ain't" a cow in Texas.

"There abideth Faith, Hope and Charity," and we were not without the latter when the bachelor officer quarters and the three N. C. O. houses on the point were torn down by three shifts of men working night and day, metamorphosing the buildings into kindling wood for Washington's poor.

In charge of Lieutenant Bill Saunders, assistant engineering officer, and Gunery Sergeant William Groves, in charge of the carpenter shops, 100 men armed with 48 claw hammers, 12 sledge hammers, 20 wrecking bars, and 20 axes, re-enforced by two power saws, attacked the buildings with a vengeance on the 8th of December and ere nightfall the buildings looked as if a young Florida hurricane had hit them. The lumber was cut into stove lengths and loaded on barges in the Potomac and sent to the Washington poor. The Trimont Dredging Company, the company that is building the new field, fell the trees off the point and cut them in lengths ready for the barge that took them to Washington in sizeable wood for stoves.

Now for a few personals and we will let the rest of the contributors have a little space to tell of their escapades. First Sergeant Frank P. Novick was made a sergeant major as of the 8th of December. Staff Sergeant Johnny Carter came back to the fold here on the East Coast to ship over. John says that the Duke, Horace D. Geer, told him the wrong story about the West Coast and he likes the East much better. Geer returned from Nicaragua early in December and has taken up pilot duties and those of section chief in VF Squadron 8-M. Duke has not been warm since his arrival here, but thinks that summer might bring back those good old Nicaraguan climes minus the humidity that came in bottles. In the draft that brought back Sergeant Major Novick from Nicaragua came the Quartermaster Sergeants Joseph N. M. (New Mexico) Berger and William J. Tenney, who have both been assigned here for duty with the Quartermaster. While in Nicaragua Berger did quite a bit of publicity work for the Aircraft Squadrons and did a good job of it from all accounts. It was a pleasure to have for a few weeks the presence of First Lieutenant Vernon E. Megee, who left right away for the preliminary pilot's course at Hampton Roads. At the last reports he was getting "up-stairs" and down again in a commendable fashion with the pontooned NY's and everybody hopes that he will continue on through Pensacola. Lieutenant Megee was the Q. M. officer at Managua for us and was one of the most popular ones that it has been our lot to serve with. If he didn't have it he got it.

The Reserve Officers' School for Advanced Flying and Basic Line Duty was brought to a successful close by First Lieutenant C. J. Chappel, the commanding officer of VO Squadron 6-M. Fourteen weeks were included in the actual classroom lectures with Lieutenants W. L. J. Bayler, C. C. Coffman, P. O. Parmalee, and A. L. Krieser acting as instructors. First Sergeant Lee T. Bowen also acted in an instructional capacity in interior guard duty and field regulations. In the next issue of "The Leatherneck"

we will give the final standing of the classes and the names of the officers that were instructed, et cetera.

We can't close this blow without mentioning the work of First Lieutenant William G. Manley in the operations office. Mr. Manley is, without a doubt, the best operations officer that has operated since Lieutenant Schilt in the "war days" of Nicaragua. He is on the job night and day and keeps the reins of all the pilots on the field well in hand. He personally rode on the check-outs of the fledgling pilots, along with Lieutenants Bayler and Chappel in the new F8C-5's. Mr. Manley has a record from Nicaragua as a fearless flier and on one occasion that we recalled landed an amphibian in the Coco River near Poteca, a seemingly impossible approach and landing. He did this with a doctor that was rushed by plane into the jungle to save the life of a man stricken by appendicitis. He has recently returned to this field from Hampton Roads where he had charge of the Marines there undergoing preliminary flight training. He also acted as an instructor at the Naval School.

With the February offering to "The Leatherneck" we are going to try to get everybody acquainted with our officers who have pilot records of merit and we expect to start with Major Roy S. Geiger, our C. O., with his picture and go on down the ranks with a little biography and a story of their flying days. With this adios, our Utopia just beyond the horizon, and the goose hanging high hereabouts, we want to wish everybody in the Marine Corps a Happy New Year.

MARINES DISTRIBUTE WOOD TO THE POOR

The Quantico Marines, under the direction of Major General Smedley D. Butler, are providing more than 50,000 cords of fire wood for distribution to the needy of Washington, D. C., by the District of Columbia committee on employment. The actual distribution will be made through the Salvation Army, and Major James Asher is making the necessary arrangements.

The wood, which consists of lumber from demolished war-time barracks at the Marine Base at Quantico, was offered to the employment committee by General Butler, and is rapidly being cut into stove lengths by the Marines at Quantico as their Christmas contribution to the unemployment situation.

Major James Asher of the Salvation Army, George J. Adams, secretary of the committee, and Ross Haworth, secretary to Commissioner Luther H. Reichelderfer, visited Quantico on Tuesday and reported that the wood is dry and will make excellent stove fuel and kindling.

The committee expects to transport the wood to Washington on Navy lighters, and the first load of 300 cords left Quantico this afternoon. The wood will be landed at the dock of the Osquagan Brick Company between "R" and Water Streets and from there will be sent to eight distribution stations of the Salvation Army where it will be given out. It must be called for in person and means provided for removing it in quantities sufficient only for the use of the immediate family of the people supplied.

BRIEFING THE NEWS

By William B. Edmondson

Introduction. For a long time we have felt that some attempt should be made to supply our readers with brief summaries of the most important news and orders from Marine Corps Headquarters, newspaper items of interest to the Corps, and interesting highlights from other sources. Herewith we offer our first attempt and we sincerely hope that it proves to be one of the most interesting features of your magazine.

Suggestions for the improvement of the column will be very acceptable to the editor and items of news for inclusion in it will be particularly welcome.

We do not aim to be very original. We shall merely rehash in our own words the most important news of the month, and in many cases will give it to you verbatim, to avoid any possible error or misinterpretation. This will be the case particularly with orders and comments from Headquarters.

This is our debut as a columnist and it is very conceivable that we will occasionally get the cart before the horse. When this happens, we ask your indulgence, but we do want to hear from you—and if you have a grievance to air, by all means air it. You will always find a sympathetic ear here whether you have bricks or bouquets for us.

Fraudulent Enlistment. In a decision dated April 7, 1930, the Comptroller General of the United States holds that "no payments on account of pay and allowances under the contract of enlistment are authorized to an enlisted man after the fraudulency of his enlistment is discovered, where the contract of enlistment is avoided by the Government, either on its own initiative or on the request of parent or guardian. This decision," says the order, "applies to all fraudulent enlistments, including those of minors."

For full particulars of this ruling, we invite your attention to Marine Corps Order No. 6, dated July 5, 1927, as revised September 8, 1930.

Probationary Lieutenants. Recommendations for the 1931 class of candidates trained annually at Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., for commission in the U. S. Marine Corps as probationary second lieutenants, should reach Headquarters not later than 1 February, 1931. Officers recommending candidates who are on foreign station or on board vessels in foreign waters may make recommendations by radio, confirming by mail.

For the benefit of those officers who may not have received a copy of M. G. C. letter dated 20 October, 1930, setting forth the requirements for candidates, and those noncommissioned officers who would like to try for this class, but who are somewhat hazy as to just what is required, we take pleasure in printing below the full contents of this letter.

"In submitting recommendations, officers will state 'In my opinion the candidate is qualified morally, mentally, and physically for appointment to the grade of second lieutenant in the Marine Corps,' and will forward at least three letters from citizens of the United States who are familiar with the formative period of the candidate's life, recom-

mendations from other officers, birth certificate, and certificate of physical fitness for commission following examination by medical officers of the U. S. Navy. Officers will be guided by the following requirements for candidates:

"(a) Must be of such age that he will be more than 21 but less than 27 years of age when commissioned (about Feb., 1932).

"(b) Must be single; citizen of the United States; noncommissioned officer, corporal or higher.

"(c) Must have completed at least two years of enlisted service in the military or naval service of the United States, one year of which must have been in the Marine Corps by July 1, 1931. Service in the Military Academy, West Point, or the Naval Academy, Annapolis, will not be counted in computing length of service.

"The scope of the preliminary and final mental examination FOR THE YEAR 1931 will be:

"United States History, English Grammar and Composition, General History, Geography, Algebra, higher (quadratics and beyond); Geometry, plane and solid; Trigonometry, plane and spherical; and Physics, elementary. NO EXEMPTIONS IN THESE SUBJECTS.

"In addition, the examination will cover ONE of the following subjects, the choice to be optional with the candidate:

"Calculus (to include differential calculus and integral calculus) and Electricity.

"Exemption will be granted in either calculus or electricity as chosen by the candidate upon presentation of certificate of proficiency in the subject from a recognized educational institution, certificate to accompany application. If no exemption is claimed the candidate will state his preference of either calculus or electricity at the time the recommendation is submitted in order that questions in the subject chosen may be included in his preliminary examination.

"Questions for the preliminary examination will be prepared and forwarded to each organization having candidates, papers marked, and the military records of candidates examined, by a board of officers at Headquarters Marine Corps. This board will make recommendations to the Major General Commandant relative to the candidates who will be members of the Class of Candidates to be convened at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., about 1 June, 1931.

"Candidates who pass the preliminary examination and are selected for the Class of Candidates for Commission will be transferred by the Major General Commandant to the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., 1 June, 1931.

"Recommendations will be forwarded so as to reach Marine Corps Headquarters 1 February, 1931. Officers recommending candidates who are on foreign station or on board vessels in foreign waters will make recommendations by radio not later than 1 February, 1931, and will confirm by mail. When recommendations are made by radio, information will be submitted as to whether the candidate will claim exemption as outlined (above), and if no exemption is to be claimed the information will be submitted in the radio as to whether the candidate chooses to be examined in calculus or electricity."

Further information under this head may be found in Chapter 2, Section 1, Marine Corps Manual.

Business Depression. We in the Corps have some difficulty realizing just how tough a proposition it is to get along on the "outside" these days. The best indication which can be offered the service man of the seriousness of the business depression that now grips the country is the tremendous decrease of desertion in all four branches of the service.

All good Marines should take heed—especially those who are about to be discharged. Unless you are absolutely sure that you have something "good" waiting for you, prudence dictates that you grab that hundred dollars for shipping over, or at least extend two years to give the present depression time to blow over.

The wise Marine will readily see that if he isn't specially trained for some job, he will merely join the ranks of the unemployed, unless he is extremely lucky, if he is discharged at the present time. And the wise Marine, if he is not specially trained, will take advantage of one of the many interesting courses offered him free of charge by the Marine Corps Institute to become specially trained to meet the competition in the business world today by being just a little more proficient in his line than the next fellow.

Even if you will not be discharged for two or three years, now is the time to start preparing to face the world with confidence when you are discharged. Confidence is engendered by ability, and ability is acquired through study.

A letter to the Registrar, Marine Corps Institute, Eighth and Eye Streets, Southeast, Washington, D. C., will bring you complete information concerning the course you are interested in. You will also find a list of the courses offered by the M. C. I. elsewhere in this issue.

Every day of delay brings the chaotic life on the "outside" just a little nearer. NOW is the time to start preparing to face it.

Reenlistments. Short timers, hear ye! The following terse paragraph in Headquarters Bulletin No. 61, provides food for thought.

"The Major General Commandant has temporarily stopped the reenlistment in the regular Marine Corps of all men who have been separated from the Marine Corps more than three months."

The point is, if you don't reenlist the day after you are discharged, be sure to allow yourself a margin of a week or more before the three months are up.

Marines in Nicaragua. Considerable discussion is going the rounds at present as to the advisability of bringing the Marines now stationed in Nicaragua back to the States.

We have no definite information under this head as yet except that Secretary of State Stimson announced several weeks ago that at least part of the Marines there would be withdrawn shortly and that the removal of the entire force was being seriously contemplated.

Individual Equipment. An interesting comment on the recovery of individual equipment from enlisted men upon discharge is contained in Quartermaster's Bulletin No. 126:

"When an enlisted man is discharged all individual equipment on charge to him should be turned in to the accountable officer and taken up by him on his property account, Forms N. M. C. 782 and 782a-QM being detached from the man's service record book and used as vouchers to the property account as provided by Article 17-67, Marine Corps

Manual. Upon reenlistment, the same equipment may be reissued to the man, but new Forms 782 and 782a should be prepared in accordance with Article 17-65, Marine Corps Manual.

"The transfer of equipment forms from the old service record book to the new service record book of a man reenlisting on the day following his discharge is not in accordance with Article 17-67, Marine Corps Manual."

New Pajama Coats. Whoops, folks! At last we have our new pajama coats, although it isn't likely that we'll be wearing 'em for some time to come for the reason that we must wear out all the old-style coats on hand before we can draw the new ones. Q.M. Bulletin 126 announces the news thusly:

"As a result of service tests, a buttonless pajama coat of the pull-over type, having a breast pocket on the left side, has been adopted, in lieu of the former button type without pocket, the latter to be issued until the supply is exhausted.

"The new-style pajama coat will be invoiced and carried on the property account under the designation 'Coat, pajama, pull-over type,' to distinguish it from the obsolete pattern, which will continue to be invoiced and carried as 'Coat, pajama.'"

Effects in Storage. An addition to the recording system in present use for personal effects left in storage is announced by the Quartermaster, Marine Corps:

"An additional feature of the present system of recording effects left in storage as contemplated in Art. 4-8, M.C.M., by placing tags inside and outside of all containers, as well as furnishing the owner with a claim coupon, has been inaugurated. A supply of baggage storage checks (new form) is being furnished the Depot Quartermaster, Philadelphia, Pa., and all posts and stations should requisition for a limited supply of these checks."

Transportation. "The attention of all shipping officers is invited to the necessity for a strict compliance with Articles 16-2, Marine Corps Manual. A great many instances have occurred where shipping officers have failed to use a combination of rail and water routes and vice versa whereby a cheaper combination rate may usually be obtained over and above the straight rail route. If a doubt exists in the mind of the shipping officer, advice should be sought from the Quartermaster as noted in the last sentence of Art. 16-2." (Extract from Q.M. Bulletin No. 126.)

Photographs. A number of restrictions covering the taking of photographs of naval subjects have been rescinded of late. Anyone interested may find complete details in Navy Department General Order No. 209, dated 16 October, 1930.

Commissioned Personnel. A new policy governing the assignment of commissioned personnel returning to the States from sea or foreign duty has been announced by the Major General Commandant in that he now wishes to assign officers, insofar as practicable, to stations most desirable to them. Complete details of this new policy may be found in M.G.C. letter No. 93, dated 8 November, 1930.

Medals. The Fine Arts Commission will be requested shortly to pass upon the artistic qualities of the proposed Yangtze Campaign Medal. The Bureau of Supplies and Accounts of the Navy

Department has been negotiating for some time for designs for the medal from a number of artists. No details as to when it will be issued have reached us as yet.

It is understood that the Second Nicaraguan Campaign Medal will be received soon at Headquarters from the mint in Philadelphia and that they will be issued in the immediate future.

Good Conduct Medals. "It is most obvious that when a man holds both an excellent discharge and a good-conduct medal or medal and bars, for prior good and faithful service in the Marine Corps, he enjoys a slightly different status from the man who holds only an excellent discharge.

"Therefore, the entries required in the service record books should be made in all cases, on page 24, to show that the Marine holds a good-conduct medal and the number of bars when such is the case." (Headquarters Bulletin No. 62.)

Rosters for Promotion. The following rosters for promotions to the ranks of sergeant major and staff sergeant have been approved by the Major General Commandant.

To Sergeant Major

First Sergeant Arthur H. Steele.
First Sergeant James R. Lane.
First Sergeant Percy J. Dickerson.
First Sergeant Frank P. Novick.
First Sergeant Clarence Simmons.
First Sergeant John McHugh.

To Staff Sergeant

Sergeant Jens Pedersen....Mechanical
Sergeant Paul McKenzie....Mechanical
Sergeant William J. Magnat....Mechanical
Sergeant Mike E. Puskarich....Mechanical
Sergeant Julius Papas....Mechanical
Sergeant Joseph A. Jester....Mechanical
Sergeant William H. Shimp....Clerical
Sergeant John J. Rogers....Clerical
Sergeant John A. Miller....Clerical
Sergeant Merl S. Smith....Clerical
Sergeant Joseph L. Stoops....Clerical
Sergeant Leonard T. Hughes....Clerical
Sergeant Arthur V. Erickson....Clerical

Customs Duties. "Officers returning from foreign service appear to be under the impression that if they have been on foreign duty for a period of two years or more, by declaring their personal effects as the property of a non-resident they are entitled to bring into the United States, without duty, practically an unlimited amount.

"It has been found that returning officers, declaring themselves non-residents, are promptly charged duty on the full amount of dutiable articles declared in their baggage, and they lose the exemption of \$100 allowed each returning resident. Only recently a lieutenant had declared himself a non-resident and was assessed \$89 duty.

"It also has been found that the baggage has been declared as that of a non-resident, and the household goods, shipped under a government bill of lading, as that of a returning resident, an inconsistency of which the customs authorities invariably take notice." (Headquarters Bulletin No. 62.)

In this connection, the writer would like to see a decision, if one has not been previously rendered of which he is uninformed, as to whether officers serving on foreign soil for over a year are exempt from personal income tax—a question his experience has led him to believe is

sometimes very perplexing to those concerned.

Marine Memorial. The following resolution passed at the eighth annual convention of the Marine Corps League in St. Louis, has the full approval of the Major General Commandant. Contributions for the memorial should be forwarded to the Marine Corps League, 108 Forest Street, Worcester, Mass.

"Resolved: That the Marine Corps League proceed to raise a sum of \$30,000 for a Marine Memorial in France dedicated to all our buddies who made the supreme sacrifice, same to be erected approximately 100 metres from the center of Lucy de Bogue on land donated by the Mayor of that town, the Memorial to take the form of a unique windmill and powerhouse to furnish the water supply to the village, and surmounted with a bronze replica of a World War Marine, with suitable tablets and inscriptions, placed at a point of vantage pointing the way to Belleau Woods a little over a quarter of a mile distant . . ."

Athletic Policy. Pursuant to the new policy of the Major General Commandant, the All-Marine football team ceased to exist on 7 December, 1930. The All-Marine baseball team will also be abandoned after the season of 1931.

It will be the duty of Parris Island, Quantico, and San Diego to uphold the athletic laurels of the Corps in their respective districts next year and, if rumor is to be believed, to fight among themselves for the honor of defending the President's Cup.

All this, of course, means that the Post Exchanges will have more money to devote to post athletics, since the practice of calling upon them for money to support the All-Marine teams will no longer be necessary. It also means stronger post teams, as the players on the All-Marines will be allocated to the various posts. It does not mean that small posts will be rendered helpless by drawing all their best players to the larger posts—rather, the small posts will be encouraged to intensify their athletic programs in their respective localities.

Bayonet Scabbards. The Marine Detachments afloat and the funeral escort at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., will be glad to learn that the old khaki bayonet scabbard which they have been expending so much energy on in the past blanching white, will soon be replaced by bayonet scabbards made of white duck with a black leather tip.

Airplanes. While the Marine Corps has a relatively small number of airplanes, they nevertheless will play important roles in the next major war, as has been very conclusively demonstrated on a small scale by our post-war activities in Haiti, Nicaragua and China.

Recent tests conducted by the Army at Fort Sill and Camp Stanley prove that airplanes on a typical wartime airdrome, with the planes widely separated, are very vulnerable to attack from the air. In these tests, eighteen obsolete planes were bombed and in less than sixty seconds every one of them was either put out of commission or totally destroyed.

As a result of these tests, the Army is determined to find adequate means of protecting airdromes and airplanes in advanced sectors from air attacks. Close observers in the Marine Corps will watch their activities in this connection with much interest as the solution of the prob-

lem is equally vital to both branches of the service.

N. A. P.'s. Whereas 820 officers and men of the Navy and Marine Corps were sent to Pensacola for training as airplane pilots last year, only about half that number—445—will be trained during 1931. In addition, the course will be lengthened until it is practically the same as it was before it was shortened a year ago to speed up the course of instruction.

An increased number of Marine officers will be trained this year, however—three classes of 40 each, including reservists—and, unlike last year, they will be trained separately from Naval personnel.

Five classes of enlisted men—a total of 185—will also be trained at Pensacola during 1931, a reduction of almost 50 per cent. under the number trained in 1930.

The reason for the reduction is that most of the 1,000 planes authorized under the five-year building program have already been bought and almost enough pilots trained for their operation. As the number of airplanes in the Navy and Marine Corps will remain practically stationary for a number of years to come under present plans, only the minimum number of pilots are to be trained.

"Mayflower." Marines who served in the President's Guard aboard the "Mayflower" will be glad to hear that the historic craft, after four unsuccessful attempts to sell her, will be placed in commission again about February 15 and sent to the Caribbean on survey duty in place of the U. S. S. "Niagara."

Foreign Duty. The Major General Commandant announced on 3 December, 1930, that, effective at once, the length of foreign and sea duty tours of non-commissioned officers of the first three pay grades will be as follows:

Honolulu	30 months
Guam	24 months
Philippines	24 months
Asiatic Station	
(except Philippines)	30 months
Nicaragua	24 months
Guardia, Nicaragua	30 months
Coco Solo	30 months
Virgin Islands	30 months
Guantanamo	30 months
Haiti	30 months
Garde, Haiti	4 years
U. S. Fleet	24 months
Special Service Squadron	24 months

Legion Asks Wales. Members of the Marine Corps who are also members of the American Legion will be interested to learn that the Legion has invited the Prince of Wales to attend the Detroit Convention in October.

It is understood that the Prince will be in Canada looking after his ranch after a good-will tour of South America about the time of the convention and Legion officials hope that he can be induced to stop at Detroit.

Major Gene Tunney. On January 7 Gene Tunney will become a major on the military staff of Governor-Elect Cross of Connecticut, who will be inaugurated and will sign Tunney's commission on that date. Gene will make his first official appearance in the resplendent uniform of the State militia at the inaugural ball in Hartford that night.

It is thought that Tunney will assume the job of representative of the C. M. T. C. left vacant by John Coolidge, son of Calvin Coolidge.

Good luck, Gene! But don't forget the old outfit. These State militias are all right to play around in in time of peace, but you know who's first to get the thumb in the pie when the vanguard goes forth to battle.

Marine Band. The Marine Band is back with us here at the Barracks again after meeting the fans face to face on their long and highly successful tour of the United States and have already started their regular weekly Wednesday night program over the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Possibly many Marines do not know that the Marine Band can turn into a symphony orchestra at a few moments' notice, but such is the case. When you hear the band over the radio, it is broadcasting from the band hall at Eighth and Eye Streets and is going on the air as a symphony orchestra instead of a band, which does not lend itself as well, presumably, for broadcasting purposes.

Sgt. Jiggs II. Sergeant Jiggs II, Gene Tunney's gift to the Marine Corps, attracted more attention than any other dog at the recent dog show staged in Washington, even though the sergeant was not competing for any of the prizes, but was given the title of "honorary champion."

"Such popularity must be deserved," say the ad men, and anyone will admit that statement without a second look at Jiggs, for he is certainly a magnificent specimen, worthy mascot of that proud race of men known as Marines.

FROM THE RECRUITING OFFICE

By Sergeant Conrad Krieger

In the civic auditorium on Sunday, October nineteenth, San Francisco citizens got the rare treat of hearing a band concert given by the Marine Band. Every American, young or old, should hear it. Besides being one of the world's eminent musical aggregations, it bears an individuality which no other military band in the world can cultivate; namely, the spirit and dramatic diminution of the band's martial airs, symbolic of the one hundred and fifty-five years of colorful Marine Corps tradition.

Twice during the rendering of a stirring anthem, the vast audience applauded with fervent enthusiasm. With such musical effect upon peoples' emotions, the band's touring the country will be gratifying at this particular time. National depression is causing many empty pocketbooks, making many good citizens harbor a psychology which is un-American. Here in San Francisco, however, the band has aroused the citizens' patriotic impulses; especially within the younger generation and that is what counts in furthering national security. As for Marine Corps publicity, the band is unexcelled.

The primitive gray hills overlooking San Francisco are reminiscent of the morning of July ninth, 1846, when Commander John B. Montgomery of the U. S. Sloop-of-war "Portsmouth," then lying in San Francisco Bay, landed at Yerba Buena (San Francisco) with seventy Marines, marched to the plaza, made an address, posted the proclamation, and hauled down the Mexican colors, and, amid the cheering of the assembled people, ran up the American flag, which was immediately greeted with a twenty-one gun salute from the vessel in the bay. California then was a province of Mexico.



PRIVATES FIRST CLASS
THESE FELLOWS IN RATE =
ARE ONE PUP TENT AND A
G.I. CAN HIGHER THAN THE
ORDINARY BUCK PRIVATE
THERE HAS BEEN MANY
ARGUMENTS AS TO WHY THIS
RATE WAS EVER CREATED AND
HOW. HERES THE REAL DOPE =
ONCE UPON A TIME A BATTALION
COMMANDER HAVING NOTHING
TO DO AND BEING AMBITIOUS =
BROKE OUT HIS BATTALION AND
IN LIVING THE COMPANYS UP HE
FOUND A FLOCK OF BLANK FILES =
HE TOOK ALL OF THESE BLANK FILES
AND PUT 'EM IN A GUNNY SACK =
SHOOK THE SACK THREE TIMES =
AND DUMPED OUT THE FIRST-PFC =
THEY HAD TO CHANGE THIER
CHEVRONS TO ONE STRIPE IN-
STEAD OF CROSSED RIFLES =
BECAUSE SAILORS AND CIV-
ILIANS ALWAYS MISTOOK
THEM FOR MARINE GUNNERS

A monument inside the San Francisco ferry building commemorates the spot where Commander Montgomery and the Marines landed. The town was taken without firing a shot.

A newspaper man once said to the writer: "You Marines have the most aggressive and efficient advertising service of any branch of our national defense."

We should have. Because the publicity of any military organization is principally based upon its traditional achievements. And so far, Marine Corps tradition is still unequalled. Furthermore, there is nothing wrong in telling the world about it, so long as we can back what we say.

On Monday, October twentieth, the mayor of San Francisco inspected the police force. As the three companies of blue coats marched down Market Street they presented an array of military gallantry and grandeur. Each company in charge of a police captain and lieutenant; the corporals and sergeants acting as guides and section leaders. Behind the companies rode the mounted cops and following these came the machine-gun and rifle squads, many of whom wore campaign ribbons and service discharge buttons. Here, the Marine Corps was well represented, especially in the sub-Thompson machine-gun squads. Expression clear and sharp, denoting accuracy, shown out of the eyes of the machine-gunners. Anyone observing that quality in those men will look forward to November twenty-fourth as a huge joke on the "Reds." On that particular date they have threatened to take over the city of San Francisco, first, of course, dispersing the police force.

Although recruiters find plenty to do during the present lull in recruiting, it nevertheless becomes exasperating to continue refusing admittance to a first-class applicant. We know how disappointing it is for an applicant who for days has dreamed, planned, then finally applies at the recruiting office without success. Somehow recruiters dislike refusing sale of their article. Nothing is so apt to break a young man's morale than when he has kissed his local sweetheart "good-bye," determined to sail the seven seas and experience many strenuous adventures before he returns, then suddenly finds his aspirations shattered in the realization that even buying enlistment into the Marine Corps is impossible.

"Short timers," many a civilian would gladly trade jobs with you. In the vernacular, the "outside" is tough, and this is no bluff. Our advice is, extend or ship over.

Here is my advice to you "outsiders": Hold on to that strong desire to get into the Marine Corps. Remember, anything worthwhile is worth waiting for. And the best way to keep that desire on a secure foundation is by keeping yourselves fit; no misfit can ever enter the Marine Corps. Look around, somewhere within your vicinity, your local postoffice most likely, you will find Marine posters giving the address of the recruiting office nearest your residence. Write to that address, requesting information regarding one's qualifications as well as when would be the appropriate time to make

application. The office will gladly inform you. Besides, doing so will stimulate your interest.

SECOND REGIMENT, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI

By Cpl. Lawrence L. LaVoy

It has been a long time between drinks, folks, and since Pfc. Earle Tempel's departure from Haiti the Second Regiment column has been sadly neglected. Nevertheless, we regimenters are determined to have a few words in this mag each month hereafter and evermore.

To start off, the total strength of the command is fourteen officers and three hundred sixteen enlisted men, every one of them good Gyrenes. Our competent commanding officer, Colonel E. B. Manwaring, who joined us last March, relieving Colonel R. P. Williams (now commandant of the Garde d'Haiti), has more than proved himself one of the best commanding officers this regiment has ever had.

Major Louis E. Fagan joined us on 2 July, 1930, and is now our executive officer. Everyone who knows the major will have to admit that he knows his stuff. We hope the major stays with us as long as possible.

A few excellent men arrived here from the good old U. S. A. and are now doing splendid work. Here they are: Q. M. Sgt. Earl P. Harris, now the assistant in charge of the Depot Quartermaster activities on Fort Islet; 1st Sgt. Frank Martz, the new top kick of the 64th Company; Gy. Sgt. Zsiga, 53rd Machine Gun Company; Sergeants Harmon L. Knight, Glenn O. Seider, Archie Shawen—all of the 53rd Machine Gun Company. Cpl. Judson S. Locke is another recent arrival, now stationed on Fort Islet. He will soon relieve Pfc. Palmer as coxswain of the brigade commander's barge. Drummer Morrison and Trumpeter Grady are on the job with the usual pep, vigor, and vitality. As long as they can blow chow bumps, each and every regimenter will be satisfied.

The gang is in rather high spirits at present—the result of a few more promotions in the regiment. First of all, First Lieutenant Adolph Zuber has received his well earned promotion. We extend our most sincere congratulations to the lieutenant and hope that even better luck awaits him in the future.

First Sergeant Louis L. Walker, an old recruiter, was recently promoted to that rank and, as we expected, relieved First Sergeant Ernest S. Conn (now at Brigade Headquarters) as top kick of Headquarters Company. Walker is a good top kick, too, and if you don't believe it, just ask him. Congratulations top. Corporals Munoz, Rasnick, Skinner and Housefield were promoted from private first class. Corporal Skinner says that even the electricians can be promoted at times.

A brand new evil has darkened the doors of Sergeant Major Pius Straub's office. Private Dominick Russo has been officially detailed as mail orderly for this regiment, and although his ancestral pride is merely imagination, he still thinks he is a descendant of the famous Mussolini. And, if you believe in miracles, the Quartermaster Department has donated a bicycle to Private Russo for his own personal and official use. Ever since he saw the bicycle act in that

circus that spread its tent on our parade ground a few months ago, he has been trying to imitate the circus professionals by sailing high, wide and handsome on his two-wheeled vehicle. Just humor him along, folks—he really isn't dangerous.

Sergeant Harold Bishop and Corporal Walter S. Burns are once more in the pink of condition. They have taken their daily exercise in a highly commendable manner. Each day at liberty call they check out, run around the Champ de Mars, and through the doors of the Palace Hotel. It is not known just what takes place in the Palace Hotel after they get there, but rumors have it that they indulge in the golden fluid, commonly known as "Biere Nationale." And more than once they have been heard talking in their sleep, and saying, "Two more, Morris."

Pfc. "Abie" Goldstein is going on one of those Christmas furloughs. We will all miss our happy "Yiddisher" who so calmly remarked in the mess hall the other day, "I better eat pork while I got de chance. Mine mudder dunt allow pigs of any kind in our house." Oy! Is our Abie abused? Tsk! Tsk! Dunt ask. Farewell, O gallant Hebrew, and may your happy countenance return unscathed.

Corporal Myers told us a bed-time story the other night and we don't know whether to believe it or not. As you all know, Corporal Myers is an ex-Army man, and he said that he was in Hawaii one night (just one night, Myers?) and that he saw sixteen black horses hitched to one yellow caisson. We know as well as you do, Myers, that the Army doesn't possess horses. What are mule skinner for? Myers will never get to Heaven if he persists in telling stories like that, will he, Trooper?

Well, everybody, the Regimenters will sign off with Corporal Hearn's favorite cheer: "Give us more liberty, or spike the confounded stuff."

MARINE CORPS RADIO SCHOOL, MARINE BARRACKS, QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

By G. F. Prior

Not so long ago one of the Quantico mates was overheard saying to a mate from another post, "things aren't so hot in Quantico," but all in Quantico will agree that on 5 October when the Signal Battalion building in the "Old Shipyard Area" caught fire and burned completely down, that things were plenty hot. Every Marine in camp was summoned to fight the fire which started from an unknown cause.

There were a few of the boys who had been with the "Old Radio School" for so long that fire was about the only thing that could get them out of school.

One mate on returning from liberty after the fire, found himself in a rather embarrassing predicament—having left in his possession as uniform clothing, one complete suit of underwear. On being asked about his loss, he stated he was thankful to be alive as were all who were quartered in the "Old Building."

The Salvation Army's slogan, "A man may be down, but he's never out," seemed to be very fitting among the fire refugees.

The "Old Radio School" is no longer in existence. The activities are still



A QUANTICO OLD TIMER AND STILL GOING

Reading from left to right: Mr. Schucke, civilian employee; Staff Sergeant Walter A. MacArthur, maintenance Co.; Sergeant William H. Shimp, Chief Clerk, Reproduction Dept., Marine Corps Schools; Sergeant James E. Hunt, Compositor and Pressman; Sergeant Arthur V. English, Draftsman, Reproduction Dept., Marine Corps Schools, and last of all a real 1905 model Ford.

functioning, but in a new location. On third deck of "B" Barracks (newly built) can be heard the bell which sounds out the time for class periods as formerly in our old location in the "shipyard area."

During the absence of Lieutenant R. H. Schubert, on duty at the Aberdeen Proving Grounds, Aberdeen, Maryland, the Radio School was under the direction of Lieutenant E. W. Snedeker, who joined its administrative personnel on 6 September.

Some of the short timers were quite surprised when they chanced to see First Sergeant Charles A. Stepanof back with them as top kick of the Eighty-seventh Company after a few years absence while having been on duty in Haiti.

It is regretted that on 25 October our battalion commander, Major W. G. Hawthorne, was suddenly taken ill and is now recovering from an operation, unable to be present with us.

On Halloween evening Mrs. S. D. Butler, wife of the General, and Mrs. W. G. Hawthorne were guests of honor at a supper given by the Signal Battalion in "B" Barracks. Among others present were: Lieutenant and Mrs. J. M. Smith, Lieutenant and Mrs. E. W. Snedeker, Qm. Sgt. and Mrs. H. E. Detwiler, First Sergeants R. Szumigalski, C. A. Stepanof and Mrs. C. A. Stepanof, Corporal and Mrs. R. A. Hardisty.

The transfers of Private Vernon Woodall to First Brigade Marines, Port au Prince, Haiti; Privates Ray I. Psalmonds and Floyd A. Walter to Marine Barracks, Naval Station, St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, for duty as radiomen, were effected 3 November. Corporal Dennis D. Dobbs, Privates First Class Louis F. Bello and Reuben S. Stoner were transferred to the Marine Corps Branch Radio School, Parris Island, South Carolina, on 4 November for duty as instructors.

We're just sort of holding back now with any other comments we might have to offer as we want the Quantico Marine-American Legion football game (to be held in Philadelphia) and our Thanksgiving dinner to be a big success in our favor.

U. S. S. "SARATOGA" MARINES STORM NORTHLAND AS SHIP DOCKS AT BREMERTON NAVY YARD

By Benn Zoop 3rd

With a full guard of Marines at "present arms" the U. S. S. "Saratoga" docked at the Bremerton Navy Yard on Saturday, October 4th, at 5 P. M. At 5:30 the Marine Guard landed and had the situation well in hand. Soon they were eagerly hunting up their former hangouts of the last trip North.

On October 16th, a dance, sponsored by the "Saratoga" Marines was given in honor of the 316th Company Reserve Marines of Seattle, Washington. Held in the spacious Shriner's Auditorium at Seattle, the setting made a wonderful background for the snappy uniforms of the Marines and evening dress of the young ladies. Needless to say, the Marines took full charge and enjoyed themselves immensely. A bright spot of the evening was during an intermission when the 316th Company displaced the dancers with a platoon of men who performed some clever drilling maneuvers. This was followed by the crack drill team from the "Saratoga," who outshone themselves with many extraordinary trick movements. Hearty compliments were given by both Marine and naval officers present, on the snappy, precise drill. (Check and double check.)

The 11th of October brought out all the would-be experts for their annual

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AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford
Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford
(Dawson Photo)

Almost the first person I met on reaching Charleston, S. C., was Howard H. Hannegan who, the last time I saw him, was at the Marine Corps Schools. He is now a sailor on one of the destroyers in the harbor here, but informed me that he still obtained and read "The Leatherneck." At the Marine Barracks I found that a nine-hole miniature golf course had been established and was well patronized, although how a man the size and weight of the First Sergeant could get around it is still a mystery to me. Harvey M. Buckley has now completed twenty-eight years service and is still doing capable and efficient work with that zeal and energy that he has always been famous for. Q. M. Sergeant Massey has just reached his sixteenth year, being discharged on December 10, re-enlisting the day following. Sergeant Joseph A. Newland is still providing splendid meals at the post, but finishes in January when, after shipping over, he expects to go on a ninety-day furlough. The Post Exchange has quite a Christ-massy look, being well looked after by Steward Chas. A. Culpepper. The Sergeant likes his job, does it well and with the personal guidance of Captain Rae, the requirements of the men are well taken care of and the greatest satisfaction expressed. Sergeant Albert A. Novatney is still on the job and as police sergeant is ever on the lookout for what he feels will make the barracks and grounds look their best. Lieutenant Ridgley was the lucky recipient of a lovely baby girl on the 3rd of December. Both mother and girl doing well. Lieutenant Weeks, a Charleston production and also from the Citadel Student body looks fine and is quite happy at being so close home.

One of the finest of friends that the Marines and, in fact, all service men ever possessed in the Y. M. C. A., after a brief illness died at his home in Yonkers, N. Y., on 19 November in the person of John A. Cichenor. He had been a "Y" secretary for more than 36 years and it was in great measure due to his efforts that the splendid educational work of both the Marine Corps and the Navy was made possible. If I am not mistaken the first big advance in this direction was made at Galveston in 1918 and today the Corps gives the finest opportunity to the members of its service of any military force in the world.

"Khaki" Smith is now on the West Coast and after over thirty years in the Corps is resting up in the San Diego Hospital waiting final retirement. His

friends are everywhere, both in and out of the Corps, and true to tradition, "Khaki," or as he should be known, Sergeant Delmar B. Smith, has been almost everywhere. A most reliable worker, he has occupied almost every position that an enlisted man is eligible for, and his gentlemanly and always courteous manner has made him a favorite with all classes in every post at which he has been stationed. The splendidly mimeographed issue of the last number of the Marine Base Bulletin gave a very kindly write-up of the old sergeant. It also publishes the following little poem, by a new contributor, Miss Val Frazzare, entitled "Cooperation."

Carry your share and carry it right
One man alone cannot win the fight.
Others will lag if you stop to think
Pull with the rest. don't be the weak link
Every man pulling makes teamwork
complete

Rest in your bed but not on your feet,
And remember alone you don't get much
done

'Tis Marines altogether a-pulling like one
Invariably beats anything 'neath the sun.
On with the Service so splendid and
clean!

Never say die—be all fighter, All
Marine!

One of the very best Armistice services that it has been my privilege to attend was at the Deland High School this last anniversary celebration. The program, conducted by the students, consisted of appropriate singing by the Glee Club, a short address, and a most impressive pageant entitled, "Monuments to the Unknown Soldier." Eighteen boys and girls took part, one boy and six girls taking the recitative portion and ten girls representing the tribute of the nations placing wreaths upon the prepared resting place. Following an excellent rendering of "The Pact" by Miss Louise Royall, taps were blown and a most impressive service came to an end leaving with the student body and their friends a personal realization of Armistice Day and its importance to our nation and the world at large which I have never seen excelled.

A copy of the program of services conducted by Chaplain W. R. Hall in Quantico has just reached me, the following being some of the subjects for Sunday morning and evening addresses: "The Work and Dignity of Religion," "The Adventure of Being a Man," "Leisure: A Great Problem," "Low Visibility," "Detours in Religion," "To Thine Own Self Be True," and "Playing It Through." These topics in the hands of the Chaplain mean a real gain for the thoughtful and appreciative crowd of men who always gather in the post when something of a worthwhile character is presented. The Chaplain has also organized a Tuesday evening forum to which representatives from all departments of the government and business and community life bring messages for discussion. The Commander himself has had a splendid record of service with the Marines in the Far East and is looked upon by a very big crowd of men as "their very own," and it was a personal joy to me when I knew he had come to Quantico. Wherever he goes both Navy and Marine Corps personnel are sure of

the very best and he is their friend and adviser to the utmost limit.

"The Texas Steer," edited by an old friend, Chaplain J. T. Casey, understands fully what is needed in a ship's paper and the copy before me is one of the most readable and well arranged of our fine series of weeklies from the Fleet. The type is beautifully clear and the printing speaks well for the printer of the "Texas." I notice that on Armistice Day Captain Beecher as commander of the two companies of Marines and sailors took part in a military demonstration in Paterson, N. J. The full Marine guard and an equal number of blue-jackets participated. Paterson has always been in the front line for anything in which the Navy and Marines have taken a part and from what I hear the Chamber of Commerce of that city is to be congratulated on the magnificent program and parade which took place on this occasion.

Instead of the "Poem of the Month," I am passing on to you what this year I hope to follow with a series known as "The Month's Message."

On Getting Along With Folks

If each one of us could go away off and live by himself, if we could be entirely independent of everyone else in the world—in short, if people didn't have to live together—life would be a much simpler thing.

But because the old world doesn't wag that way and everybody is tied up with and dependent upon everybody else, this thing of living with folks is a highly complex business requiring considerable tact and finesse.

In the struggle for existence and the pursuit of happiness in which all of us are engaged, a great deal depends on our own relations with our fellowmen. No man will succeed who cannot work smoothly with other men.

So it follows that of all the useful arts men may set themselves to master, none is more important than the gentle art of getting along with folks and winning friends.

Keep skid chains on your tongue; always say less than you think. Cultivate a low, persuasive voice. How you say it often counts for more than what you say. Make Friends!

It was an especial pleasure to greet Chaplain and Mrs. Rountree in Charleston and to see them both fully restored to good health. The Chaplain's "Utah" duty has also restored him to the commanding, natural appearance which those who knew him before his long illness were wont to witness. The Commander is already a familiar and welcome visitor at the Marine Barracks and is also known by every Marine in the post, even in the galley. This is usual with the Chaplain and always highly appreciated by the men.

Charleston Citadel men usually make a splendid showing in any place occupied by them and this has been shown over and over in the Marine Corps. In one

(Continued on page 29)

OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: Here is another New Year, and here are the best wishes for yourselves, and for the Corps. Ever since its organization the Marine Corps has been noted for its loyalty, its bravery far beyond and above the call of duty, and its devotion to our flag in peacetime as well as war. Further laurels have been added by its athletes. The Corps, like all other branches of our National Defense, faces today enemies that it cannot fight with guns. Enemies who are undermining the very foundations of the land that they claim to love. Stupid sentimentality, cowardice, and self interest are the main factors behind their actions, but as they fight with propaganda, and not in the open, there is but one way to fight back at them. Make friends for the Corps. Men and women who remember your chivalry, your gentlemanly actions, and your dignity though they may never know your names or speak to you, will be prejudiced in favor of the Corps, whether they realize it or not. Let's have this as the thought we take into the New Year.

Again, Happy New Year to one and all, and sincerest good wishes.

Pardon us if we "go Army" for a while. We were guests of the Captain "Tom" Harris for Thanksgiving, which means that along with the Harris family we went over to the mess hall of Headquarters Detachment, First Division, at Ft. Hamilton, and ate dinner. Most of the married men in the company had brought along their wives, and some of the single men had asked their girl friends. The mess hall was decorated with First Division Insignia, and Thanksgiving streamers of yellow paper ornamented with turkeys and pumpkins, and without question of doubt the laden tables groaned beneath their weight of turkey, cranberries, oyster stew, mince and pumpkin pies, all sorts of vegetables, five different kinds of cake, and candies, pickles, nuts, and fruit ad infinitum. And here and now we give thanks for one swell feed. Only for a minute was there a hint of solemnity in the mirth that marked the meal, and that was when Captain Harris rose to make a short speech of welcome to the guests. Every one took time out to grow a bit sentimental while he referred to his company as "the family" and mentioned the loyalty of his men among the things that he was thankful for. Afterwards we went to the kitchen in a group to congratulate a mess sergeant whose mince pies could be second only to the ones Marine Sergeant Bambalier served down in New Orleans at the Navy Yard on a memorable Christmas when this columnist was the guest

of Captain and Mrs. Fred Israel at dinner.

* * * * *

We nominate Lieutenant Albert Moe, U. S. M. C. football team, as the most punctual officer in the Corps. Any time he promises to telephone a person at seven P. M. he does it, and is so exact that on one occasion at least he timed himself so that by the time the young lady on the other end of the wire took down the receiver, the clock would be on the fourth stroke, or midway in striking seven. That, if you ask us, is being exact.

* * * * *

1931

To some offensive far ahead
The years march on with steady tread.
Each twelve months brings into the throng
A new recruit to step along.

Some seem good soldiers at the first
And then wind up the very worst.

While some that started scared and green
Prove the best years that we have seen.

About their fitness time don't bother,
He passes each, and scouts another.

No hard-boiled "top" is time, but he
Goes on recruiting regularly.

Despite his age the bearded scamp
Is the whole world's recruiting champ.

Since the first year, when time began
He's never failed to sign his man.

And busy still with his recruiting,
Today he brings another boot in.

MAJ. GENERAL POPE HENNESSEY, BRITISH ARMY, COMMENDS MARINES

The following radio dispatch from Major General Pope Hennessey, British Army, to Admiral Stirling, Commandant of the 14th Naval District, Pearl Harbor, T. H., speaks for itself.

FROM: S S MAUI

TO: ADMIRAL STIRLING 14TH
NAVAL DISTRICT PEARL HAR-
BOR I CANNOT LEAVE HONO-
LULU WITHOUT AGAIN EXPRESS-
ING TO YOU MY GRATEFUL
THANKS FOR THE COURTESY
AND HONORS RENDERED TO ME
ON OCCASION OF MY VISIT
TO YOUR HEADQUARTERS AND
EXPRESSING AGAIN MY ADMIRA-
TION OF THE SMARTNESS OF THE
GUARD OF HONOR US MARINE
CORPS UNDER CAPTAIN PFEIF-
ER WHICH WAS IN EVERY WAY
WORTHY OF THE GREAT TRADI-
TIONS OF THE CORPS.

/s/ GENERAL POPE HENNESSEY.

AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 28)

week in November Dick King made the splendid record, which the press made so much of, against Rockne's marvellous Notre Dame team, while the following day Lieutenant McDowell received the medal and citation for valor in service in Nicaragua. I have just spent two weeks with the cadets at the Citadel,

again renewing contacts with the fine group of men who receive instruction at this military college. Lieutenant St. Julian Childs is one of the associate professors of history included in the talented faculty whose president for so many years has been Colonel Oliver J. Bond.

* * * * *

The Thanksgiving menu of the Charleston Marines is well worth perusing and follows below:

The Marine Barracks, Navy Yd.,
Charleston, S. C.,

PRESENTS

A One Act Pantomime Entitled
T-U-R-K-E-Y-M-I-S-S-O

A Gastronomic Comedy in Triumph
Curtain rises at 12 Noon, November 27,
1930

SCENE: Mess Hall

OVERTURE

Oyster Soup and Crackers—Sung by the
entire chorus.

ACT I

THE PLOT

Mr. Corn Fed Gobbler, a big feather and duster man from Oklahoma, all dressed up with no place to go, arrives in Charleston and meets Mr. Squeel Grunt, a big Pork and Sausage man from Chicago, who likewise is in the same predicament. NOW THE PLOT THICKENS—they are being observed by a "Patootie" Masher with a shady past, who approaches and entices them to the Mess Hall at the Marine Barracks where their adventures are both thrilling and exciting. "DON'T MISS A PIECE OF IT!"

THE PLAYERS

Mr. C. F. Gobbler—Played by Mr. Turkey himself in person, assisted by the Gilet Sisters.

A Rich Chicago Porker—Played by Mr. Squeel-Grunt, assisted by Miss Candy Yam of Porto Rico.

A "Patootie Masher" with a shady past—Played by Mr. Snowflake Potatoes.

A Sword Swallower—Played by Mr. Celery, assisted by Miss Olive Green.

Saucy Susie—Played by Miss Cranberry (a saucy number).

The Chilly Virgin—Played by Miss Ice Cream.

SPECIALTY OFFERINGS

"Buttered Peas and Cream Corn," a duet,
by The Can Can Sisters.

"The Cake Walk," dance novelty.

Rolls and Butter, a fancy gag, by Mr. Parker House, comedian.

"I Scream," solo, by Miss Ice Cream, the Chilly Virgin.

Apples, Oranges and Bananas, a one-act skin game, Anonymous.

Mixed Nuts, a nut cracking contest, by the entire chorus.

"Kauphy," a "mystic" offering, by Mr. "Joe" Newland, assisted by Miss Skin Milk.

FINALE

March, Siesta, Mr. Insomnia directing.
With apologies to JWK of old Cathay.

* * * * *

I sign off this month by saying,
"Happy New Year!"

The MARINE CORPS RESERVE

THE TWENTIETH MARINES

By Major Harvey L. Miller, 20th Marines

It's all in HOW you say it! When the Twentieth Marines, the District of Columbia's crack reserve regiment, was invited to go along with the Quantico Post to the Philadelphia Armistice Day football holiday, there was not a suit of blues in the regiment among the enlisted men. Three weeks from the time General Butler extended the invitation the Twentieth Marines fell in at Philadelphia with a provisional battalion of close to 300 men, plus fifty members of the band who massed with the Quantico Band. They BOUGHT their blues. It is that sort of regiment, founded on personal sacrifice and service, truly a credit to the Corps.

On the train to Philadelphia, all fired proud of their outfit, the ladies of the Twentieth wore red and gold arm brassards bearing the figures "20." Asked the wife of one of the regular officers from Quantico, "what is the meaning of that '20'?" Replied the daughter of a famous Major General, "that designates our crack District of Columbia Reserve Regiment, the Twentieth." The lady could have said, "Oh, that's just a reserve outfit." It's all in how you say it as in the case of the old gag about the fellow who left his midwestern home town and was credited with having said "Goodbye, God, I'm going to join the Marines." A recruiting sergeant, however, corrected the quotation by testifying that the man said, "good, by God, I'm going to join the Marines."

The Twentieth is an outfit which hopes to make the entire Corps always proud of the Regiment. The Twentieth, officers and men alike, want to look, act, dress and behave at all times in a manner reflecting only the highest mark of credit upon ALL the Marine Corps ALL the time. The regiment is indoctrinated along these lines.

The regiment, as far as the opinion of the regular establishment is concerned, wishes to be tabbed as "just another bunch of Marines," but at the same time desires to retain and be proud of its reserve identity. They want the regulars to be proud of the type of men that make up the Marine Corps Reserves.

So the closer they cooperate with the regulars the better will their ambition be fulfilled.

Like the fireman, who on his off day, visited the other fire house, the Twentieth Marines through the courtesy of the Commanding Officer, Colonel Rush H. Wallace, was able to stage its first annual dinner at the Marine Barracks, Washington, D. C., and here is what the menu consisted of: "Beans." Yeah! Regulation bean feed. An how the barracks crowd, officers and men, did cooperate in putting it on successfully.

The Major General Commandant, General B. H. Fuller, was there, so was General Matthews, Colonel Turrill, Colonel Harlee and Colonel Wallace.

After the chow had been properly stowed the outfit moved over to the recreation hall, there to sit in for a three-hour show of high class vaudeville. Act after act, all of them good, strutted the boards while the 20th's Band, under Lieutenant Harper, interspersed the program with music. It's a coming outfit, that band, numbering on its rolls some of the finest musicians in Washington. The vaudeville show was put on by Jack Mullane, who never fails to order his many talented performers out when service outfits need a hand. Their money is counterfeited when it comes to paying Jack off.

Lieutenant Colonel Staley, Major Miller and Lieutenant Commander Knowlton of the Twentieth made short addresses on the future plans of the regiment and the high spot of the program was a fine address by General Fuller.

Keen enthusiasm and high morale marked the attitude of the members of the regiment who attended the first annual blowout. Already plans are being shaped for 1931 and the coming year's camp. That means many nights of hard work with the reward, the satisfaction that the regiment is clicking along impelled by the highest motives of patriotism and service so that the supports that would have been welcome in certain hot spots in 1918 will not fail to move up promptly should similar emergencies arise in the future.

There is now in process of compilation the Twentieth Marines year book. This book will contain the first year's history of the regiment, its future plans and many fine feature articles. In addition to the year book's value as a souvenir of the regiment, it will also be used in recruiting. Also copies will be mailed to each regular Marine Corps unit so a better understanding of just what this reserve regiment is all about will be engendered among regular officers and men.

DO YOU KNOW YOUR JOB, MR. RESERVE OFFICER?

By Major S. D. Sugar, U. S. M. C. R.

There is just one reason for your holding a commission—and that is that you may be of service to the Corps and to the country in time of emergency. The degree of your efficiency depends upon the degree of your training.

In the next war there will probably be little time for schooling and study, for the outbreak of hostilities may and probably will come with startling suddenness.

Therefore, you will be able to go into active service and have available for use only what you have packed away in your brain. You have got to be able to find your place instantly in the scheme of things and to know how your job parallels with all the others in the big machine.

Therefore, as we interpret the policy of the Marine Corps, you can only hold

your job and be good at it if you know the military end of it. The day has gone when mere civilian training and knowledge, no matter how thorough and complete, will fit you for prompt wartime assignment.

This means that in order to hold your commission on a basis of efficiency, to gain advancement and to make yourself fully valuable to the Corps and to the country, you have got to take advantage of every possible training activity, such as correspondence school work, summer training and field duty in camp during the summer.

Our war machine is constantly changing in its make-up and its methods and it will keep you busy to keep up-to-date on new programs and processes.

In other words, without this sort of training you cannot fit in effectively in the scheme of national defense. In this machine we are all only cogs. We may be very perfect cogs from a civilian point of view, with information and knowledge of value to the service. But if our military training is inadequate or incomplete it means that there are teeth missing in the cog—that there is a gap in the gear wheel that will spell disaster for ourselves and perhaps for the service in time of emergency.

The VITAL COG must be complete and perfect, ready to gear in smoothly and powerfully from the throw of the switch.

YOU DO YOUR PART.

FROM THE SHORES OF FIFTY-SECOND STREET

By Wm. McK. Fleming
304th Co., F. M. C. R.

Old Mother Nature with considerate indulgence, presented those who sought to observe an honorable occasion with a beautiful day. Imbued with the breezes of fall and glistening rays of the sun, Armistice Day was ideal for football and the air vied with the Gyrenes for pep and snap at Pennsylvania's Franklin Field.

Maj. General Smedley Butler received a big ovation with his combined band and some two thousand Leathernecks who marched across the battle grounds forming gigantic letters with their white caps contrasting with the emerald deck.

We all know about the game and those of us who saw it shall remember it as the hardest fought contest ever witnessed. For the first two quarters the Marines had the American Legion team with their backs to the wall and in the third quarter it appeared as though the Quantico boys considered this back-to-the-wall idea a bit boring, for they quickly sought to push their backs through the proverbial wall. But the All Stars stayed there—a seventy second of a fathom away from the other side of the bulkhead—and from this precarious position they fought. Then in that last quarter the

Legionnaires gained those deciding points which terminated one of the most exciting and tense games of the year. The American Legion team was victorious—but how glorious in defeat were those eleven Marines who battled and upheld the glorious traditions of the Corps!

The 304th Company was represented by First Sergeant Maus, Corporal Cafferty, Private Shaw and your company scribe. (Incidentally, means of transportation were made by Al Shaw who drove us in his car—a sport roadster which he persistently kept going at 70 per—'y como, señor!)

The Brooklyn Reservists have held their first winter party at the Armory in the elaborate Ward Room. The object was to usher in the chilly season with a social function and introduce the prospective members. The fair sex, of course, was very much in evidence which necessitated an orchestra. This combination of musical instruments was made possible by Private Harrison, who brought down his captivating band of torrid tunes.

To say the party was a success would not be sufficient, so we might state—in fact we will state—it was a rip-roaring, and what-have-you riot.

The men have been practicing most diligently for that exhibition drill sponsored by Lieutenant Colonel James F. Rorke, Commander of the 19th Regiment, on board the "Illinois." More of this anon.

The boots will be apprehensive of camp when they hear that Gunnery Sergeant Lopez has shipped over for another hitch in the 304th Company. The "Gunnie" is an old timer and like "Papa" Wood and "Victuals" Underhill, has seen active service in the tropics.

Among the folks we respectfully wish a most Happy New Year are the following . . . Our efficient and athletic skipper, Lieutenant Mark F. Kessenich . . . Joe Mayer, who has further proven himself a 304ther . . . The many sticklers of the outfit who kept falling in when the ranks were falling out . . . Our multitude of friends both military and civilian who are loyal boosters . . . Major S. P. Budd, U. S. M. C., who made our commanding officer a recruiting officer, thereby saving new members from a trip to 23rd Street and a day away from work . . . Lieutenant Colonel James F. Rorke, U. S. M. C. R., who gave us first in line on the recent march to the Quantico camp . . . Major David S. Barry, U. S. M. C., who as chief editor of the now discontinued "Reservist," editorially encouraged us to pursue our "article-ing." . . . Lieutenant Howard W. Houck, U. S. M. C. R., whom we still associate with our outfit . . . Lieutenant John Barrett, U. S. M. C. R., whom we ditto . . . Captain T. Kane, Commander of the Second Naval Battalion, whose cooperation is perpetually evident . . . Corporal Joseph Malloy, who always types our articles no matter how much material your scribe THINKS he has . . . "Salty" Dean, a real sea soldier and his future mate . . . Walsh, Schweddy and Schavel, who answered "YO" for a whole hitch of Monday nights . . . "Lou" Wylie (of the Leatherneck) who KNOWS we drill like regu-

lars . . . That Headline-Hunter, Floyd Gibbons, who answered our epistle about recruiting . . . "Silent" Shaughnessy, Frank Blinn and "Prayer-Book" O'Geary, whose antics have always been a source of good humor . . . Those who read this stuff away down to here—and those who don't . . . HAPPY NEW YEAR!

A CONVERSION TO THE RANKS

"Cocky" was the verdict o' one man when speakin' of

The Devil Dogs who swagger eyes aglow;

"They deem the Army and the Navy simply overhead—and love Is confined unto themselves an' that's ego.

They're living in the glories of the past 'n' should be told

That for the present, each one's a servitor."

So a Leatherneck sought to inform him why Gyrenes still hold

Their pride as when Mars was a visitor.

"Now intellectu'lly, among the best who thrill us with each tale,

There's Thomason who dramatized the war;

And our Major Gen'ral Butler, with his lectures critics hail

As a brilliant speaker advocating law.

In azure fields of air, our great Flying Corps pursues

The feats of Captain Page and many more;

For music I'd advise you to hear it—then sir, muse—

On our justly lauded band as clear notes soar.

I take it too, you read the press where vividly's portrayed—

How efficiently's upheld the law and peace

In the Orient and Tropics, where adeptly they have played

Guerrilla war—and will—till bandits cease.

As for sports—the undefeated champ—of course you know his name—

Gene Tunney, too, was always a Marine,

And that Quantico eleven on the gridiron bid for fame

With 'bout the greatest playing you have ever seen.

E'en civilians as reserves, come to camp 'n' seek to cling

To our traditions and our emblemed flag unfurled;

An' did you ever see such spirit as our hymn we proudly sing—

Why even Kipling heralded us throughout the world!

We were picked to go to Europe with that conf'rence 'cross the sea—

Thereby adding to our glory even more."

The enlightened gent apologized, then shaking hands said, "Gee, I'll always be a lover of the Corps!"

—William McK. Fleming,
304th Co., U. S. M. C. R.

SEND THAT NEWS

TO

The Leatherneck

NIXS AND NAXS FROM THE 414TH COMPANY, U. S. M. C. R.

By H. J. L.

It's about time we received some preferred space in this magazine. We're broadcasting on a wavelength of unrest by authority of no one. First I must say the news of Captain Edwin C. Johnson's resignation hit us broadside. Captain Johnson has been ill during the past four months. We hope for his speedy recovery and want him to drop in and see us when he is shipshape again.

Lieutenant Fred C. Laidlaw, who has been the acting C. O. during Captain Johnson's absence, is now the new C. O. The boys know he is first rate and join me in extending congratulations. Gunnery Sergeant Cotrufo has passes for some theater and is he tight with them? He thinks he's the only one that will be admitted on them. He went to every performance—that is, he gazed about twelve times at the same picture. While we're talking about Cotrufo, he's not so bad. He invited the boys of the company to an entertainment and dance run by the V. F. W. About a score of the boys were there and they got some good points on how to put a night's entertainment over successfully. Windy showed his face around here lately to see if his poster was still on the board. (Personally, I think it's terrible.) Ranke, the high-pressure ticket seller, has met defeat. He tried for a full hour to sell some tickets and after it penetrated his skull we wouldn't bite, he stepped aside to let someone else try.

We were told of a competitive drill to be held on the U. S. S. "Illinois" the night of December 13th. The boys are all hopped up over it and expect to bring home most of the cups. We'll leave one or two for the other companies to try for (modesty prevents me from saying any more on the subject).

The writer swept the deck for this trash, so don't read it more than once. Might cause a headache.

Joe Woods, Los Angeles heavyweight, wiped out just about all the records for quick knockouts standing at the Coliseum Athletic Club, San Diego, when he put Tony Starr, ex-Marine heavy, away in 34 seconds of the first round of their scheduled 10-round battle.

The knockout was the quickest ever scored at this arena and came so fast that it left the fans almost breathless for a flash.

Referee Lieutenant Jack Kennedy and Woods himself declared that a short right back of the ear brought the end. The boys had hardly squared away and lashed at each other a time or two when Woods cut loose with a short right swing. It landed just in front Starr's ear and hurt. Woods rushed in again and let go another punch of the same kind. It landed just back of the ear and Starr fell across the ring to be counted out on his face.

Two bouts in Tientsin, China, during June, 1930, resulted in Lee, of the American Legation, Peiping, China, knocking out Soldier Jacks of the Royal Scots in the first round of a six-round go, and Soldier Howarth of the Royal Scots winning a decision over Wicka of the U. S. S. "Tulsa" in a four-round bout.



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Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Gordon Hall, U. S. Marine Corps. Staff: Gunner Sergeant James M. Frost, Sergeant Frank H. Benifrow, Sergeant Harry E. Heese, Corporal Arthur Rosetti, Private First Class Paul D. Horn, Private Colin R. Stuart, Private William B. Edmondson.

These Resolutions

ACCORDING to a very old and commendable custom one usually tries to begin the New Year by making various resolutions concerning life and habits in general. These are made with the view of improving conditions and circumstances. The Old Year is irrevocably past; and the new one glitters hopefully in the future. It is undeniably an inspiration. Accordingly, along toward the end of December a man begins compiling a list of various habits he intends to overcome. These include the things he believes injurious to himself, and such actions as are disapproved of by friends and relatives. The list varies according to individual ideas and ideals. On some there is but a single item, others are longer than a recruit's clothing slip. It may include the resolution to stop smoking, to stop wasting time, to pay more attention to neatness of dress and to begin bucking for the next rating. Perhaps he has resolved to stop squandering money, to make out an allotment, or to be more regular in church attendance. There are hundreds of things that could be included.

All these are worthy resolutions, and one who carries them out will never be open to censure. But why make them necessary? Why wait until the Old Year is dead? New Year's day is not a clearing house of bad habits. If you break some Marine Corps regulation the commanding officer doesn't wait until the New Year to pass his judgment. Therefore, if you are breaking some regulation of ethics, morals, health, or common sense, and earnestly desire to correct it, why wait until the New Year? Buckle down and do it now.

Short Timers

OPTIMISM is a great asset; but it requires more than that to remedy the current business depression; it is evident everywhere. Students of economic conditions have offered many theories toward improvement. "Buy now" slogans greet us everywhere. Another sign tells us "Business IS good;" but if this were true such placards would be unnecessary. What the cause is we shall not attempt to analyze; it is the effect with which we are concerned. Merchants are banding together to ward off financial annihilation, and many industries have shut down rather than operate at a loss. The result is that thousands of jobless men are tramping the streets daily. There are many capable men in that throng, but for every opportunity there are hundreds waiting in line. These conditions are not local, nor even national, they are international. European countries are suffering even more than the United States.

This is not being written with any idea of furthering the fright of depression, nor to add to the gloom. It is intended only as a plea for short timers to face the issue squarely.

In our own country, throughout the middle west where the steel mills and kindred industries once flourished, entire towns have shut down completely. Others are operating only a few days each week. In larger cities conditions are equally bad. In Chicago, usually progressive and prosperous, the abandoned jail has been turned over to house the unemployed. It remains so overcrowded that some are forced to sleep on the floors of the corridors. Others are unable to gain admission. They gather around small fires and sit shivering through the night. And the bread lines are blocks long.

Municipalities and the government are establishing funds to alleviate conditions. Charitable organizations are working overtime. Recruiting in all services has been curtailed. Without seeming unduly pessimistic, it looks like a lean, hard winter.

All of which means this: If you are about to be paid off, look around and make certain of employment before quitting the service. You may be young, eager, and willing to work hard. You may possess boundless capabilities, but so do thousands of others who are unemployed. It is the keenest competition today.

So our advice to short timers is to stay where you are unless you have a situation waiting for you when you get paid off. Think it over.

Another Milestone Passed

WITH this issue The Leatherneck begins its fourteenth year of service with the U. S. Marine Corps. During the next twelve months the staff promises every endeavor to make this magazine more valuable to our readers—more worthy of the glorious organization which it represents.

Our first purpose is, of course, to promulgate the interests of the Marine Corps Institute; and, during the years of our existence, thousands of Marines have clipped blanks from The Leatherneck and enrolled for a correspondence course. If you are one who has not obeyed that impulse to further your education, better fill in that blank now. You'll find it on page four.

The second object to be attained by this publication is to disseminate news and information to the approximately 20,000 personnel scattered all over the globe, as well as to the Marine Corps League and the Marine Corps Reserve. The enthusiasm with which our humble efforts are received seems to indicate that we are approaching what the Corps as a whole would like to have. At any rate, if we are able to contribute to a small degree in promoting that very desirable quality, esprit de corps, our efforts will be amply repaid.

The continued usefulness of The Leatherneck is entirely dependent upon the support and cooperation of our readers and our contributors. We take this opportunity to express our appreciation of your fine spirit throughout the year past, and to wish each one of you a happy and successful new year.

Notes of the Fiscal Year

THE following are excerpts from the Major General Commandant's annual report to the Secretary of the Navy for the fiscal year 1930:

A total of 6,477 men were enlisted in the Marine Corps during the year, of which number 4,966 were first enlistments, 1,300 were reenlistments from the Marine Corps, 187 from the Army, and 24 from the Navy. The average expense incurred in the enlistment of each recruit was \$70.65.

During the fiscal year, Marine detachments were maintained on 34 vessels of the Navy.

15,556 officers and enlisted men of the Marine Corps fired the rifle qualification course, of which number 14,436, or 92.8 per cent, qualified.

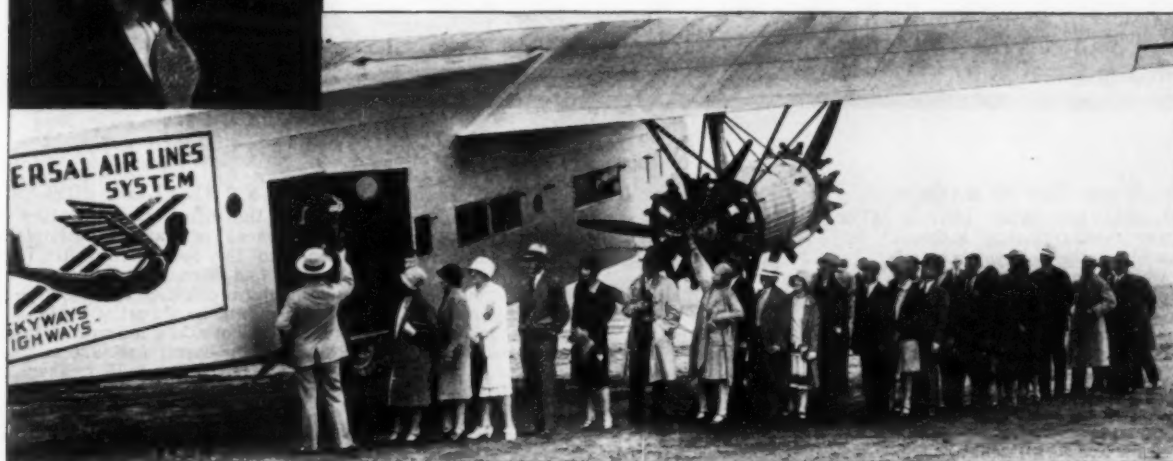
The number of students enrolled in the Marine Corps Institute at the end of the year was 6,466.

The strength of the Marine Corps Reserve at the end of the year was 10,753.

Mr. Irving A. Lindberg, Collector General of Nicaragua, and resident member of the High Commission to that country, gives much credit to Marines for improvements observed by him. He states, "Banditry has been so controlled that the coffee crop could be harvested without loss to a single owner; Nicaragua is enjoying political security; highways are being extended and repaired; the bonded debt is being greatly reduced; and conditions of health and sanitation have steadily improved." During the year, in connection with operations against bandits, one officer and two enlisted men of the Marine Corps were killed.

The requirements of duty in the Marine Corps continue in general to be exacting, due largely to the expeditionary forces still abroad. The situation is aggravated by the inadequacy of emoluments received in the average case. The Marine Corps, in conjunction with the other services concerned, is struggling to find a solution to the perplexing problem of pay and promotion that will be helpful and acceptable to the Congress. It is earnestly hoped that satisfactory results may be accomplished at an early date in order that service personnel may devote their minds, free from financial anxiety and with undivided interest, to the Government's important work.

THE BUSINESS LEADERS OF TODAY *are the I. C. S. students of yesterday*



COL. EDWARD V. RICKENBACKER, and a giant Fokker 30-passenger air-liner

EVERY ONE has heard of "Eddie" Rickenbacker. Most of us think of him as a daredevil driver, a cool, skilful pilot, and a famous air-fighter. But how many realize that he is also an engineer of genius, and an executive of rare ability?

Today Colonel Rickenbacker is Vice-president Director of Sales for Fokker Aircraft Corporation in America; President of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway Corporation, and Chairman of the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association.

Eddie Rickenbacker was born in Columbus, Ohio, in 1890. He grew up in the street and on the lots. He led his own gang. He was all boy. But when he was 12 his father died and suddenly he had to be a man. He got himself a job in a glass-works, at \$4.80 a week.

At 16 Eddie Rickenbacker had worked in many places, including a brewery, a shoe factory and a railway machine shop. Then came the turn of fate that shaped his life. He got a job with a man who repaired cars and bicycles.

The "fleet" of cars on which young Eddie got his first experience comprised a one-cylinder Oldsmobile, a Waverly electric and a Locomobile "steamer." He ran them and tinkered with them. But he wanted to know more about their inside workings than any one in the shop could tell him. That was when he enrolled for the Automobile Course with the International Correspondence Schools.

For two years he did a double shift — all day on the repair work and half the night at his lessons. When he felt he had mastered enough theory, he moved to a new job in a car factory. His dogged persistence and his real knowledge of

automobiles won him promotion to the engineering department. At 18 he bore the title of "experimental engineer."

When he was 21 the lure of the racing game caught him, and for the next five years he made his reputation as a driver.

When the United States entered the World War, he was in the first contingent of the A. E. F. to cross. In seven months of flying he made history, bringing down a total of 26 hostile planes.

Captain Eddie Rickenbacker came home a national hero, but it did not spoil him. Following the war he was chosen to head a motor company that bore his name. Later he became Vice-president in charge of sales for the Cadillac-LaSalle division of General Motors. And when that organization bought a dominating interest in Fokker Aircraft

Corporation, and needed an executive to "take the controls" in developing America's already quickened air-sense, Colonel Rickenbacker was selected.

Because of natural gifts, reinforced by the habit of study developed in his I. C. S. days, this boy whose start was so beset with difficulty has become a man outstanding in any field he enters.

Such a career is a ringing challenge to every ambitious young man in America. No matter what a man's previous education may be, no matter what his aims or his financial standing, the International Correspondence Schools can give him the training he needs to achieve success. Tonight, in thousands of homes, young men will be at work on their I. C. S. lessons under the study lamp. *They are the business leaders of the future.*

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If you reside in Canada, send this coupon to the International Correspondence Schools, Ltd., Montreal



PASS THE MURADS

A tabloid newspaper offering \$1.00 each for "embarrassing moment" letters received the following epistle:

"I work on an early night shift in a steel plant. I got home an hour early last night and there I found another man with my wife. I was very much embarrassed. Please send me two dollars as my wife was also embarrassed."

The editor, so we are told, sent a check for three dollars, admitting the possibility that the stranger, too, might have been embarrassed.—Exchange.

She had done everything wrong. She had ignored the signal lights, then stalled in the middle of the street, and before starting had taken out her powder puff and started to apply it to her face. An irate traffic cop rushed up: "Say, lady, do you know anything at all about traffic rules?"

"Why, yes," she answered sweetly, "what is it you want to know?"

—Motor Life.

A fraternity house had sent its curtains to be laundered. It was the second day that the house stood unveiled. One morning the following note arrived from the sorority house across the street:

"Dear Sirs: May we suggest that you procure curtains for your windows? We do not care for a course in anatomy."

The chap who left his shaving to read the note answered:

"Dear Girls: The course is optional."
—Montreal Star.

Sometimes there's more real humor in actual occurrences than in synthetic ones. In Chicago recently a police officer was patrolling near the north side. He stopped to view with suspicion a man who was having trouble unlocking a car parked at the curb.

"What," inquired the officer, "are you doing?"

"I'm trying to steal this automobile if I can ever get it unlocked," said the young man.

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the officer, and strolled on.

If you think the young man was telling a story, ask Miss Ellen Root, for it was her car. "Was" is right. It's gone now.

A CORKER

Pat went to a druggist to get an empty bottle. Selecting one that answered the purpose, he asked, "How much?"

"Well," said the clerk, "if you want the empty bottle it'll be five cents, but if you want something put in it, we don't charge anything for the bottle."

"Sure, that's fair enough," observed Pat. "Put in a cork."—Hurty-Peck.

THE POST TAILORS SONG

"I GET THE BLUES WHEN IT RAINS"



Doctor: "You are all run down. Try a few electric baths."

Freshman: "No, doc. My brother got drowned that way at Sing Sing."

—Pearl Harbor Weekly.

The demure young Bride, a trifle pale, her lips set in a tremulous smile, slowly stepped down the long church aisle, clinging to the arm of her father.

As she reached the low platform before the altar, her slippered foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, and then raised her childlike eyes to the sedate face of the old minister.

"That's a helluva place to put a lily," she said.—Walla Walla.

MAN THE PUMP, BOYS

One of the drum corps members had in a moment of extreme stimulation, fallen into the Sacramento River, and when he had been fished out, someone brought him a drink of whiskey. To the surprise of all, he thrust it aside.

"Hold on, boys," he murmured faintly. "Roll me on a barrel first and get some of this water out. It'll weaken that likker."—Le Parlez Vous.

A woman entered a grocer's shop and asked for some good cheese. The grocer showed her some which did not please her. She wanted some particularly "lively" cheese. He showed her the remainder of his stock, but she wasn't satisfied. She wanted it still more "lively."

At last the grocer, losing patience, called sarcastically to his assistant:

"John, unchain number seven and let it walk in."—Kablegram.

"Has anyone seen Pete?"

"Pete who?"

"Petroleum."

"Kerosene him yesterday and he ain't benzine since."—Newport Recruit.

Itinerant Gardener (with large shears)
—"Morning, mum—trim your grass, mum?"

"No, thank you."

"Clip your bushes, mum?"

"No."

"Bob your hair, mum?"

—Boston Transcript.

"Booh!" said the playful husband, for the third time that evening, as he met his wife in the darkened hall. This time, however, it happened to be a visiting neighbor lady. "I beg your pardon," he finished, lamely.

"Don't mind him," said the wife. "He's full of 'boohs' tonight."

"I'm used to it," answered the neighbor. "My husband's full of it, too, most of the time."—True Confessions.

Inquisitive woman (eyeing catch):
"Oh! Poor little fish!"

Annoyed angler: "Well, madam, if he'd kept his mouth shut he wouldn't have got into trouble."

—Belmont Sentinel.

RACIAL CHARACTERISTICS

Admiral Sims of the Navy was talking at a banquet on one occasion about racial characteristics.

"Eight men," he said, "were once wrecked on a desert island. A year later a ship picked them up. The skipper of the ship noted in his log that:

"The two Irishmen had fought each other twice a day during the whole year. The two Scotchmen had founded a Caledonian society.

"The two Englishmen had not spoken because they had never been introduced.

"The two Americans had opened a real estate agency in a palm-leaf hut, with a Kiwanis club, a boosters' league and a hooch-making plant in the cellar."

—Kablegram.

Caller—So the doctor brought you a little baby sister the other night, eh?

Tommy—Yeh; I guess it was the doctor done it. Anyway, I heard him tellin' pa some time ago 'at if pa didn't pay his old bill he'd make trouble for him.

—Exchange.

In a certain action the plaintiff, when his name was called, stood up in the jury box.

"Why," said the judge, "what on earth are you doing there?"

"I was chosen, sir, to serve on the jury."

"But," said the judge, "that was a mistake, of course. Surely you realize that you can't sit on a jury and try your own case?"

"Well," admitted the plaintiff ruefully, "I thought it was a bit of luck."

—R. A. O. C. Gazette.

An uplift worker, visiting a prison, was much impressed by the melancholy attitude of one man she found.

"My poor man," she sympathized, "what is the length of your term?"

"Depends on politics, lady," replied the melancholy one. "I'm the warden."

—Boston Transcript.

Miranda: Did you ever flirt when you were young, Auntie?

Auntie: I'm afraid I did, my dear.

Miranda: And were you punished for it?

Auntie: Well—er—I married your Uncle George!—Selected.

Judge: "You're charged with bigamy—what's your defense?"

Prisoner: "Just good salesmanship, your honor. They sell me a two-car garage, two telephones in the house, two-pants suit, two this, two that,—I just got the habit."—Judge.

"Don't you know you should give half the road to a woman driver?"

"I do when I know which half she wants."—Newport Recruit.

A deaf woman entered a church with an ear trumpet. Soon after she had seated herself, an usher tiptoed over to her and whispered: "One toot, and out you go."—Exchange.

Salesman: "I want to see the head of the house."

Ex-Gob: "Right this way, but I didn't know you plumbers wore such flashy clothes."—U. S. Navy Weekly.

CUTS BOTH WAYS

Mrs. Nagge—"Statistics prove that marriage is a preventive of suicide."

Mr. Nagge—"Yes, and statistics also prove that suicide is a preventive of marriage."—Richmond Herald.

Jones was riding with his wife the other day when they passed a mule standing beside the road.

"Relation of yours?" asked Jones.

"Yes," said his wife sweetly, "by marriage."—Exchange.

NO USE! NO USE!

The story is told that during a certain engagement during the late war, the Yanks took some prisoners. Among those captured was one especially dirty and filthy. Fitz and Jud were ordered to give him a cleaning. They dragged him to a nearby stream and stripped him, then went to work with soap and brushes. After a long time Fitz reported back to his C. O. and said disconsolately:

"It's no use, sir, it's no use."

"What do you mean?" said the C. O., "haven't you washed that Heinie yet?"

"It's no use, sir, we have washed him for two hours and it's no use."

"Why no use," said the C. O. angrily.

"Well, sir," said Fitz, "after rubbing and scrubbing him till our arms ached, I'll be hanged if we didn't come to another suit of clothes."

—U. S. Service Magazine.



"But I've seen the world!"

RM



The eighth annual convention of the Marine Corps League has passed into history and assumed its place among the other memorable milestones which mark the steady advance of the fraternal link with the greatest military organization in the world. We commend the delegates assembled for their wisdom in selecting W. Karl Lattons of Worcester, Mass., as National Commandant to carry on for another year. Let us make his second administration a little less burdensome by a greater spirit of cooperation which his faithful service to the League so justly demands.

Our allotted space in the current issue of *The Leatherneck* is again given over for the most part to records of the national convention, making it necessary to hold out considerable other League news. So if your article does not appear, watch for it next month.

NEW YORK DETACHMENT NO. 1 INSTALLS NEW OFFICERS

New York Detachment No. 1 installed its new officers for the year on Friday evening, November 21, with a reception and dance at the K. of C. Club-Hotel, Fifty-first Street and Eighth Avenue, New York City. More than one hundred members and guests enjoyed the refreshments and dancing which followed the ceremony conducted by Captain Paul F. Howard, U. S. M. C., retired.

The officers inducted were Milton Solomon, commandant; Clement P. Naudain, first vice commandant; Martin C. Palmer, second vice commandant; Captain Paul F. Howard, chief of staff (Ernest Porter, proxy); Frederick Tait, judge advocate; Myron W. Folsom, paymaster; Charles McKinnon, adjutant; Harry Anderson, sergeant at arms; the Rev. John H. Clifford, chaplain, perpetual (Frank X. Lambert, proxy).

The new commandant announced plans for an old time bean feast and dance during January.

HUDSON COUNTY DETACHMENT HOLDS STAG AND FEAST

Sixty members of Hudson County Detachment and their friends gathered at the Columbian Club, Jersey City, N. J., on Saturday evening, November 29, for a stag beefsteak party. In addition to unlimited slabs of juicy steaks and chops with side dishes provided by Frank Cullo, caterer of the club, washed down with foaming pitchers of amber fluid, the gathering was entertained by several fast bouts between professional boxers, songs by the Jersey City Police Quartet and specialties by talent from the local theatres. Professor Goldfish, the master of ceremonies came in for considerable good-natured verbal parries from the revelers but was always equal to the occasion. Adjutant John F. Brennan was chairman of the arrangement committee. National Chief of Staff Frank X. Lambert and Chris Wilkinson,

By Frank X. Lambert National Chief of Staff

of New York Detachment, were among the guests. Hudson County Detachment is making plans for a dinner dance in January.

AKRON LEAGUE MEMBERS IN ARMISTICE PARADE

Lucien P. Waldron Detachment of Akron, Ohio, is another active outfit according to its adjutant, W. A. Foster, who writes:

One of Akron's largest parades marched the streets at eight o'clock on the evening of November 11, 1930. Assembled in four sections, it took more than an hour for the parade to pass the reviewing stand. The Lucien P. Waldron Detachment had a large turnout of men in uniform with First Sergeant Zink in charge. Led by the Army and Navy Union Auxiliary Fife and Drum Corps the Marines headed the third section of the parade and as usual made a good impression and were cheered the whole length of the line of march.

On November 15, a card party was held at the home of Commandant Silke at which a large number of Marines and their families were present. Refreshments were served and the party broke up in the early hours of the morning, everyone satisfied of having had a good time. The detachment has inaugurated plans for a drill team of sixteen men and hopes to have the team working in a short time. Max Pittinger is head of the committee in charge and is ably assisted by Frank Kurchov and Henry Gugenheim.

The detachment is proud to have as one of its members Frank S. Kurchov, late of the Marine Corps and Nicaraguan Guardia. Mr. Kurchov has received seven decorations to date from the United States and Nicaraguan governments. Recently he received one from the Nicaraguan government only four of which have ever been issued.

HUDSON-MOHAWK DETACHMENT MARKS BIRTHDAY OF CORPS AND THE ARMISTICE

Hudson-Mohawk Detachment, embracing Albany, Troy, Schenectady, Rensselaer Watervliet, Green Island and Cohoes, New York, at the Albany Garage on the evening of November 11 held a double celebration marking the twelfth anniversary of the Armistice and the 155th birthday of the U. S. Marine Corps. The Rev. William E. Sprenger of Trinity Episcopal Church, Albany, gave the prayer and an address on peace.

Detachment Commandant John C. Bates called the roll and taps was sounded for the dead. Horatio C. Edgerton, 78-year-old detachment chaplain told of the Marine Corps after Civil War days. National Vice Commandant Mau-

rice A. Ilch reported on the National Marine Memorial in France which is to be financed through a fund being raised by the Marine Corps League. Stephen Brown, vice commandant of the detachment, presided. The committee in charge of the ceremony included Commandant John C. Bates, National Vice Commandant Maurice A. Ilch, Chaplain Horatio C. Edgerton, Adjutant-Paymaster Chris J. Cunningham and Vice Commandants Stephen Brown and Leon Walker.

NATIONAL COMMANDANT LATONS REVIEWS LEAGUE PROGRESS AND PLANS FOR FUTURE

The national convention at St. Louis is over and we reported a gain of over 20 per cent in membership. Are we going to stop there or are we going to put this over with a bang? It's up to you and me and everyone.

With fond memories of a wonderful convention in St. Louis, we direct our attention to the Queen City of the Lakes, Buffalo, New York, where we hold our next national assembly in September, 1931.

But, there is much to be done in the meanwhile. I want to thank all those who have worked with me during the past year, and those who endorsed my administration by electing me as National Commandant for another term. I hope at the end of this year that I will successfully have accomplished my mission and will be able to retire to a rear seat where I may also become a critic of the management. One fellow made the remark at the recent convention that if there were any cliques in the league, you could be sure that they were the ones doing the work. We, too, have a clique at Headquarters, and we invite you to join us.

We have some exceptionally good divisional vice commandants this year, who are hustlers, and your staff officers are old standbys. This is THE year. Start right off by sending in the names and addresses of your newly elected officers for our records and corrections. See that your chief of staff sends in publicity to Frank X. Lambert at 3671 Broadway, New York City. Advise your paymaster to loosen up on the dues. All surplus cash this year is to be used for the organization of new detachments where that old buddy of yours lives, so that you fellows can get together later on. We added sixteen new detachments during the past year. We want fifty more babies for 1931, so do your part.

The convention voted to raise \$30,000 for a Marine Memorial in France. This will take the form of a unique windmill and pump house to be located about one hundred metres outside of Lucy le Bocage on the road leading to Belleau Wood. The mayor of Lucy le Bocage has offered the land to the Marines gratis. The memorial will be surmounted by a bronze figure of a Marine and a tab-

let with suitable inscriptions pointing the way to Belleau Wood. The only persons authorized to donate are active Marines, former active Marines, relatives of Marines (immediate family) and relatives of deceased Marines. There are two stipulations, one that the limit for individual subscriptions is \$100.00 and the second that any eligible Marine must first be a member of the Marine Corps League. If there were no league there would be no Memorial. Men in active service are already service members by acclamation.

Honorary members, associate members, active members and service members, and auxiliaries, will all be expected to do their part, but there must be no commercialism connected with this endeavor. The reason for the limitation of individual subscription is so that every Marine will be able to participate and donate, no matter how small the amount. We want this gift to represent every Marine in the country. Plans for the raising of the funds will be explained later, but now is the time to prepare. Every donation will be acknowledged direct to the giver, that there will be no question of the correct amounts being received. This will be done at National Headquarters, and the National Paymaster will be bonded amply.

We have worked hard to bring this matter to a point. We will have the approval of the American Battle Monuments Commission and should have the support of Marine Corps Headquarters and all men of the active service, as it is close to the hearts of all and a proud duty. A Marine fulfilling a pledge to his buddy with honor, and without resorting to outside sources for aid.

For some time I have thought that the National Membership campaign has been unfair to some of our smaller detachments, although the past trophy winners

certainly merited their acquisition. This year the National Commandant's trophy will be offered under the following rules:

- 25% for the largest membership in proportion with certified population.
- 25% for the largest increase of membership over standing as reported at 1930 convention, also in proportion to population.
- 25% for the best schedule of activities and accomplishments, including the Marine Memorial project.
- 25% for work in connection with the establishment and sponsorship of new detachments.

Each detachment will send in a written report between September first and tenth with all records dated as ending September first, to the National Commandant. The National Staff will act as judges and the trophy will be awarded to the winner. This will be the only prize offered, and it affords an opportunity for the very smallest detachment to win. We think all hands will agree that the trophy won by Spokane this year is a thing of beauty and that it will be highly prized, and our compliments go with it. So let's start building up our detachments with good deeds and more members, and especially retain our old memberships. We have plenty of National interest for this year to keep us banded together.

We expect to have a new and more interesting Marine Bulletin. Copies of these will be mailed in bulk to the detachment adjutants to be enclosed in your regular notices of meetings. This will cut the postage costs and allow us to give you a better article.

Order your League caps and use them.

Convention reports will be mailed to each detachment as soon as completed.

One copy only. If more are desired advise us at once. The cost is 25 cents each.

I'll be on the job twenty-four hours a day, so let me help to make this the most successful and interesting year we have ever known.

I remain your comrade and Commandant,

W. KARL LATIONS.

RETIRED MARINE ELECTED MUNICIPAL JUDGE OF LONGVIEW, WASHINGTON

Friends of Lieutenant Bert Van Moss, U. S. Marine Corps, retired, will be interested to know that he has been elected municipal judge of the city of Longview, Washington. The contest was a keen, three-cornered affair, Republican, Democrat, and Independent sticker, the latter having been previously eliminated by Lieutenant Van Moss in the Republican primaries.

GOVERNMENT LIFE INSURANCE

The American Legion again invites the attention of all veterans of the World War to recent legislation of Congress which permits the United States to grant, upon application to the Veterans' Bureau and payment of the initial premium, Government life insurance in any multiple of \$500 and not less than \$1,000 nor more than \$10,000 to any veteran of the World War who has heretofore applied for or been eligible to apply for, Government insurance, provided that such person is in good health and furnishes evidence satisfactory to the Director to that effect.

The Government is offering seven popular plans of insurance to meet the needs of the veteran. The policies participate in dividends and the premiums

(Continued on page 55)

Happy New Year For You but—"Lest We Forget"

At the eighth annual National Convention of the veteran Marine organization, known as the MARINE CORPS LEAGUE, the following resolution was passed:

RESOLVED, That the Marine Corps League proceed to raise a sum of \$30,000.00 (Thirty Thousand Dollars) for a Marine Memorial in France dedicated to all our buddies who made the supreme sacrifice, same to be erected approximately 100 metres from the center of Lucy le Bocage on land to be donated by the Mayor of that town, the Memorial to take the form of a unique windmill and powerhouse to furnish water to the village, and surmounted with a bronze replica of a World War Marine, with suitable tablets with inscriptions, placed at a point of vantage pointing the way to Belleau Wood a little over a quarter of a mile distant.

Be it further resolved, That no contribution exceed \$100.00 (One Hundred Dollars) and that donations be limited to active Marines, former Marines, their immediate families, and the families of deceased Marines, and those serving or who have served on Marine Corps payrolls. And that any of the aforementioned who are eligible for membership in the League must first become members before the contribution will be accepted, claiming that without the League there would be no Memorial, and that the National Paymaster be bonded to cover all amounts received, and that direct acknowledgment must be made of all contributions by National Headquarters, and that the National Commandant, W. Karl Lations, and a committee of three proceed with full powers in the collection of funds and erection of Memorial which has the sanction of the Mayor of Lucy le Bocage and the approval of the American Battle Monuments Commission.

By vote of the National Assembly,

Marine Corps League

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 8, 1930

Note: All men in the active service are members by acclamation, under the caption of SERVICE MEMBERS.

All other than men in the active service should send their contributions to

NATIONAL COMMANDANT
MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

108 Forest St., Worcester, Mass.

(Make check payable to Marine Memorial Fund)

"WITHOUT THE LEAGUE . . . THERE WOULD BE NO MEMORIAL"



AN ALL-TIME ALL-MARINE ELEVEN Selected by

John Winfred Knox,

Quartermaster Sergeant, U. S. M. C.

For many years I've carried about with me, perhaps at government expense, an old suitcase filled with clippings, sport pages, score cards, programs and every other sort of data concerning the great and near great of service and collegiate sports. This suitcase, and the dates contained therein, at times has made me the victim of no little horse-play and barrack room banter and ridicule. Often the contents thereof have been brought forth to settle arguments at many stations. The whole pile, case and all, is not worth a German mark of pre-war issue, yet, I wouldn't part with this odd bit of baggage for anything. During the past year or so several old shipmates have repeatedly asked me to send in an all-star selection to *THE LEATHERNECK*. Well, my hearties, here it is, an all-time all-Marine football team:

End	Baston
Tackle	Beckett
Guard	McHenry
Center	Peck
Guard	Crecek
Tackle	Liversedge
End	Phillips
Quarterback	Brown
Halfback	Martineau
Halfback	Steers
Fullback	Goettge

Now, before the harpoon is brought to the ready and the Marine howl of rage and wrath is sounded through each and every squad room of our far-flung posts, because certain stars have been neglected and not mentioned on this team, let me say that this work was a one-man job, with the exception of the peerless "Bob" Peck, center, who bears the weighty approval of no less a football personage than Mr. Glenn S. "Pop" Warner, coach at Stanford and member of the all-American Selection Board. In a letter to the writer "Pop" says of "Bob" Peck and the other selections:

GLENN S. WARNER

175 Modrono Ave.,
Palo Alto, Calif.

November 19, 1930.

Dear Mr. Knox:

I think your selection for an all-time all-Marine team are fine—at least the college men you have selected were outstanding players.

I regard Bob Peck as a deserving candidate for an all-time all-American college team, and certainly you have made no mistake in his case. He was the best center I ever saw and I have seen many of them. He was not a heavy man but he excelled in all phases of center play

and was at all times a great inspiration to his team.

Yours truly,
/signed/ GLENN S. WARNER.

It must be admitted that publicity is a vital factor in the making of a candidate for any all-star team. Therefore, it follows that men who played on Marine Corps teams after gaining fame as an all-American, or after being a recognized star in college competition, have an advantage over other stellar performers of less experience. It is realized that there will be complaints that many stars have been passed over, and no doubt these complaints will be justified. The list of prominent players considered in making the selection is quite formidable and several excellent teams could be assembled therefrom. The following players may or may not have been outstanding:

Centers.—Bailey; Riseley of the 1918 Mare Island Marines; Larson, ex-Naval Academy star, and, of lesser fame, Dean of the Peking Marines.

Guards.—Corbeau of Case College and the 1918 Philly team; Levensky, Zuber, Lodell of the 1918 Mare Island team; Eldridge, McDonald, Crowe and Faulkner.

Tackles.—Hall, of Oregon and the 1917 Mare Island teams; Betts, of the Naval Academy; Miller, of Wisconsin; Cothran, of Lafayette and San Diego Base; Kyle, Brougher, Cobb and Wigmore.

Ends.—Poe, of Princeton and later a member of the Corps following the Spanish-American War; hard to leave him off the first team as he was all-American in 1899, but that was before the forward pass. Whitfield, Skinner, of Kansas and the Quantico teams; Glick and Roy Hanley, the latter a star at Washington State as well as the 1918 Mare Island team; Lucke, of Peking, San Diego and many ship teams.

Quarterbacks.—Dick Hanley, of Washington State and the 1918 Mare Island team, now the able coach at Northwestern; Shapley and O'Neill, of the Naval Academy; Brunelle and McMains, of the Quantico teams, and Lay of Princeton.

Halfbacks.—Legore of Yale and the war-time Philly team; Bangs of Washington State and the 1918 Mare Island Marines; Ryckman, Woods, Levey, Duncan and Henry of the Quantico teams, and Hoffman, a versatile back who played at Mare Island in 1921.

Fullbacks.—Moran of Washington State and the 1918 Mare Island team; Davis of West Point and various early Marine Corps teams, and does anyone know that the Major practically won the Army-Navy game of 1904, while playing in the cadet backfield? His long place kicks yet remain a matter of record. Dailey of Nebraska and Quantico teams; also Hart, Buckowy and Neal of Quan-

tico all-Marine fame. Otto Dander, Peking and San Diego teams was also very good.

Now, about that first team. Action lies in the backfield, so let us see what those four backs could do. At quarter we have the late Lieutenant Brown. Concerning him, Captain Johnny Beckett once said, "Brown was the best I ever saw." Dick Hanley was a close second, but it is believed that Lieutenant Brown rates the call. He was a brilliant strategist, an inspiring field general and possessed a keen knowledge of the game.

If any man ever lived up to his name that man was "Bill" Steers. Bill started with the 1918 Mare Island Marines and wound up as a star at Oregon. This heavy back may well be placed alongside the great in any section. He could pass, kick, and man, O, man! how that boy could smash a line, hole or no hole. After the war, while playing for Oregon against Harvard in the Pasadena Rose Bowl, Bill gained more yardage than the entire Harvard team and you must remember that Harvard then boasted Eddie Casey, an all-American back.

At the other half position we find Martineau. Earl not only starred for the Marine Corps but he made Walter Camp's all-American after leaving the Corps in 1923. Martineau was a superbly finished player, a shining performer, hard to catch and harder to stop when caught. As a broken field runner he has had few equals. He is now back-field coach at Purdue University.

In the opinion of a good many, Captain Frank Goettge was the best fullback in the country while he played on the all-Marine team. Surely none could better his crashing, diving drives through the line when a gain meant the pay-off. Big, powerful, fast, tireless and an apparent lover of the combat football offers, Goettge stands out like a balloon jib in a twenty-knot wind.

At end we find Bert Baston and Phillips. Baston, Minnesota's contribution to the 1915-1916 all-American selection starred on the 2nd Division team in France. He was the class of all Marine wing men, ever a source of worry and trouble to opposing safety men—good enough for any man's team. Against the Kaiser's outfit Bert won the Medal of Honor, and that is going some, too. Phillips of Quantico fame was good enough to make an all-star team selected from the two service schools and post teams throughout the country. And while he did not enjoy the wide popularity of some of the others, nevertheless, he could "get set" opposite the best of them and fear not that his end would be "picked on."

The best tackle, in practically every respect, was Captain Johnny Beckett. Comparatively tall and weighing in around 175-180, he could stand plenty of

pounding. He was exceptionally keen at diagnosing plays and making the most of every opportunity offered. His charge seldom failed to pierce an opposing line. Beckett was the first Pacific Coast player to make the late Walter Camp's all-American team, having achieved that honor while playing on the 1917 Mare Island Marine team. That year Camp selected an "All Service" team, but also noted the college each player was from. The other tackle, Captain Harry B. Liversedge, gained more fame as a shot putter, but, at the same time he was a hard man to take out of the line. Larger and heavier than Beckett, nevertheless, he was active and very strong. Seldom was it that any opposing linemen "took out" Harry Liversedge.

At guard, McHenry comes as near being a strictly Marine Corps product as a player could be, for he never starred in college play. Mac at his best weighed around the 195 mark and was a very compact mass of bone and muscle. He more than held his own against the best college teams faced by the Quantico team while he played with them. Cercek, an excellent enlisted player, rates right up with any of them. Joe starred at Quantico at a time when most of the other players were former college stars. Very aggressive and heavy enough at 185 pounds to oppose the beefy guards he was called upon to meet, Joe always gave a good account of himself in every game.

The best center ever to wear Leatherneck moleskins, or any other for that matter, was "Bob" Peck, Pitts 1915-16 all-American, and later a member of the war time Marine teams. Bob was very modest, and it took me three months as his bunkie at the last Officers' Training Camp during the war days, to find out that he knew a gridiron from a waffle iron. You noticed what "Pop" Warner said about Peck, so I'll just quit here. And that's that.

POLO NEWS FROM PORT AU PRINCE

By Fred Belton

Port au Prince, Haiti, Sept. 29.—Polo fans witnessed the biggest upset in years at the Aviation Field yesterday afternoon when the much touted Regiment team went down before the Aviation crew on the short end of a 10-2 score in the first of a nine-game series for the Polo Association cup. After the repeated trimmings handed the Aviators by the Regiment in exhibition games even the most ardent support of the wingers could hold out but the slightest hope for victory and when the mallet manipulators from the Squadron that sports the "E" on their ships finished the first chucker one goal to the good it was a consensus of opinion that they had shot their bolt. The appearance of Captain James P. Riseley of the Garde d'Haiti on the Aviation team seemed to supply the necessary spark so lacking in the previous starts of the Aviators. Riseley was loaned by the Garde to help strengthen the Aviation team during this series. Captain Gilder Jackson fought hard with his Regiment team up until the last minute but that perfect team play which had carried them to numerous victories flopped diametrically in an over-anxious effort to carry away the opening game of the series. Never were a stalk of bananas more closely related to each other than were the Regiment team after the initial

chucker. Caution was thrown to the winds and the Aviators roamed around at leisure taking advantage of every opening. It was the worst game the Regiment has played and it is doubtful if they will ever play again as they did yesterday. An unfortunate mix-up on the previous day which ended in a bunch of tired horses being sent out for the Sunday afternoon's fray sent the Regimenters into the game downhearted.

Enloe played his usual dashing game for the Regiment and thrilled the audi-



BASEBALL TROPHIES TAKEN BY BROWN FIELD FLIERS

Lt. David L. Clouds Brown-birds of Brown Field, Quantico, took both ends of the intra-mural baseball schedule for the year just passed and will add these two trophies to their athletic trophy case. Pictured with the trophies is Aviation's Gabby Street in the person of Gunnery Sergeant Andy Jabber Paskiewicz, veteran Aviation catcher and captain of the 1930 team for the first half. Andy is one of the two enlisted pilots remaining in the Marine Corps and is ever up in the air in a baseball game. He developed the coming "Farmer" Couch while in Haiti on his last cruise. The "Farmer" had never thrown anything other than rocks at squirrels before Andy took him in tow and made one of the best right handers ever produced by service baseball out of him. Andy says every year that old age has slowed him down but is as perennial as the pines of the Virginia hills.

ence with his long rushes although he was most unfortunate in face of the goal-mouth. Dr. Gendreau seemed to find himself yesterday and concocted several death pills for the opposition with some clever hitting from all angles. The Regiment missed numerous shots for the goal by trying sixty-yarders when a little push would have done the trick. Playing the same brilliant game that has pushed him to the front of local poloists Riseley seemed to be the arsenic in the Regiment's soup. Larkin, Rogers and Donato each did themselves credit and took big parts in the first victory rung up by the Aviators this season.

Thanks to a display of good sports-

manship polo fans will be treated to a real series in the games that are to come by a distribution of players effected with a view to making the games interesting both from a players and spectators standpoint. Yesterday's runaway victory for the Aviators in no way shows a superiority of eight goals over the Regiment. Each of the teams has a player who is not a member of the organization under which name the team plays and, in turn, each team has two names (a nom de plume, as it were). The Aviation team is also known as "Spare-Parts," the Regiment team call themselves the "Missed Too Many Boats" and the Garde work out in secret under the title of "Gro-Negs." With Beall taking up his old place on the Garde (G-N) team, "Bank" Williams will take over the job of refereeing the games.

The second game of the series will be between the Garde and Aviation teams Sunday, October 5th.

Yesterday's line-ups were:

Aviation (SP)	10	Reg't (MTMB)	2
Rogers (Capt.)	2	Green	1
Larkin	3	Jackson (Capt.)	0
Riseley	4	Enloe	1
Donato	1	Miller	0

Aviation substitutes: Druse, McMahon and Colter. Regiment substitutes: Batterton, Gendreau and Williams. Referee: Beall.

Score by chukkers:

Regiment	1 1 0 0 0 0—2
Aviation	2 2 1 1 4 0—10

Six chukkers of eight minutes each.

Three teams have been entered in the race for the Polo Association cup. The series will consist of nine games played on the Aviation Polo Field each Sunday afternoon. The teams and their rosters are as follows:

Aviation (Spare-Parts): Rogers (captain), Riseley, Druse, Larkin, McMahon, Donato and Colter.

Regiment (Missed Too Many Boats): Gendreau, Jackson (captain), Enloe, Miller, Green, Batterton and Williams.

Garde (Gro-Negs): Hermle, Shepherd, Murray (captain), Whitesel, Beall, Belton and Reynolds.

"WHITES" DEFEAT "O. D.'s" IN POLO MATCH AT SAN DIEGO

By Hugh Maddox

Polo was inaugurated at the Marine Base, San Diego, California, on Thursday afternoon, October 30th, when the Marine "Whites," under the leadership of Brigadier General Robert Dunlap, defeated the Marine "O. D.'s," led by Chaplain H. S. Dyer, by the score of 4-3 in rather an interesting tussle despite that it was the first game for most of the officers participating.

General Dunlap was by far the outstanding player for his team as he displayed the best horsemanship and at the same time scored all of his squad's points. Commander Dyer was the best for the losers, scoring all the points for his four.

Horses and equipment were furnished through the courtesy of Captain Jacobs, commanding 11th Cavalry Detachment at Fort Rosecrans, who instructed the Marine officers in their equitation class which terminated during the later part of October.

It was the first time in the history of the Marine Base here in San Diego that a polo team or teams had been formed. The officers stationed here are following

in the footsteps of their brother officers stationed at the American Legation Guard, Peiping, China, and at the Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va. Lieut. W. O. Thompson, a member of this year's Marine team in Peiping, who just recently returned from duty at that station, was not in uniform, but more than likely will be playing in the next game.

Spills were but few, Lieutenant Swanson taking two, one when he lost his stirrup, and the other coming shortly after when his horse balked on a saddle that was being used.

Whites	O. D.'s
1. Lt. Yandle	1. Com. Dyer
2. Lt. Hogaboom	2. Lt. Swanson
3. Gen. Dunlap	3. Maj. Rockey
4. Capt. Hayes	4. Maj. Clapp
Lt. Green	Capt. Liversedge
Lt. Pendleton	

Score by chukkers:

Whites	0 1 2 1—4
O. D.'s	2 1 0 0—3

Time of chukkers: Five minutes. Umpire: Captain Jacobs, U. S. Cavalry. Timer: Lieutenant Moore, U. S. Cavalry.

The football field was turned into a polo field for this game, the polo field being in course of construction. The new polo field will more than likely be finished in time for the next game.

The football team had a lay-off on November 2, but will face a hard schedule from that date on, meeting the College of the Pacific on Nov. 8, U. S. S. "West Virginia" on Armistice Day, and Santa Clara University on the 16th, followed by the Los Angeles Firemen game, the last game of the season being with the Submarines for the West Coast service championship.

1st Sergeant "Jerry" Brownell and Sergeant "Eddie" Shaft, two outstanding tennis players of the Marine Base, are playing with the local Army and Navy "Y" tennis team in a Trans-Bay tennis league. Sorry to say, they are not doing as well as expected, as these two men played a stellar brand of tennis

while members of the Base tennis team which won the 11th naval tennis championship this past summer. Brownell, while serving with the American Legation Guard at Peiping, played against some of the outstanding tennis aces of Northern China. Eddie Shaft also met a few of Northern China stars.

Basketball gets under way in the 11th Naval District around the first of December, with the defending champions, the Marine Base, in the league, which is composed of every naval unit in the San Diego area, including the Reserve Officers. Neil, Trees, Donnelly, and Craig will be the nucleus from last year's team which will start this year. At the present time these men are playing football—each one a regular. Don Beeson, star of last year, will be missing this time. At present he is on the "West Virginia."

MARINE BASEBALL TEAM TOURS JAPAN

By 1st Lieut. C. D. Baylis

The Fourth Marines baseball team left Shanghai September 26, 1930, on board the S. S. "Shanghai Maru," of the N. Y. K. Line, for a "good-will baseball tour of Japan."

The team arrived at Nagasaki on September 27, and worked out at the Nagasaki baseball park; sailed the same afternoon for Kobe; arrived in Kobe, September 28, and proceeded to Osaka, Japan, where the team established its headquarters.

On October 1 the Fourth Marines defeated the Kwansai University at the Koshien Stadium by the score of 8 to 4 in a ten-inning game. Coming into the 10th inning with the score 3 all, the Marines launched a batting rally on eight consecutive hits to score a total of 5 runs.

October 3. The Fourth Marines lost to Kwansai University by the score of 12 to 10, at the Koshien Stadium.

October 4. The Fourth Marines defeated the Doshisha Commercial College, at Kyoto, by the score of 4 to 3.

October 5. The Fourth Marines defeated the Doshisha Commercial College, at Kyoto, by the score of 3 to 2. Lieutenant Saunders of the Marines drove out a home run in the ninth inning with two out, the Marines one run behind, and drove in a man ahead of him to win the game.

October 6. The Fourth Marines won from the Ritsumei University, at Sagano, by the score of 6 to 0.

October 7. The Fourth Marines lost to the Aichi-sho Club, at Nagoya, by the score of 9 to 8.

October 9. The Fourth Marines won from the Yokohama Technical College by the score of 7 to 5, playing in the Yokohama City Stadium.

October 10. The Fourth Marines lost to the Kosho (Semi-pro) B. B. Club, of Yokohama, by the score of 10 to 4.

October 12. The Fourth Marines won from the Yokohama Country Club by the score of 5 to 0.

October 14. The Fourth Marines lost to the Yokohama Commercial College by the score of 14 to 2.

October 16. The Fourth Marines won the third and deciding game of a three-game series from Kwansai University, in the Koshien Stadium, by the score of 7 to 2.

October 17. The Fourth Marines won from the Fukuoka K. C., at Hakate, Island of Kyushu, by the score of 8 to 2.

October 18. The Fourth Marines won from the Kyushu Railway B. B. Club, at Kumamoto, Island of Kyushu, by the score of 10 to 8.

October 20. The Fourth Marines won from the Shimonoseki All Stars, at Shimonoseki, by the score of 9 to 5.

The team's record for the trip stands at 14 games played, 10 won, 4 lost; percentage .714.

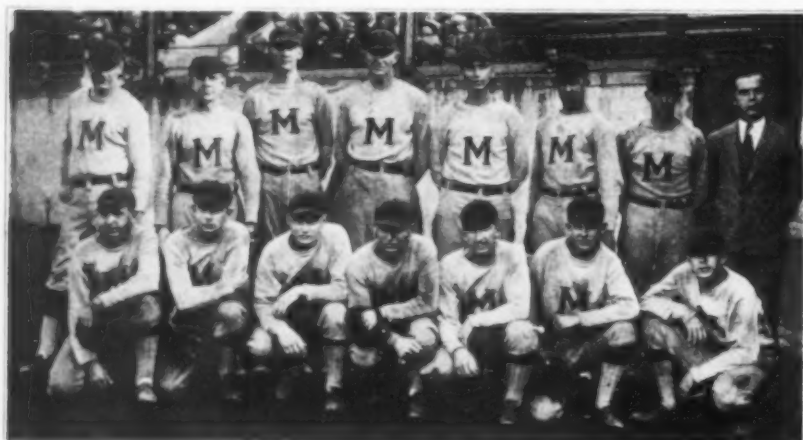
The team covered the mainland from Kobe to Yokohama, and traveled on the Island of Kyushu, playing in three cities. Sailed from Nagasaki on the S. S. "Nagasaki Maru," of the N. Y. K. Line, on October 21 and arrived in Shanghai October 22.

The management of the team reports wonderful treatment from the people of Japan who showered them with hospitality. Baseball parks were found to be up-to-date in every respect, the Koshien Stadium in particular having a seating capacity of 80,000.

The University of Chicago had preceded the Fourth Marines, playing practically the same teams, but had left Japan with a record of 7 games won and 8 games lost out of 15 played.

It is believed that this tour stands on record as the first trip of any athletic team from the armed forces of the United States, at any time, covering as much territory and establishing such a wonderful record, in a foreign country.

The members of the Fourth Marines who made this trip were: First Lieutenant C. D. Baylis, team coach; Captain L. Passmore, first base; Corporal B. Cogsdell, second base; Private J. H. Lindstrom, shortstop; Private E. B. Fogleman, third base; Sergeant T. J. Chapin, left field; Private P. Moore, center field; First Lieutenant T. H. Saunders, right field; Private S. E. Haney, utility outfielder; Sergeant Stanley E. Maddes and Private A. R. Lund, catch-



Fourth Marines Baseball Team, Shanghai, China. On a "Good Will Baseball Tour" of Japan, October, 1930. Picture taken at Yokohama City Stadium, Yokohama, Japan. Back row, left to right: Lieut. C. D. Baylis (coach); Maddes, Kimball, Captain Passmore, Chapin, Lund, Welch, Sergeant R. J. Hale, Assistant Business Manager. Front row (kneeling): Fogleman, Lieutenant Saunders, Moore, Lindstrom, Cogsdell, Haney, Parsons.

ers; PhM2Cl. J. H. Parsons and Privates H. T. Welch and P. D. Kimball, pitchers. Sergeant R. J. Hale accompanied the team as assistant business manager.

The "goodwill baseball tour" of the Fourth Marines baseball team accomplished its purpose in establishing athletic relationship with the Japanese.

Arrangements have been made with Japanese rugby football officials to bring a Japanese rugby football team to Shanghai to play a series of games during the Chinese New Year.

The Fourth Marines are booked to tour Japan in March, 1931, to play games in Tokyo, Yokohama and Kyoto.

An offer was made to the Fourth Marines baseball team to come to Korea next May to play a series of baseball games, under a full guarantee. No American baseball teams have yet invaded Korea.

The tour of the Fourth Marines baseball team created a lot of interest among foreigners in Japan, particularly among Americans who were located in isolated towns. The Japanese press spoke highly of the efficiency of the baseball team and of the purpose of the tour. Hearty cooperation was extended on every hand.

SERVICE LEAGUE, PORT AU PRINCE

Seven baseball teams are expected to be entered in the local service league which hopes to get under way during the first week in November. The Garde d'Haiti, champions of last year with an unbeaten string of nine wins, will defend their laurels against teams representing Aviation, Regiment, Hospital, Motor Transport, Signal and Brigade Headquarters.

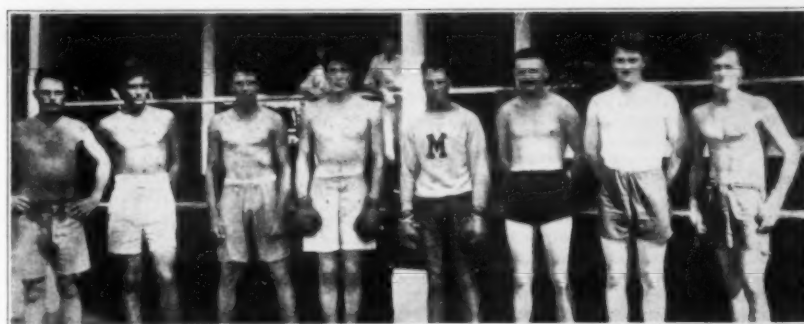
MARINE CORPS BIRTHDAY CELEBRATED IN MANAGUA

By Bristy

Managua, Nov. 10.—The officers and enlisted men of Campo de Marte and Aviation all gathered and celebrated the 155th anniversary of the United States Marine Corps with one of the largest field meets and smokers of the season. At 8:30 a. m. all men of the campo assembled at the Recreation Hall for the publication of chapter 1-55, Marine Corps Manual, by the Battalion Adjutant, Captain A. T. Lewis, U. S. M. C. At 9:00 a. m. the gathering moved out to Loma Field where the following events took place: Potato race, wheelbarrow race, tug o' war, 100-yard dash, three legged race, shoe race, relay race, obstacle race and a final tug o' war, which was won by the Marine Aviation. The baseball throw was won by the electoral detachment after a hurl of 337 feet and 10 inches. Second best was 336½ feet. Band concert during all the events. Prize money was awarded to winners of all the above events during the morning.

At 1:00 P. M. a truck train formed on the main road in Campo de Marte and picked up the Regimental Band and most everybody went to the game at the aviation field. At 1:30 the game started, Campo de Marte vs. Aviation, the latter team taking the game by the one-sided score of 14-7.

A band concert started the evening at 7:15 p. m. on the tennis courts. At 8:00 p. m. the vaudeville program began. The



Corporal Jimmy Brandt's stable of Marine Boxers at the Naval Station, Guam.

"Black Face Musical Boys" gave us some snappy numbers and our evening's entertainment was then well under way.

Act I—"The Twenty-third's Trio," with E. E. Dushane (accordion), C. Hooper (guitar), T. W. Shea (violin).

Act II—"While In Nicaragua," by H. O. Fletcher, who "went over big" at smokers held in the northern area, and did the same here in Campo de Marte.

Act III—"Humorist," by Pfc. Lynch.

Act IV—"Old Time Artists," by Private Marcus.

This ended the vaudeville and the ring was made ready for the fights. The first was between Hoffer (M), and Aguirre (USN), 126 and 120 lbs., respectively, and the decision went to the Navy. The second fight came to the Marines by decision. The next scrap was between Johnson and Wright, both Marines, 157 and 152, respectively. Wright took the decision after some fast stepping by both fighters. The next preliminary ended when Hager was counted out in the first stanza. Baker (MC. Av.), 160 lbs., and Stubblebean, Marine, 161 lbs., were the winners of the \$25 prize and Stuppy was given the fight on a foul. Then came the main bout.

Martin, 165 lbs. (USN), and Haley, 160 lbs. (USMC), got together for a six-round session. In the first round Haley battered the Navy all about and ended with his opponent on the verge of going out in the first. With plenty of lefts and rights, Haley kept hammering away and the bell rang the finish of the second stanza, with the Navy out on his feet. In the third when it was seen that he would never come back, his seconds threw in the signal and Haley took the fight by a technical knockout.

Our mess officer, Lieutenant Conkey, and Sergeant Cohen (yes, Abie), then rallied their assistants and served turkey sandwiches, deviled egg, cold roast beef and cheese sandwiches to all present. This ended our celebration.

The prizes for all preliminary bouts were \$20 and \$10, while the main event was \$50 and \$25. Twenty-five dollars was also given the best of the preliminaries.

The referee for the evening was Ensign Ballenger, who has been on hand for the last couple smokers held here, and who has had considerable experience, both in the ring, and in refereeing. Lieutenant Menocal, USN, and Lieutenant Keimling (our M. P. officer), were the judges of the evening. QM. Sgt. Baldwin and First Sergeant Woods were the timekeepers. The official announcer was

Lieutenant Watchman. The boxing committee included Lieutenant Martin, U. S. N.; Lieutenants Watchman and Hughes, U. S. M. C.

For these fights, Captain Phillips and Chaplain Mansfield made it possible to have constructed and decorated in a very appropriate manner one of the best rings of its kind in Nicaragua. More smokers are looked forward to at eventful dates.

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, N. Y.

That the efforts of Lieutenant Nelson, coach of the Marine basketball team, Brooklyn Navy Yard, New York, were not in vain was proved November 7th, when the Marine team turned in a victory for their opener at the expense of the Savage Owls. The score of 60-37 however, does not tell the story as the game was tight through the first three periods, but the last period proved disastrous for the Owls. The defensive play of the Gyrenes proved superior to the offensive play. Another week's practice should develop an offense which, combined with the present defense, will give the Marines a winning team.

Savage Owls	Line-Up	Marines
Laurence F Johnston
Santore F Rowan
Diamond C Phillips
Zarnitz G Thomas
Burns G Abrams

Substitutions—Marines: DeFoe, Nell, Kelly, Smith, Doles. Owls: Miles, Moamkan. High scorers—Barnitz, 18 points; Johnston, 18 points.

In the second start of the season, the New York Marines annexed their second victory—the Century Aces being the victims to the tune of 39 to 33. The game, close throughout, was won by the Marines in the last four minutes of play. The Aces piled up their score via the long shot route, at which they proved consistent. The pass work of both teams was ragged in places, but with the season schedule being at least a month in advance, both teams should round into shape and furnish plenty of opposition for their opponents.

Century Aces	Line-Up	Marines
Denicke F Johnston
Horan F Rowan
Saldo C Phillips
Agresta G Thomas
Fritz G Abrams

Substitutions—Marines: DeFoe, Nell, Tawkis, Smith, Wynn, Colvert. Aces: Purcell. High scorers—Horan, 9 points; Johnston, 19 points.

Quantico Marines Thrill Quaker City



TAID old Philadelphia, which is not much given to hectic demonstrations, awoke with sudden energy on Armistice Day to give the visiting Quantico Marines one of the most enthusiastic receptions ever accorded a military body.

True the advent of the Marines had been widely heralded in the press. The citizens had been told that the Leathernecks would add a picturesque touch to the Armistice Day ceremonies. They were further informed that one of the greatest bands that ever invaded the city would lead the delegation of visiting sea soldiers in the parade, and that a hard-fought gridiron battle was scheduled to be fought in the Franklin Stadium.

But like the Queen of Sheba who found out that the "half had not been told her," it was an amazed and almost dumb-founded Philadelphia that witnessed the smart parade put on by the lads from the banks of the Potomac, and the sizzling exhibition of gridiron pastime that was displayed before the nearly packed stands at Franklin Field.

Major General Smedley D. Butler, who needed no introduction to the Philadelphians, after his whirlwind activities as safety director of the Quaker City a few years ago, was greeted with applause on his every appearance. The General was no doubt a bit proud of the Marines, and he had good reason to be for the conduct of the sea soldiers while in the city was a credit to the Corps.

Major General Ben H. Fuller must have also felt a touch of pride as he watched "his boys" deport themselves in a manner that is typical of the traditions of the Corps. It was entirely fitting that the Major General Commandant should be an honored guest of the city.

In the parlance of the theatre and prize ring, the show put on by the visitors from Virginia was a "knockout." No other term seems to cover the effect they created quite so well.

In the first place the weather was made to order. A somewhat foggy morning greeted their arrival, but minute by minute the mist lifted, and by the time the Marines had assembled with the other veterans on the Parkway for the long parade, Old Sol came out in all his glory.

Row after row of veterans marched by. Colorful contingents from the Legion and Veterans of Foreign Wars, visiting officers and the solid ranks of U. S. Marines—approximately 1200 of them—moving along in an orderly and impressive manner, around the City Hall, then westward to Independence Hall.

At this spot where the "Declaration" was signed thousands stood in bowed silence as the hour approached when the Armistice was signed. Massed colors were grouped close to the stands. Just beyond were the Marines in a compact group, highly impressive of the country's fighting strength.

There were speeches by Mayor Mackey, General Butler and others, and then the crowd melted away, only to reassemble a few hours later at the great playing field.

If the early-morning crowds were impressed by the brilliance of the parade, those who wended their way to Franklin Field saw a spectacle they were not likely to forget in a lifetime.

While the game had been called for two-thirty, the crowd began to assemble at the field a full hour earlier. The first

By Q. M. Sgt. P. A. Webb

arrivals were treated to marching exhibitions by several of the Legion bands, and were well pleased.

At last the big band of Quantico musicians and its auxiliaries marched on the field. Around they swung with precision, performed a few evolutions and then marched to their station at the eastern end of the field.

Shortly afterward the first units of the Quantico Marines came marching through the West Gate. To the stirring notes of the band the lines slowly unwound to circle the whole field.

Then one by one, the colorful sea soldiers evolved figures and letters symbolical of the Marines, the Legion and Pennsylvania. That these letters were worked out creditably was not in itself anything unusual. But the mathematical precision with which each letter was made, the dove-detailing of each

separate maneuver, the marching of each unit to its appointed spot and its arrival there timed right to the split-second, was something to inspire wonder in the spectators, both military and civilian.

Just before the Marines marched to their cheering section there was the singing of the Marines' Hymn, the somewhat ribald, "What d'ell do we care" of the Legion, and the chanting of the stately "Red and Blue," favorite song of Pennsylvania University, accompanied to the swaying caps of the Marines which kept perfect cadence to the music.

There were several other pre-game preliminaries. General Butler presented a huge bouquet to Mrs. Mackey. Mrs. Fuller and Mrs. Butler were similarly favored.

Peanuts, Bozo and Jiggs stood up under the fire of a score of cameras, and the Marines in the stands delivered an assortment of football yells that lacked nothing in originality or vocal enthusiasm.

It was some football game! Promptly after the kick-off by the Legion, Diaz captured the ball and wormed his way through the opponents for sixty-five yards before he was nailed by Rogers, the Legion's star and safety man.

Then for two periods the rivals battled on even terms, with neither able to penetrate the other's defenses within the 25-yard line.

Thrice Quantico came galloping down the field to carry the Legion's trenches by a frontal attack, and thrice the Leathernecks were hurled back when

they were almost within scoring distance. Thrice the Legionnaires advanced by the aerial route until they were within the danger zone.

When the bands came out to give a concert to the spectators between halves, it looked as if the game might finally end in a scoreless deadlock.

But right at the beginning of the third period the sea soldiers got busy. Back of the Marine line came a forward heave and it landed right into the arms of Young, who was pinned to earth, but not before he had traveled to within eleven yards of the enemy's wide stripe.

Once again Young took the ball and, aided by splendid interference, he went through the opposition like coin through a Marine's hand on pay day. Just before he got into the scoring area he was tackled by Charlie Rogers, and both of them rolled over the line, with Young still clutching the ball.

(Continued on page 55)



The Major General Commandant and Mrs. Ben H. Fuller, with Major General and Mrs. Smedley D. Butler at the Quantico-Legion game in Philadelphia. As a prelude to the game, the ladies were presented chrysanthemums by the American Legion.

QUANTICO MARINES END HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL FOOTBALL SEASON

By George W. Ziehl

The Quantico post team ended an excellent grid season when they defeated the soldiers from Fort Meade to the tune of 75 to 0, rolling the total score of the season up to 268 against their opponents 26. Bobby Resio starred in this game by going over the goal line four times. Booth, fast back, tallied another. He has been one of the most consistent players all summer.

The first game of the year brought some over-confident aviators to the Marine war grounds. Captain Elmer E. Hall, protege of Hugo Bezdek and "Pop" Warner, tried out all kinds of combinations to see which group worked best together. As a result the score was small.

Dailey started out his season's streak of galloping across the last chalk line in this game.

The following week brought the soldiers from Fort Eustis and Captain Hall, having picked the best squad, punished the doughboys 110 to 0. Diaz ran wild, getting across four times. Other scorers were Booth, Shess 3, Posik, Coddington, Ross, Butler 2, Selden. Beck in this game showed that he had the promise of a great snapper-back and Noon and Dever opened holes big enough to drive Mack trucks through.

The highly touted Army medicos from Carlisle Barracks, Pa., arrived for the next grid battle and were smashed by a powerful, clock-working Marine team that showed plenty of fight and speed. The score read 13 to 6 at the final whistle, Dailey and Zeher making these

tallies. Shew, giant Marine linesman, showed plenty of strength in this game.

Fortress Monroe was underestimated by the Marines and put up a hard fight, but at last fell 26 to 0, Dailey, Butler and Resio scoring.

November 1st saw the Marines from Quantico all dressed up in their blue uniforms parading down the main streets of Baltimore all set to take the Baltimore Firemen into camp. Before a crowd of 35,000 people the smoke-eaters were taught the proper way to play football and at the last period the score board read 31 to 7. "Honky" Shess, Dailey, and Coffman made the score possible. Resio showed up well in this game although he did not go over the goal line. It was discovered at this game that Butler was quite an acrobat.

Oh! what a day; 2500 well-dressed Marines from Quantico, Washington and the vicinity of Philadelphia, and American Legion posts participated in a colorful parade at Philadelphia prior to the Marine-Legion game.

This game was the hardest game of the season and was won in the last minute and 15 seconds of play by the American Legion eleven, composed of college stars of the past. A forward pass from Wall was caught by Vince Desmond, former St. Joseph College Star, who ran for the goal that meant victory for the Legion team. Young made the only Marine score of the game.

This was the first defeat the Marines have had in two years of playing.

The next week brought the Mohawks and mud. Plenty of both! The teams fought and passed but to no avail and the game ended an 0 to 0 tie. The Ma-

rines made 14 downs to their opponents 5.

Captain Hall said that he had no individual stars. Every man played with the same object in view—victory—and next year will find one of the most powerful elevens in the east to go out on the chalked line.

Summary of Games

Baltimore Firemen	31	7
Langley Field	7	0
Fort Eustis	110	0
Carlisle Barracks	13	6
Fortress Monroe	26	0
American Legion	7	13
Mohawks	0	0
Fort Meade Tanks.....	75	0

Total, Marines 268 26

BASKETBALL AT MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, NEW YORK

The post basketball team defeated the Fort Totten "B" Battery team here on the 19th of November by the score of 42 to 56.

Line-up:

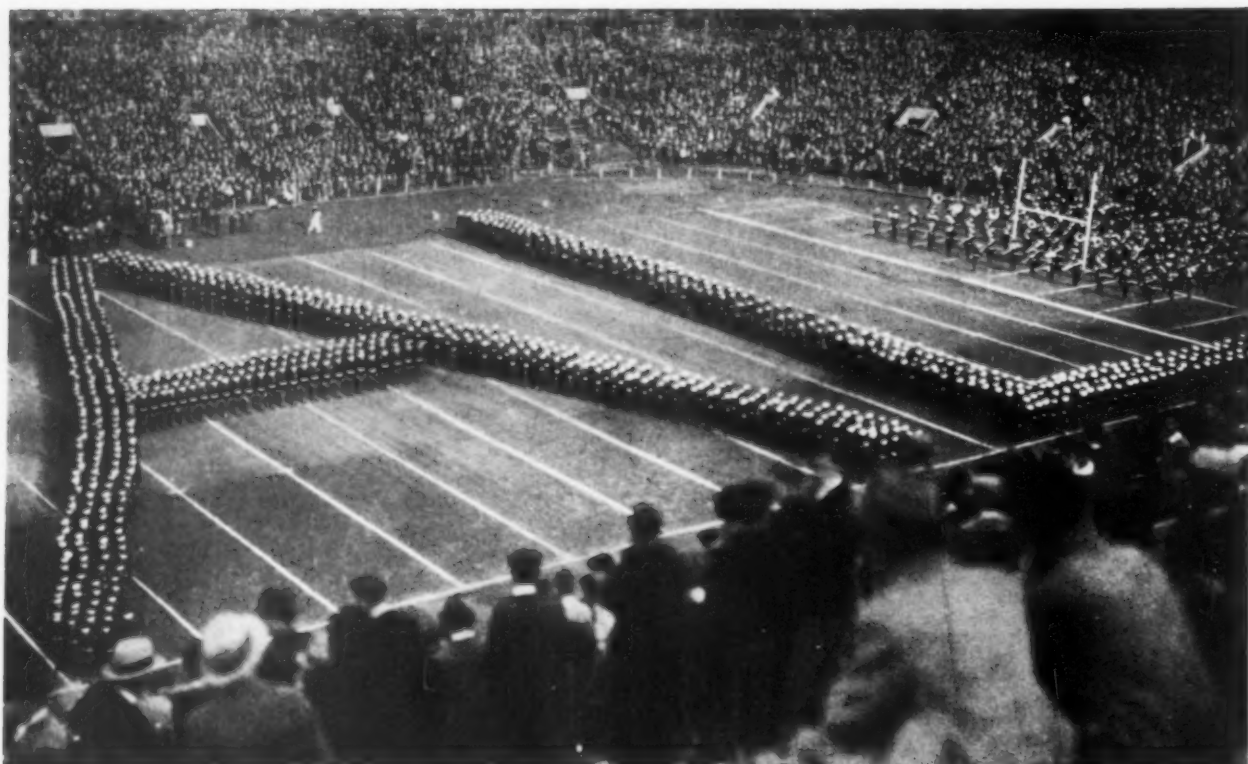
Fort Totten.	Marines.
Kavolek	F
Stockler	F
Holten	C
Bott	G
Murphy	G
	Rowan
	Nell
	DeFoe
	Abrams
	Thomas

Substitutions: Marines—Kelley, Phillips, Smith, Doles. Fort Totten—Bacino.

On the 21st a hotly contested game was played with the U. S. S. "Colorado" basketball team. At the half the "Colorado" was leading with the score of 18



Quantico Marines on the Parkway, Philadelphia, preceding the Quantico Marine-American Legion game on Nov. 11.



A salute from the Marines to the World War warriors at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, before the epic football struggle between the Quantico Leathernecks and the American Legion All-Stars.

to 21. The Marine team returned strong and overcame the lead and advanced well into the lead. When the game ended the Marines had the situation well in hand. Score: Marines 56, "Colorado" 42. Special mention is to be given Corporal Rowan of the Marines—his excellent scoring and passing game is responsible for the Marine success. Fitzgerald for the "Colorado" played a stellar game.

Line-up:

Marines.	"Colorado."
Rowan	F Myer
Nelson	F Olmhauser
Phillips	C Fitzgerald
Thomas	G Mead
Abrams	G Williamson

Substitutions: Marines—Nell. "Colorado"—Williamson, Ford.

SIDELIGHTS ON THE MARINE-FIREMAN GAME

By Arthur Rosett

The Quantico Marines came to Baltimore this year and put on a show that exceeded the expectations of the most blase of footballers.

To an enraptured audience of thirty-five thousand, the Marines marched in on the Baltimore Stadium Field, executed the most intricate and precision-like movements perfectly, finally ending the drill with two thousand Marines forming the letter "M" across the entire stadium. They then rendered the right-hand salute and sang the Marine Corps Hymn. That display immediately warmed the hearts of all Baltimoreans towards the Marines.

Prior to the time the Marines marched on the field, the Firemen marched on

with a live camel mounted by the effigy of a Marine Sergeant being held down on the camel by a effigy of a Turk. Just what relationship that bore to the Marines, I could not see, but such it was, and it got a big laugh out of the audience.

The Firemen's goat was resplendent in a new scarlet uniform, and when the photographers were trying to take pictures of the goat and the Marine's bull, the sergeant-major turned away as if he were hugely disgusted at having his picture taken alongside of a goat.

This year's Fireman-Marine game was marked by a better grade of football, and a lesser display of comedy than last year's game. The Baltimoreans still talk of what happened between the halves during the 1929 game. They can't seem to get over the Marines dressing up as a volunteer fireman's organization and while attempting to unravel themselves from a hose, the darned house burned down. Nor can they forget General Butler leading his men in the capacity as cheer leader. Most of the audience came expecting the same thing in this year's game, but were disappointed. The Marines were out to play football this year. Incidentally, the Marines defeated the Firemen in 1929 by the score of 41 to 7. As I said, the natives came to the Baltimore Stadium expecting to see a lot of comedy. Instead, they saw the Marines step out on parade with perfect machine-like execution. Their eyes were literally knocked out.

This year the Firemen have been training for their game with the Marines for the past three months.

The final score was 31-7 favor Marines. Heard during the game:

"Hey, Music—blow reveille and wake those Firemen up!" "Oh, Fireman, save my child!" "Who is that big, fat, grey-headed man with the white sweater?" "Down in front!" "Oh, there's Cy Perkins!" Eddie Gorman trying to bum a cigarette from a Boy Scout. A little boy telling the world that he is gonna join the Marines when he grows up. "Peanuts, pop corn, souvenir programs!" Two sailors giving the Marines the merry razzberry. "As we go marching, etc., etc."

Two thousand men from Quantico Marched in to Baltimore. They left their rifles, picks and hoes These soldiers of the Corps. Ambition was their motto that No fireman there could stem; They marched into the stadium To form a mighty "M." And then they sang a battle hymn That made the firemen shudder; These Leathernecks were out to win A game for General Butler.

'I Envoi

That's all there is—there is no more—I'll see you all in Heaven—The Leathernecks won one more war—Score? Thirty-one to seven!

MARINE BARRACKS, NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, N. Y.

The following are the results of bowling matches played between the bowling team from the Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, New York, N. Y., and the Loizeaux

Lumber Company of Plainfield, New Jersey:

First Match		
Loizeaux L. Co. Marines		
1st game	708	831
2nd game	784	769
3rd game	803	789
	2295	2389

Second Match		
Loizeaux L. Co. Marines		
1st game	656	819
2nd game	747	834
3rd game	768	831
	2171	2484

Marines participating in these matches were Q. M. Sgt. Eugene J. May, Sgt. Miles B. Johnston, Cpl. James A. Hines, Cpl. Norman Mazurek, and Pfc. Stanley Sadauskie.

ALL-MARINES END SUCCESSFUL SEASON

By B. Price

Six wins, two losses and a tie were the final statistics on a successful football season which recently wound up with the Marines retaining the President's Cup for another year.

After the defeat handed to them by Western Maryland, the sea soldiers journeyed to Roanoke, Va., where they met a surprisingly strong Citadel eleven. This tilt ended in a tie, 0 to 0.

Then came a tough little college in Trenton, Rider College by name. Gotko came to the force, however, with a fine field kick and another game was in the bag, 3 to 0.

Bad weather ruined two tilts in West Virginia. One was with Davis-Elkins at Grafton and the other with New River State at Charleston. Eight inches of snow on the field are not very conducive to good football playing.

STAR END



Charles "Gabby" Glick, star wing man for the All-Marines, whose stellar display of gridiron speed and strength has aroused the favorable comment of several sports writers in the East.

The game of games was played at Griffith Stadium in Washington, Saturday, December 6th, before a crowd of 20,000, led by President and Mrs. Hoover. The Marines retained the cup for another year, when Bobby Gotko ran 69 yards for a touchdown and then kicked the extra point to win by the score of 7 to 0.

That contest marked the end of the All-Marine eleven for it is written in the books that from now on the President's Cup will be competed for by either of three different post teams, to wit: Quantico, Parris Island and San Diego.

According to information received the All-Marines will be split up into three groups, giving each of the large Marine posts an equal amount of good football material.

This is Coach Keady's last football season with the Marines. In the spring he will coach the baseball team for his contract does not run out until July, 1931. Here's wishing him the best of luck in his future endeavors and we must not forget that under the leadership of "Tom" we have had nothing but successful seasons in both baseball and football.

PARRIS ISLAND SPORTS

By Cpl. L. H. Buss

The basketball season opened at Parris Island somewhat early but with much enthusiasm. Eight teams entered the Inter-post League and the first game was played November 22nd with Headquarters easily defeating the Field Musics, 56-12. This game showed Headquarters possessing a powerful team with Corporal Locke of last year's Post team, playing in his old form, leading the scoring and forming the nucleus of the Headquarters' offense. Carrington at forward played a great game and also Englar at guard.

The best game of the first week's schedule was between the Rifle Range and NCO School. The Range team managed to eke out a 21-19 victory only after five minutes of over-time play. Barnes clinched the win with a free throw as the closing whistle blew.

The other scores to date are as follows:

Post Band, 57; Service Co., 24.
Naval Prison Det., 31; Naval Hospital, 14.
Headquarters Co., 66; Band, 40.
Service Co., 29; Musics, 20.
Rifle Range, 28; Hospital, 15.
NCO School, 28; Naval Prison Det., 17.
Headquarters Co., 64; Service Co., 22.
Musics, 24; NCO School, 22.
Band, 32; Hospital, 23.
Rifle Range, 32; Naval Prison Det., 11.
Headquarters Co., 28; Rifle Range, 20.

The standing of the teams on December 5th found Headquarters leading after a hard battle with the Rifle Range, which Headquarters won 28-20. This was the hardest game that Headquarters had to play so far and the final result was in doubt up to the final whistle. The Rifle Range was in second place with three wins against one loss, a game ahead of the Post Band, which had played one less game.

The first half of the schedule will be completed before the holidays and the second half started early in January.

ALL-MARINE QUARTERBACK



H. F. Billingsley, 145 pounds of dynamite, who although slightly hampered by injuries this season has turned in an excellent performance of football this year with the All-Marines.

BASEBALL AT PORT AU PRINCE

By Fred Belton

Port au Prince, Haiti, Nov. 25.—With ten games played in the local service league no team has taken any commanding lead in the league race and no team looks good enough to be forecasted winner. Four teams are all tied up in a knot for first place at this writing with Hospital trailing only because they have played one game less than the four above them. Transport is undisputed holder of the cellar with three losses and no wins, while Brigade Headquarters, Garde, Aviation and Regiment can all say they lead the league without causing any argument.

The rise of the Regiment this year is the surprise of the race. Tailenders last year after being league champions the year before, they upset the Hospital, who had just upset the Garde after a winning streak of ten games including five whitewashes.

Some wierd, wild, yet interesting and exciting games have been played in the half score battles registered to date. Perhaps the wierdest of them all was the game between Aviation and Transport when the boys who fly came out on the top of a 21-18 score after taking a lead of nine runs in the second inning. Runs flew over home platter so fast the score-keeper demanded a striker and when hostilities had ceased they had to count the runs up twice to be sure who had won. To the Regiment and Hospital

must go the laurels for the best played game of the first ten when the former nosed out the latter by a score which some argue was 1-0, others say was 2-0, while the writer goes one better and gives it 3-0. There were two men on in the last half of the seventh with the score tied at goose eggs when a lusty clout to right field went for a home run.

The league standing to date is as follows:

	W	L	Pct.	F	A
Brigade HQ.	2	1	.666	17	14
Garde	2	1	.666	22	17
Aviation	2	1	.666	30	31
Regiment	2	1	.666	20	12
Hospital	1	1	.500	11	6
Signal	1	2	.333	15	25
Transport	0	3	.000	28	38

The Brigade Headquarters team walked the "Chaumont" team by a 16-to-1 score in an exhibition game.

SECOND BRIGADE, U. S. MARINES, MANAGUA, NICARAGUA

By First Sergeant W. H. Woods

"Skipper" Lewis started off the anniversary of the birthday of the Marine Corps with the reading of the chapter of the Marine Corps Manual. Then started the biggest day we have had here for a long time. Haven't had so much fun since they run the 1930 elections in Chicago. Starting off with the track meet in the morning and winding up with sore feet and a handful of sandwiches in front of the mess hall at "taps." I voted it a successful day for all concerned.

Lieutenants Herbert S. Keimling and Williams handled the morning events, assisted by First Sergeant "Old Smoke" Woods, who did the announcing.

Morning Events

Sack Race: Won by Pfc. O. L. Johnson, Electoral Det.; 2nd Pfc. C. F. Kilbourne, Hq. Co.

3-legged Race: Won by Privates J. Mercury and J. Parker, Elec. Det.; 2nd, Privates Olszewski and Bennett, Hq. Co.

Shoe Race: Won by Staff Sergeant L. Clark, Aviation; 2nd, Pvt. J. S. Macon, Hq. Co.

Baseball Throw: Won by Sgt. E. L. Keller, Aviation; 2nd, Pvt. P. D. Bridges, Elec. Det.; 3rd, Pvt. E. T. Manley, 23rd Co.

Relay Race: Won by Hq. Det., team, Privates J. M. Unterreimer, A. L. Bennett, G. V. Barrett, E. J. Karlage; 2nd, Aviation.

Obstacle Race: Won by A. L. Bennett, Hq. Co.; 2nd, Pvt. W. S. Boyd, Aviation.

Potato Race: Won by Pfc. J. D. Hebert, Aviation; 2nd, Cpl. J. G. Hauser, Aviation.

Wheelbarrow Race: Won by Cpl. A. M. Union and Pfc. F. Jakovljevic, Aviation; 2nd, Privates G. R. Kuykendall and C. J. Bohannon, Aviation.

100-yard Dash: Won by Pvt. E. J. Karlage, Hq. Co.; 2nd, Pvt. M. Williams, 23rd Co.; 3rd, Pvt. W. S. Milligan, Aviation.

Tug-of-war (Final): Won by Aviation, team captain, M. T. Sgt. G. J. Boyle; 2nd, 23rd Co., team captain, Sgt. J. Casperonis.

During the fifteen-minute intermission in the morning events, the Mounted Platoon of the Military Police put on an

exhibition drill. This platoon was handled by Corporal I. P. Johnson, and it was featured by the fact that there were no commands given either by hand or mouth during the entire period. They received a big hand when they left the field.

At noon Lieutenant Conkey and Sergeant Cohen threw out the many feed bags and all hands scoffed a regular holiday feed with a few extra trappings suggested by the weekly menus from the "Ladies' Home Journal." The only people who suffered from the after effects of the BIG FEED were the ones who played ball that afternoon. (I'll have to write baseball later on as I was too full, of chow, to attend.)

In the evening after a short talk on the Marine Corps by Chaplain Mansfield, the featured numbers on the program were trotted out. The 23rd's trio, Du-



Captain Elmer Hall, the Quantico football mentor during the past season had two sure-fire scoring combinations and Lt. Frank Dailey was both of them. Via the aerial route or on the ground, Lieutenant Dailey ever furnished thrills and yardage as he was called into the game to put over points. Hailing from the famous Nebraska Cornhuskers football machine of 1927, he did two years duty with the All-Marine team and in 1929 learned to fly at Pensacola. His work this season with the Quantico team is known to all.

shane, Hooper and Shea, together with a last-minute entry, Ross, made all the ridge-runners homesick with their "Mountain Airs." Fletcher, the blue-yodeling king of Ocotal, entertained with his guitar, and sang the song we all cared so much about, "While Hiking 'Round Nicaragua." Fletcher drew down the prize for the best performance. The humorist, Pfc. Pat Lynch of the 23rd Company, had them all feeling pretty bad with his version of "The Cremation of Sam McGee," and "Farewell to Mother," but like the regular trooper he is, he pulled them out with a slapstick finish and the little boy received the big hand when he left. The prize package was the harmonica recital by the brains of the 17th, little Pvt. P. L. Marcus. That boy knows his breath when it comes to the harmonica. His "Gypsy Sweetheart" and "Sweetheart of Sigma Chi," sounded like the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The only drawback to his

first successful trip before the audience is that he practices when all good Marines should be asleep, from one to four in the afternoon. The camp orchestra pulled a minstrel that was a wonderful number. The old clothes must have come from the penitentiary. They could not have gotten them in that shape any other place.

And the Fights:

Lieutenant Monitor Watchman, the lightweight champion of the Service Club (he shakes a mean cochumba), officiated as announcer, introducing the referee, Ensign R. L. Ballinger, U. S. N.; the judges, Lieutenant G. L. Menocal, U. S. N., and Lieutenant H. S. Keimling, U. S. M. C.; the timekeepers, Q. M. Sgt. Harry Baldwin and 1st Sgt. Smoke Woods. Lieutenant Watchman called the attention of the audience to the fact that the bouts were to be conducted in a ring, built in accordance with the regulations for all Navy championship bouts. It sure looked it with its red, white and blue tape, padded corners and protected deck. Captain Phillips, maintenance officer, supervised the building of this ring and deserves much credit. It was just another one of his jobs well done.

First Bout

Four two-minute rounds between E. C. Hoffer, 17th Co., and P. A. Aguirre, Naval Det. Four of the prettiest rounds that we have had the pleasure of witnessing in a long while. Aguirre was awarded the judges' decision, but it could have been anybody's fight from start to finish; both lads were in there and going from going to going.

Second Bout

Four two-minute rounds between J. J. Rice, 23rd Co., and B. Garcia, Naval Det. The decision went to Rice who deserved the fight. Old Garcia was one of the Navy's best at one time, but he had to stand aside, as youth will be served.

Third Bout

Four two-minute rounds between D. W. Baker, Aviation, and F. B. Stupplebeen, 23rd Co. Baker kept Stupe stepping for three rounds with that long reach that Stupe could not seem to get under. In the fourth round Stupe could not keep away from Baker's right. It appeared as if he hooked it on Stupe's chin and finally Stupe crashed. Baker, in his excitement, hit Stupe when he was lying out for the count and the fight was awarded to Stupe on the foul. The Corps will hear more of this boy Baker when he has been seasoned. All he lacks is experience; he has everything else.

Fourth Bout

Four two-minute rounds between C. L. Johnson, 51st Co., Ocotal, and J. A. Wright, Aviation. Wright won a slow bout by receiving the judges' decision. He had the ability of getting in and out without return damage, always keeping away from Johnson, who is a slow starter.

Fifth Bout

Four two-minute rounds between J. Kopolis, Naval Det., and F. Hager, Aviation. I say four rounds, but Kopolis won in the first round by a knockout. Both boys started very fast, throwing gloves all over the atmosphere and it was a case of who landed the first solid one. Hager hung his ear on a fast hook and blew out

his light. Time, one minute, fifteen seconds.

Final Bout

Six two-minute rounds between W. T. Martin, Naval Det., and H. E. Haley, 66th Co., Jinotega. This bout was fast. The first round found them both feeling around for about thirty seconds when the fireworks started. Haley started in working for the body and landed some pretty tough ones along the ribs, later shifting his attack to the head. Martin also got in some telling body blows. These boys were out for business and the marks showed that they were not pulling any punches. Martin was bleeding pretty badly from the nose and mouth at the end of the first round. During the second round a fast hook under the heart took the sails out from under Martin, and I will say that the boy took a lot of punishment from then on until his second threw in a towel after one minute and thirty-five seconds in the third round. Martin put up a game losing battle and received a big hand when he left the ring.

The boxing committee, Lieutenant G. D. Martin, U. S. N., and Lieutenants M. Watchman and W. R. Hughes, U. S. M. C., showed rare judgment in matching the boxers. It was a good program and everyone enjoyed it.

Immediately after the smoker, the galley once more pulled the outfit away from sports. Sandwiches, coffee and orangeade were served. Cigars and cigarettes were passed around.

One of the high-lights of the evening was when the National Anthem was played and two young soldiers with balcony seats in a tree tried with more patriotism than dignity to stand at attention.

The personnel of the Second Brigade take this medium of thanking the Brigade Commander, Colonel Bradman, and the Battalion Commander, Lieutenant Colonel Garrett, for making it possible for us to spend a glorious day.

WITH THE PONIES AT PORT AU PRINCE

By Fred Belton

Port au Prince, Haiti, Nov. 24.—Captain Rogers' Orioles went under twice in a row in the past two weeks and now repose in Davey Jones' locker practically asphyxiated as far as respirations of winning the polo championship are concerned. Captain Jackson's Cardinals blighted their hopes considerably but not definitely by taking them over with a 7-2 score last week and then Lieutenant (Captain, Garde d'Haiti) Riseley's Bluejays followed it up this week by overcoming a three-goal lead and trouncing them 9-4 with an avalanche of tallies in the final chukkers.

In both games the Orioles have made excellent starts and miserable finishes. There was little to choose among the players of either team in the victory of the Cardinals over the Orioles. It was a bang-up battle all the way through with three goals in the last chukker, making the score belie the actual play.

Captain (Major, Garde d'Haiti) Murray and Lieutenant (Captain, Garde d'Haiti) Riseley featured for the Bluejays in yesterday's victory. Both scored four goals and their defensive play in the last chukkers ruined many a chance for the Orioles. Tompkins, a newcomer, was the leading light for the Orioles.

Line-up of games:

ORIOLES (2)		CARDINALS (7)	
McMahon	1	Belton	2
Larkin	1	Jackson	0
Rogers	0	Enloe	4
Donato	0	Gendreau	0
Drews	0	Miller	1
Tompkins	0	Batterton	0
Kattler	0		

By chukkers:

Cardinals	1	1	2	0	0	3	—7
Orioles	0	1	0	1	0	0	—2

ORIOLES (4)		BLUEJAYS (9)	
McMahon	0	Hermle	0
Larkin	2	Murray	4
Rogers	1	Riseley	4
Donato	0	Shepherd	0
Tompkins	1	Green	1
Drews	0	Whitesel	0
Alsok	0		
Kattler	0		

By chukkers:

Bluejays	0	0	3	1	4	1	—9
Orioles	2	1	0	1	0	0	—4

LEAGUE STANDING

	Played	Won	Lost	Pct.	F.	A.	To play
Bluejays	3	3	0	1.000	28	8	3
Cardinals	2	1	1	.500	7	10	4
Orioles	3	0	3	.000	10	27	3

NAVY DAY NOTES FROM PORT AU PRINCE

By Fred Belton

It nearly turned into Rogers Day. The intrepid captain from the Lone Star State took the wheelbarrow race and then watched his mounts grab off the first and second horse races.

When Larkin went into the last race on Lester M he informed Corral Chief Alsok that he might pick up a dime or two because Lester was due. Alsok tipped every horse in the race but Lester M and when he got through he had convinced himself that Lester M didn't have a chance. As a result Alsok kept his ears open for chow bumps and the Chinese restaurant suffered financially.

When Captain Charles Murray saw Blackie come in second, and so close to first, it was nobody's business, he wouldn't have traded him for Gallant Fox.

One thing we're thankful for—that we're not a balloon with Belcher after us. What a bust we'd be, and that's not a sculptural remark either.

When Major Fagan announced that the three attacking planes were flying the contours to keep out of sight most people thought they had taken a trip over to the Citadel, but when they loomed up over the refinery to the northwestward every throat unconsciously shouted "there they come." We don't know what they did to keep out of sight but if anybody saw them before we did then Dr. Locey is about to get a patient for an eye test.

Many a lung went airless over its average time while the complement of Observation Squadron 9-M went through their antics here as the main attraction of Navy Day. Thousands gathered at Bowen Field to give the program a once over, but few if any came prepared for the thrills galore that made up the finest entertainment yet arranged in this part of the universe and if the seven-year-old lad who ducked under the cars during the bombing of an imaginary force out near

the baseball diamond has been twitted for his run to cover he need have no qualms about the childish act, many of us felt the same way but were too big to get under the machines. The attack, the bombing, the machine guns raking the gasoline saturated shack, were all so real that one could not help but cheer themselves with the thought that in times of real strife those people would be on our side.

A combination airplane-wheelbarrow race opened the proceedings and consisted of a take-off, four miles of flying, a landing, 100 yards wheelbarrow pushing, another take off and finish after another four miles in the air. Captain Ford O. Rogers, caterpillarist, poloist, jester and Texan, flew away with the first prize in this event. Staff-Sergeant Cooper made a parachute jump and those who wagered that Cooper would not hit the field reckoned not his maneuvering abilities. Cooper came down on the field with plenty of room to spare.

Taking off at twenty second intervals, five planes, piloted by Major Davis, Lieutenant Walker, Lieutenant Scollins, Lieutenant Williams and Sergeant Trevelyan, made many a heart jump to the throat, waver and drop back to normal as they banked around the field in a race consisting of some 15 miles actual flying.

Heart specialists who received an excess of patients for examination of their pendulums can thank Trevelyan who all but went upside down in his efforts to get around those turns without loss of time or unnecessary travel. Trevelyan made the best time by 8 seconds but was disqualified for cutting the turn marked by the golf club house. Major Davis was disqualified for cutting "a corner" after a brilliant race and with these two disqualifications the first place went to Lieutenant T. J. Walker. It was Walker, incidentally, whose machine gun's deadly accuracy set fire to the shack. Pilot Belcher proved the premier balloon buster of the day by ruining four out of four. Lieutenant Salzman smacked the three sent up for him, as did Belcher, but the latter took off on one that escaped Pilot Scollins by going through the wings of his plane, giving him a quartet.

Major Louis Fagan announced the events in his own inimitable manner. While the crowd was slowly recovering from the effects of the excitement provided by the birdmen attention was invited to the race course at the east end of the field.

Twenty horses were entered in the three races on the card and jockeys gave out the tips in true track style. Proud owners of mounts strutted around before the races and alibied after. "Two Bits," owned by Captain Rogers and piloted by Phm2cl. Larkin, came in from the rear to capture the third race. Dan placed. The second race was a thrilling run between Lightnin', owned by Captain Rogers, and Whoosit, owned by Private McMahon. Corporal Donato had a leg up on Lightnin' while Private Green tried an Earl Sande on Whoosit. True to prophecies this race quickly settled down to a two-horse affair between Lightnin' and Whoosit. Both mounts took a turn at leading the field but it was Lightnin' who led past the judges stand. The third and last race, scheduled for horses of known running ability, was, as far as horse "knowers" were concerned, a toss up between Big Red, owned by Pfc.

Drews and Ben, owned by Corporal Donato. The owners both rode their own buys. Other horses in the race were Lester M, property of the flying field; Blackie, owned by Captain C. I. Murray; Boise, bought by Captain L. C. Shepherd; Pal, belonging to Miss Torrey, and Bay Boy from the Reynolds' stable. For the most part Big Red and Ben were conceded the race with the other horses just entered to make things look right, but Larkin on Lester M and Private Green on Blackie upset the apple cart by finishing the race in that order with the rest of the field trailing.

The track, slightly over a half mile, was fast. The races were of the morish kind and there is some talk of the Polo Association putting on a quintet of contests early in December.

ALL-MARINES TRIUMPH, 7-0, IN LAST GAME

Gotko Runs 69 Yards For Touchdown

By William B. Edmondson

The All-Marine football team is dead—long live the base teams that will carry on!

I had the great fortune to be a spectator at the last game, which was played against the Coast Guard at Griffith Stadium in Washington, D. C., on the afternoon of 6 December, 1930, for the benefit of the unemployed of the District of Columbia. Although the two teams were too evenly matched for much spectacular play, nothing could stop the representatives of the grand old Corps from retaining the President's Cup, and the Coast Guard went down to a gallant defeat, 7-0.

It was one of the most colorful games I have ever seen. The shows put on by the band representing the Veterans of Foreign Wars, the Coast Guard, and the Marine Corps started fully fifty minutes before the opening gong and held the 15,000 fans, which included President Hoover and many high ranking government officials, completely spellbound.

It was truly a spine-tingling sight to see the Marines, 1200 strong, led by the great Quantico band, march onto the field, and their maneuvers were among the most impressive sights this scribe has ever witnessed.

Thunderous applause filled the air as the Marines formed in succession the letters M, in honor of the team; CG, in honor of the Coast Guard, and a huge H in honor of President Hoover. As the last letter was formed, the command, "about face," was given and the whole contingent wheeled as one and doffed their caps to the Chief Executive while the band played, "California, Here I Come," to the evident delight of the Hoovers, who are Californians.

After these maneuvers, the Marines marched off the field and took their seats in the east stands of the stadium.

Sergeant Jiggs II and Maggie, another bulldog who looks almost like him from a distance, led the Marines onto the field and coaxed the Marines who were leading them all over the place during the progress of the game. Jiggs had just left the bench he had been warming at the aristocratic dog show in Washington to cheer his team on to victory and seemed to have a voracious appetite for megaphones, for Major General Smedley D. Butler had a hard time keeping his from being chewed by the playful Jiggs.

The Coast Guard introduced a large, tame bear on the field which won a big hand. One of their members, who was dressed as a red-hot negro "mammy," attempted to ride the bear, but backed out at the last minute. This flaming dame may have been afraid of bears, but generals and presidents held no terrors for her, for she galloped all over the field with her rattle and once circled General Butler several times with that "hulu hulu" motion while the General was preoccupied leading his men in a cheer. He noticed the female Coast Guardsman as he put down his megaphone, which was immediately attacked by the waiting Jiggs, and gave her a fatherly spank where it would do the most good to the huge delight of the fans.

Between the halves the Coast Guardsmen gave an interesting demonstration of a breeches buoy in action which won thunderous applause as the supposedly stranded mariner was hauled through the air from one side of the field to a spot directly in front of the President's box.

The only touchdown of the game came in the third quarter when, after the Coast Guard had booted the ball deep into Marine territory and the Marines had lost three yards, Private Bobby Gotko took the ball directly from the center, squirmed through the Coast Guard left tackle, eluded a mob of Coast Guardsmen near the line of scrimmage, and started like a blue streak for the enemy goal, 69 yards away. Only one Coast Guardsman, Eddie Roland, who had played a bang-up game and was later awarded a gold watch by a majority vote of the sports writers at the game as the outstanding player on the Coast Guard team, stood between him and the goal. Roland tried to force Gotko out of bounds, but the wily back changed his pace and threw him off long enough to squeeze between him and the side stripe, and raced the remaining thirty yards for the touchdown.

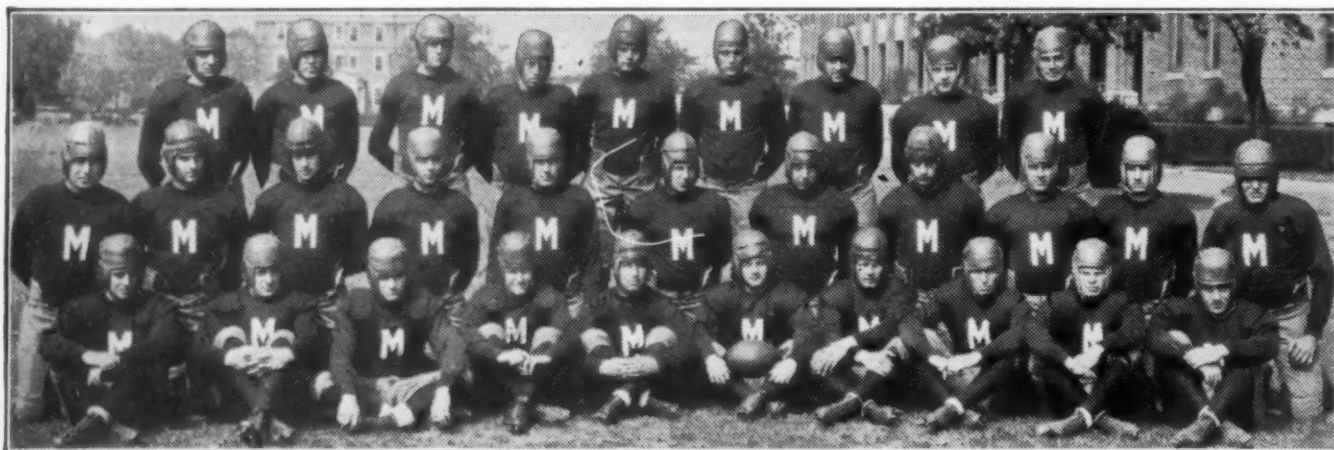
Gotko kicked the extra point and the game stood, Marines 7, Coast Guard 0.

The Marines were content to take the defensive the rest of the game, while the Coast Guard launched an aerial attack in a desperate attempt to even the score, but only one of their eleven passes was completed due to the lynx-like vigilance of the Marine backs.

Near the end of the game the Marines were again in a scoring position, but the gong put an end to the game in time to save the Coast Guard from another possible score.

After the game, the Marines, Coast Guardsmen and spectators swarmed onto the field and had a gay time while President Hoover presented the cup to Lieutenant D. F. "Peggy" O'Neil, captain of the Marine team, to the tune of booming flashlight powder and the Marine Hymn.

(Continued on page 54)



THE ALL-MARINE FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1930

Standing: Beatty, Allen, Sitton, Truckenmiller, Washburn, Glick, Popple, Moe, Ferrell. Kneeling: O'Donnell, Kirkes, Golden, Robertson, Gann, Strouse, Stuckwish, Yeager, Butler, Farr, Simpson. Sitting: McCaffery, Gotko, Harrington, Billingsley, Strong, Morning, Paulsboe, Long, Poppleman, Standley.

THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 27)

firing for record. Thirty-eight members of the detachment left for the rifle range at Fort Lewis, leaving a general gnashing of teeth among their shipmates at the prospect of duty consisting of one day on and stay on. A running guard ensued. "Run to your post, stand your watch, then turn your cap around and meet yourself for relief." However, the group from the range returned in time to save the morale of the guard, bringing many experts and sharpshooters. All the men qualified. Eighteen Marines left the 18th for the range to act as coaches. They endeavored to teach the Gobs the art of hitting the bull's eye with a .30 Springfield rifle. A tough proposition. (Sez you.)

A five-man rifle team from the "Saratoga" participated in a meet sponsored by the Kitsap Rifle Club on October 26th. This detachment was well represented on the team, four of its members being Marines. One member of the U. S. Navy also fired. In spite of a heavy downpour of rain during the matches the team turned in some very respectable scores. The international rifle rules prevailed.

The "Saratoga's" stay in Bremerton will be lengthened somewhat this year by the construction of a huge drydock at the navy yard, large enough to accommodate the world's largest airplane carrier. This will enable her to avoid the usual necessity of going to San Francisco for the annual drydocking. The yearly overhaul of the "Saratoga" will be finished on December 10th. Many sighs will be wafted on high when the ship weighs anchor. The Marines will be sorely missed. (Just ask them.) However, by the large amount of mail, mostly feminine, arriving daily from Long Beach, the call of Southern California is strong.

For the benefit of those who may be contemplating a transfer to the "Saratoga," applications must be put in at least one year in advance. The Marines have to be shanghaied to get them to leave the U. S. S. "Saratoga."

MARINE DETACHMENT, NAVAL WAR COLLEGE, NEWPORT, R. I.

By Julian C. Stinnett

Hello Leathernecks:

We haven't shouted through the "Broadcast" for a long time, fellows, but we intend making it a monthly task from now on. We feel as if the world that is the Marine Corps ought to know all about the gang that is making Newport (by the sea) a paradise for stranded femmes—or so says Pfc. Johnson and he should know, having been the leading man in every broken heart scandal there's been since his social debut some three months ago.

The W. C. Detachment is composed of seventeen men with one Sergeant Earl R. Beckley in charge. Orderly duty is our specialty, but some of us enjoy the somewhat dubious privilege of preventing the "Battle University" from walking away while the orderlies pound their

collective ears. A sentry detail, in other words.

That's the duty part and now we will endeavor to give the low-down on the various members of our home-loving crew. Sergeant Beckley has been a local resident since dear old Hector was in swaddling clothes and if he ever departs from our midst that will even be too soon. If some of our so-called "collegians" didn't have "Beck" to look after them they would perish, even as the babes in the woods. How 'bout it, Sarge?

Corporal Elmer A. Ewing—yes, he of the four eyes and the Piccadilly nose—is our entire post exchange all by himself. In addition, he does corporal of the guard duty, alternating with that great little yarn spinner, Corporal Twohey. Elmer also possesses the best top coat in the detachment, which isn't so hot according to Elmer because the rag fits everyone in the barracks and has been to more social functions than its owner ever heard of. The aforesaid gent's roommate is none other than the right honorable Harris F. Twohey, Esquire. Har-ris, as the fair sex fondly speak of him, has been acquiring poundage at the rate of a pound a week and still he growls about the chow. He is credited with the crack that persimmons would be a great fruit for the W. C. mess. Says they would draw up his stomach to fit the rations! Speaking of chow, however, will someone please suggest a weight-gaining diet for the runt of the gang? He flaunts the moniker of George K. "Tiny" Vincent and he loafs around in the capacity of company clerk. Tiny only tips the scales at two hundred now and has voiced the complaint that some days he can't lay up a pound!

Privates First Class Burgess and Keener are absent from the fold at the present writing on a thirty-day furlough per each. Burgess jumped over a couple of hills to Tennessee, while Keener off for his native habitat in Alabama, yelping, "Pap, I'm coming home to die!"

Privates First Class Johnson and Lowery and Private Walsh have been attending every dance, frog-hop or what have you in Newport and vicinity for the past two months, and there is never a Sunday morning that one or the other of them hasn't a tale to tell of his conquests of the night before. Walsh, in particular—better known as "Intellect"—is a sheik par excellence. He was recently observed bargaining around with our fair cafeteria waitress and, although Newport boasts no snappier stepper than she is, we just wonder if anything serious is going on. It certainly appears as if Walsh were in earnest at any rate. It has come to a point where he pays twice for his coffee in order to gain two more words with the little bunch of blonde loveliness behind the counter. Is her sweet voice worth a nickel, "Intellect?" And if so, won't she charge it?

Privates DePlanche and Lovelett have been fraternizing a lot with the Navy of late. DePlanche plays the violin in the Training Station Orchestra and does a darn neat job of it, too. Lovelett made a successful bid for the basketball team, but we're still trying to figure out how he's gonna tell friend from foe in a game—the remainder of the quintet are Gobs. However, it will at least prevent

him from chasing off up to Sanford, Maine, every week end—maybe! She must be the kind of girl that men forget—I mean get for!

Several of the bunch have just completed firing the short range pistol course with the boys from the Torpedo Station. Private Stacy, a newcomer in our midst, also fired for record with the rifle. The high score for the W. C. Detachment to date with the pistol was made by Pfc. James E. Lowery. Got that old North Carolina revenooer slant on 'em, didn't you, Jimmie?

In closing, allow us to wish everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with two corking good dinners accompanying same! And may the Doc be well supplied with pills!

NEWS OF THE MARINE BARRACKS, NAVAL TORPEDO STATION, NEWPORT, R. I.

By S & H

While the chilly winds are blowing, we must come back on the air once more. The championship game between the Non-Coms and the Privates finally came to an end. The Privates, as predicted, were victorious, trimming First Sergeant Murphy's N. C. O. team by the score of 14 to 3. Private Bell, who pitched for the Privates, was effective throughout the game, allowing only five hits. While on the other end, Corporal Roeland, for the Non-Coms, was hit for fifteen. Take heed after this, you two and three strippers. When the Privates say they're out for your scalp, they mean it.

We now turn to basketball, with plenty of candidates coming out daily. Two of our best, Corporal Roy and Pfc. Emmons, have departed for China and without them we seem to be lost for a new team this year, unless the M. G. C. sends us two good stars P. D. Q. Anyway, we have "Radio," Al Smith and Sergeant Dickson to keep the pot boiling. If it isn't "The Happy Warrior" from New York, then it's Leonard O. Dickson from Tennessee.

Pfc. Scheffer, Painter, and Private Lee, W., have returned from their furloughs, all reporting a good time. Scheffer is the boy who turns Jewish overnight when the annual Passover comes around. A good excuse is better than none, Bill. Schornak and Hanson will take up Mark Hellinger's job when he retires from the *Boston Advertiser*. These two "Bozos" sure know their onions when it comes to smelling them. Hanson was formerly with the *Danish Backward Times*. Schornak wrote history for the *Polish Star*, another backward paper—we mean the paper was all right, only a person had to read backwards. This pair we expect will be signed by the *Newport Daily News* before long. Private Crabb's request for everyday duty has been granted. Mrs. Crabb please take notice. Your Willie will make a fine home man when he retires in the next sixteen years. He just insists on staying in. Something wrong in Indiana.

Corporal Boyd and Pfc. Fleishman have borrowed Corporal Gordon's two Eskimo dogs. Now Boyd and Fleishman can be seen going by the "North Pole" each day in their new sled called "Igloo." By the way, in order to get to the

"North Pole" we Marines must go South. Here's another Ripley should print. MARINES STATIONED AT THE NAVAL TORPEDO STATION, NEWPORT, R. I., HAVE SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF SAVING THE LIFE OF A KITTEN FIVE DAYS OLD AFTER THE MOTHER WAS TAKEN ILL AND DIED. THE MARINES FED THE KITTEN FOR A PERIOD OF THREE WEEKS, WHEN IT WAS FATALLY INJURED BY A MOTOR VEHICLE. THE KITTEN RESPONDED TO THE "EYE DROPPER" COMMONLY USED BY PERSONS AFFLICTED WITH EYE TROUBLE. THE CORPORALS WHO PERFORMED THIS HEROIC DEED WERE HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY NAVAL AND MARINE OFFICERS AS WELL AS THE CIVILIANS WHO WORK AT THE STATION. SHOULD ANY POST GET INTO THE SAME FIX AS OURS, PLEASE WRITE FOR BOOKLET.

We just can't forget Corporal Buhr, commanding officer, Gould Island. In our last issue we mentioned that Buhr sang at the opening of the new theatre, "North Pole." A large crowd attended and he was given the key to the city, which is very seldom done here. The key came in handy as the next morning Buhr's stocks went down.

Now we come to the noble experiment. First Sergeant Murphy will give us readers the solution to this article in the next issue. In closing, readers, don't forget WITH THE AID OF AN EYE DROPPER A KITTEN'S LIFE CAN BE SAVED.

EX-MARINES GUARD RESERVE BANK AT PITTSBURGH

By C. B. Weaver

"If you want a job well done, send the Marines." Evidently the governors of the Federal Reserve Bank System have heard of this time-tested adage and are putting it to test, judging from the number of ex-Marines on guard at the Federal Reserve Banks throughout the country. The Pittsburgh guard, numbering eighteen, boasts of having fifteen ex-Marines, two ex-doughboys and one civilian; the former Marines being none other than George Roush, captain of the guard and one time sergeant; Earl Maze, Ed. Stephens, Frank Rubaka, Noble Rappe, Leonard George, Vernon Straassel, Stephen Stefanik, Arthur Adams, Robert Lyles, the sergeant who once claimed the title of "canteen steward" at Managua during the late "banana war;" Richard Pringle, Francis Dodson, John Benson, C. G. "Buck" Weaver, who has been on more waiting lists, far ratings, than any other private in the Marine Corps, and last but not least, our latest recruit, Herbert Snead, who has just joined us and will no doubt help to add to the long list of tales of experiences in the tropics, Quantico, Parris Island and elsewhere.

The natty army type uniforms add a military atmosphere to the appearance of the guard and their courtesy and conduct is a credit to the Corps. Several of the men are in the Marine Corps Reserve, and although they are not in active service, all are Marines at heart. Day after day one can hear tales of the far off tropical countries coming from the guard room, of the bum chow they

put out up in Portsmouth before and after Christmas and of the señoritas down in Nicaragua (gee, I wonder how Maria is getting along?).

Although the Marine Corps League post has disbanded the guard intends to reorganize it early in January of the coming year, here in Pittsburgh. It is hoped that at least one hundred and fifty members can be signed up and any former Marines from Pittsburgh are urged to get in touch with Captain Roush at the Federal Reserve Bank and help put this drive over.

The Pittsburgh Revolver League gets under way on the nineteenth of December and the boys expect to make a good showing. The Federal guard ought to be right up there on top for if there's anything a Marine can do better than anything else, it's shoot, so next month we'll drop you a few lines and let you know how we made out.

A CALL FOR LETTERS

Men of the Sixth Provincial Brigade, U. S. Marines, who served in Cuba during 1918-1919 will remember Private Chester R. Jones, better known as "Deacon Jones," hard and fast hitting welter-weight boxer of the 94th Company, 7th Regiment, San Juan Hill, Santiago, Cuba. West Indies in those days, black or white. The 147-pound Marine won from Cuban Army and Navy champs and civilians at Camaquey City, Cuba, including U. S. Army men and Marines of the 1st Regiment, stationed at Guantanamo Bay.

The one-time fighting Leatherneck is now staging his last battle (sickness) and would like to hear from his old buddies that remember him. His address is: Mr. Chester R. Jones, 2517 Home Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

WHAT QUANTICO HAS TO OFFER ITS MEN

There have been a countless number of requests by mail and phone to the Commanding General, Major General Smedley D. Butler, regarding just what Quantico has to offer in the way of recreation to the men who are stationed here.

The big attraction at Quantico is athletics and a great part of our time is devoted to putting upon any field the best kind of a team no matter what branch of sport it is.

Football at Quantico is the one big thing and under the expert guidance of Captain Elmer E. Hall, athletic officer, one of the most powerful, and fastest eleventh has just completed a very successful season. This should appeal to all mud and moleskin lovers.

Baseball runs football a close second and in early spring the ring of horse hide upon a bat is heard everywhere. This sport is handled by the one and only "Nig" Clarke who has seen the diamond for a period of thirty-five years. Plenty of material, a good field—why not a good team.

Basketball follows baseball and it will take a very fast team to beat the Quantico basketballers this season. Major Peard, who will run the Post team this season, said "that he has never seen such a lot of promising basket tossers together at one post." There has been

a schedule of approximately forty-five games arranged for the team this year with plenty of traveling. The squad will carry fifteen men who will be the post's best.

Tennis and track are big items and there are numerous courts at the post to develop your skill. At the present time plans are being made for a quarter-mile cinder track around the present football field and will be ready for use in early spring. Lieutenant Rixey coaches our tennis players and Lieutenant Frank Dailey, who was a member of the University of Nebraska's relay team in "27" that broke the world record for the 880-yard relay, puts the men through their paces.

The evenings bring to you the latest in motion pictures and it is all in sound, and run by operators that know how. There are pictures shown at Quantico that have never been before the American public at all but if the Marines from Quantico like the picture it surely will please the outsiders. Before and after the show you may visit the Hostess House where Staff Sergeant Slayton will show you the wonders of coffee and doughnuts. It is a very comfortable place and does make you feel very much at home.

There is a possibility that you may not like movies every night. Each of the new barracks has a very attractive recreation room in which there are pool tables, a radio and victrola with the latest of dance hits. The newspaper rack is full at all times with the different newspapers and magazines from all over the U. S. If you like chess, checkers or any number of other indoor games that you may like you can find them in the recreation room.

The barracks themselves are of the highest type brick construction, concrete floors; the showers and wash rooms are of tile. You cannot find more cleanliness in your own home than in these new barracks. This is one of the biggest reasons for the number of satisfied men stationed at one of the best and largest posts in the Marine Corps.

Every other week brings three bus loads of co-eds from Washington, D. C., to our semi-monthly dances. They are, as a rule, very attractive and are good, congenial company. Men that care to fight are given opportunities once or twice a month at the smokers.

Men that are literarily inclined will find a library of about 7,000 volumes with a very attractive and capable librarian in charge and she does know her books. There is also a literary and debating society that meets in the library every Wednesday evening.

Chaplain Hall and Father Gorski have arranged for the different executives of different government departments to come down and talk upon the inner workings of their departments. These talks every week have been found very beneficial and are very interesting.

The average enlisted man is always thinking of being "paid off" and just what he will do to keep the home fires burning on the outside. There are a number of departments at Quantico where one might learn a trade. In one instance I might mention the reproduction department of the Marine Corps Schools. All the printing of the post is done in this place and they use any number of different printing presses and

typesetters. There is an opportunity to learn a very good paying trade and something that will always be needed. There is a chance to learn the wonders of photo refinishing in all phases of the work under the supervision of expert men.

All in all, Quantico has everything to offer its men. There is good liberty and plenty of it, comfortable quarters, and plenty of athletics. When you want a transfer, why not pick Quantico for your next post?

CORPORAL RED, MASCOT OF THE PEARL HARBOR MARINES, PROMOTED TO SERGEANT

Anyone who addresses Corporal Red as Corporal Red any longer will be guilty of a breach of discipline. For Corporal Red, after 11 years of faithful service at the old naval station here in Pearl Harbor, has become Sergeant Red, United States Marine Corps.

Red was given his sergeant's warrant the other day by Lieutenant Colonel R. S. Keyser of the Marine detachment at Pearl Harbor. The warrant was issued on recommendation of Commander R. W. Bates by personnel of the Marine guard.

If you are unfamiliar with events at the old naval station you may not know who Sergeant Red is. But if you tried to visit the station without the proper authorization you would soon know that Sergeant Red is the most faithful guard the station has.

Origin Unknown

His origin is shrouded in mystery. Perhaps there is a blot on the family escutcheon he is trying to live down. During his years of faithful service he has lived it down and the Marines saw to it that he had a proper ceremony and recognition when promoted to his serjeancy.

Sergeant Red was born on the Big Island. While still a pup he was picked up by Marines on vacation there and has served 11 years at the old naval station without a single rest period at Kilauea.

Red's promotion was almost held up after Commander Bates had surveyed his record. It was found he had been sentenced once for walking on the white cushions in the commanding officer's car when the German S. S. "Emden" was in port. It was found he had been guilty of fighting on several occasions and that he had been drunk.

Red's sick report shows that he has been to the dispensary many times with lacerated paws and ears.

Once, his records show, he defeated four trespassers who attacked him. His victory was accomplished by retreating so fast he contrived to get the enemy disorganized and scattered. Then he turned and met them one at a time, beating a hasty retreat after each ambush. This was one of the occasions on which he went on sick report.

He Mounts Guard

Sergeant Red mounts guard every night. He escorts the guard to the dock and brings back the relief. He meets all the transports, too.

Once a sailor missed a heaving line from the Army transport "Chaumont." But Red retrieved it just as it slipped over the edge of the pier.

The ship's captain shouted to the officer on the pier, "I'll trade you a couple of good sailors for that fellow."

"Come around when you've got a couple of battleships to swap," the officer shouted back.

Red gets his name from his color—brick red. He's an Irish terrier, almost.

If you believe Red is no good and you want to get into trouble—tell it to the Marines!

NICARAGUAN ELECTORAL DETAIL

By Isadore J. Mandell

We have just found time to let ye readers know what the Marine electoral gang is doing these fine days in that highly political land known as Nicaragua. All is well, except that some of the old hands in the business are all smoked up because of a "no 'count 'lection"—no fireworks, in other words. Here is the latest dope to date:

Captain Johnson, U. S. N., is the big jefe of the white man's part of this Nicaraguan she-bang. There are also Majors Pierce, Price, Larsen, Gieyer, and Captains Bleasdale, Blake and First Lieutenant Stephenson, our commanding officer. Our old reliable Top Kick, "Smoky" W. Woods, is busy on the job getting all hands lined up for the good old U. S. A. again.

Our men were scattered all over the country, covering the Departments of Managua, Rivas, Chontales, Jinotega, Neuva Segovia, Esteli, Carazo, Granada, Leon, and Chinandega, and we were sure represented at all these pow-wows. We received our much-awaited \$3.10 a day and had the time of our lives after the gang had been collected again in Managua.

However, we earned the money—and don't think not. We caught plenty of drill and inspections galore, not to mention Spanish, when we first came here. Fact of the matter is, I think we know enough Spanish to about qualify as instructors in Spanish in the M. C. I.

The whole gang is healthy and wealthy and rarin' to go back to "God's Country," but you ought to hear old Smoky cussin'—he could give you a full education in cussology in less than four shakes of a pig's tail—and can he scoff frijoles—don't esk, please!

All the men from the East Coast will leave on destroyers from Corinto on November 16 and the West Coast men on 14 November. It won't be long now.

GUNNERY SERGEANT MORRIS FISHER, U. S. MARINE CORPS

By Cpl. Geo. W. Ziehl

Gunnery Sergeant Morris Fisher enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps in 1911, never having previously fired a rifle. He acquired all of his knowledge and skill of shooting in the Marine Corps.

The first medal he acquired was a sharpshooter medal while firing the Army qualification course in Honolulu, T. H., in 1912, and he was prouder of this medal than he is of all the medals he has won since.

After this he fired on the team representing Honolulu in Bremerton, Washington, against Mare Island and Bremerton. Due to the fact that he made a showing in these matches, he was sent to the Wakefield, Mass., range, where the Marines hold their yearly practice, for tryout for the Marine Corps team.

He fired with the team at Camp Perry, Ohio, and at Sea Girt, N. J. After the

completion of these matches, he went to Key West, Florida. In 1914 he went on an expedition on board the U. S. S. "Hancock" to assist in quelling the trouble in Haiti and San Domingo. The expedition lasted seven months.

After the disturbances were over, they came back to the Philadelphia Navy Yard, where they suffered from the cold on account of having only khaki uniforms. They arrived December 24th, but this lasted only four days, after which he was sent back to Key West, Florida, where he was discharged. He then went back to his home in Youngstown, Ohio, but his desire for rifle shooting compelled him to re-enlist and he was ordered to Winthrop, Maryland, where he won his first gold medal in the division match.

In 1916 he went with the Marine team to Jacksonville, Florida, where he fired on the Marine team that won the National championship for that year in addition to many more medals.

He then was sent to San Diego, California, and had charge of the rifle range there at North Island. While there he competed with the San Diego Civilian Rifle Club, of which he was a member at the time, against Los Angeles and many other cities.

In 1918 he joined General Butler's famous 13th Regiment which went overseas. In 1919 he competed with the A. E. F. in the rifle matches held at Le Mans, France, where he won second place in the distinguished marksmanship class. He then tried out for the A. E. F. team, but was eliminated. He was immediately sent back to join the Marine Corps rifle team and fired on the same, which beat the A. E. F. team at Caldwell, N. J. which he says gave him one of his biggest thrills.

He was then sent to the recruiting district at Cleveland, Ohio, where he succeeded in getting many young men to enlist by explaining the many good points and the many advantages you can have in the service.

In 1920 he received orders to proceed to Quantico, Va., to try out for the Olympic team, which he had no idea he could make, but won fourth place in the try-outs; and over in Antwerp, Belgium, he won the Olympic championship. In 1921 he accompanied the International Rifle team which won the international free rifle matches held at Lyons, France. In 1922 he was a member of the All-United States team to Milan, Italy, where they again won the international championship. In 1923 the matches were held at Camp Perry, Ohio. For the first time since 1913 he won the world's individual rifle championship that year, and first place in five other matches, also establishing five world's records.

In 1924 the team went to Rheims, France, where they won the international team match and again Gunnery Sergeant Fisher won the world's championship. From there they went to Chalons, France, where they won the Olympic team match, and he won the Olympic individual world's championship.

In 1925 he accompanied the team to St. Gall, Switzerland. In 1927 he was a member of the Marine Corps Rifle team to Camp Perry, Ohio, where he won a Navy match (20 shots standing), and the Army rifle match at 600 yards, score-

(Continued on page 53)

Yard Arm Blinker

By Arthur Rosett

I'll start the old column rolling this month with a little poem dedicated to First Sergeants as I know them (to be sung to the tune of "Hinky, Dinky, Parley Voo"):

The Top Kick runs the com-pan-ee,
Parley voo,
He hands out work and lib-er-tee,
Parley voo,
When you are down, he shouts with glee—
"Don't come to me for sym-path-ee!"
Hinky, dinky, parley voo.

The Top Kick hates the guy who shirks,
Parley voo,
Especially his comp'ny clerks,
Parley voo,
He bawls them out from morn 'till night,
Until they think that Sherman's right.
Hinky, dinky, parley voo.

The Top Kick's language is the sort,
Parley voo,
That leaves men sans a good retort,
Parley voo,
The words come out in one big stream—
Just like a Thompson sub-machine—
Hinky, dinky, parley voo.

The Top can make great people shrink,
Parley voo,
By looks and words I daren't think,
Parley voo,
And when you come within his sight,
You are convinced that "Might is Right"—
Hinky, dinky, parley voo.

He has a way of doing things,
Parley voo,
That makes you think of czars and kings,
Parley voo,
And though you might begrudge his sway,
The Top Kick has the right of way.
Hinky, dinky, parley voo.

Incidentally, there are a lot of other verses to this world famous A. E. F. ballad, but after all, Hop, this a high-hat mag, and we don't want to lose either our column, reputation, or rank. Besides, some people we know might be shocked.

CARE AND FEEDING OF MARINES

Being a Reference for the Benefit of
Mess Sergeants, Corpsmen, Police
Sergeants, Etc.

The science of caring for and feeding Marines has occupied the attention of the author for a long time (fifteen minutes, to be exact). It is a science that is comparable to that of taking care of wobbles, horses, infants and machine guns. Marines are very delicate, and if not treated properly, things are apt to go boop-boop-a-doop. Volumes have been or could be written regarding this subject, but as the editor has just asked me if I had my life insured, I fear that I will have to get down to facts immediately—did you ever hear the one about

the traveling salesman and the farmer's daughter?—oh, pardon me, this is about the care and feeding of Marines.

We'll divide this into two departments, namely, **Care**; secondly, **Feeding**. The reason being that if we took them both at once complications would set in that would remind me of a Chinese crossword puzzle being worked by a man with Saint Vitus dance and rheumatism in all joints.

Care

One of the most important items under the above heading is to be sure that diapers are changed every five hundred miles. What's that? You say Marines don't wear diapers? By golly, I never knew that!

The Genus Marinus', being a highly sensitive organism, should be awakened each morning by the music¹ of the guard slamming him over the head with a sledge hammer. Bugles, in spite of what the Old School thinks, are not the cat's hind legs (ask any cat). The author has discovered that the bugle possesses qualities which grate on the nerves. Take for instance "Taps." Isn't it much more efficient to go to sleep via the sledge-hammer route than by the mere call of a bugle? Certainly it is. Again I say: eliminate Musics and bugles; institute the use of bigger and better sledge hammers, and the Marine Corps will become Utopia².

During the course of the day's routine, the Genus Marinus should take care not to work too hard. Overwork causes drowsiness, that tired feeling, and an unusual craving for liberty. Take for example the case of Private O. D. Shirt. He threw a big liberty once, and it was only after taking a course in the Unintentional Correspondence School on "How to Become a Successful Garbage Wagon Driver," that he was able to recover from that liberty. The big idea is to get to bed early. When Pat Henry said, "Give me liberty or give me death," what he should have said if he had been a good Marine, was "Let's go ashore, and get back before Taps."

When the hour approaches for the little Genus Marinus to tuck himself in, he should light his cigarette (but don't let the O. D. see it), close his eyes, and sleep. If this advice is followed to the letter, the chances are that he will dream sweet dreams of nice slimy snakes, tarantulas, four-headed monsters, and other pleasant things.

On Feeding

There are many ways of feeding the Genus Marinus. One of the simplest, and most economical, is to collect all the G. I. cans in the neighborhood, empty the contents into a huge caldron, stir up well, sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, and serve on delicate leaves of lettuce. The average Marine, although he is considered highly amphibious, dislikes sea-weed, minnows, or worms—especially for breakfast.

The three most important articles of diet for the Genus Marinus are the Bean, the Spud, and Slum. The bean is handed out only during three meals daily. Slum is a conglomeration composed mostly of vitamins, protiens and carbohydrates, whatever they are.

The Spud, called the Potato by the proletariat, is an item that calls for discussion. The question is, why has no ambitious mess sergeant ever invented a

skinless spud? Certainly it is necessary. The meat men patented a skinless frankfurter—why not a skinless spud? Just think of the casualty element in the spud that is coated with a skin. Suppose, for instance, you were sitting over a couple of tubs full of potatoes, thinking of the last time you were out with that beautiful vision of loveliness, how she kissed and cuddled up to you—and lo and behold! you have cut your finger with the paring knife! At the sick bay you get bawled out for being careless; in the office, the Top accuses you of deliberately gold-bricking; your buddies think you are a slacker for making one of them take your place in the galley; the Looey mentally puts you on his "List," and you get in more trouble than Adam did that time he made love to Eve. All this because no one ever had the ingenuity to invent a skinless spud. Think it over.

One of the most wonderful phenomena that is to be imagined is to be seen any Sunday or Holiday at any Marine Corps post, when the Chicken is brought in. Imagine a chicken composed solely of wings and necks! I could never understand how a chicken could be content with only wings and necks (unless it did an awful lot of necking), and yet be happy. Statistics show us that the chicken, U. S. Marine Corps, Q. M. issue, has the same tensile strength as carbon steel. After digesting Marine Corps Chicken, one has the right to pat himself on the back and call himself all man. Speaking of chicken reminds me of a Marine that once went out with one and—oh, pardon me, I was on the subject of food.

The following routine is suggested for use in all posts as a boost to morale:

(a) All members of the species Genus Marinus should be thoroughly instructed in jiu-jitsu, boxing, wrestling and football, as a sort of preliminary to Marine Corps table manners.

(b) All messmen should be equipped with hand grenades, tear bombs, trench mortars and light machine guns, thereby insuring peace in the galley when the Genus Marinus becomes exuberant about surveying this and that.

In conclusion, the author wishes to thank those of you who had the patience to finish reading the solution of this problem that has for so long puzzled such eminent authorities as truck drivers, hogs, chess players and writers.

¹A carnivorous animal, amphibious, devoted to exploiting the fair sex, and an exponent of war.

²One who delights in tormenting the Genus Marinus.

³Wine, women, and war.

Private Herb Grover of the Marine Corps Base, San Diego, Calif., champ of the Eleventh Naval District, won all the way over Henry Jackson in a four-round bout at the San Diego Coliseum.

Marine Herb Grover, San Diego's leading service boxer, won all the way in a fast, four-round bout from Sailor Tex Mills of the U. S. Navy at the San Diego Coliseum Athletic Club.

Vigo Doman of Los Angeles won from Corporal Ray Spiker, 205-pound San Diego Marine, at Jack Doyle's All-Star Heavyweight Show at Wrigley Field, Los Angeles, California.

THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 51)

ing a possible. This match allows any rifle to be used, including telescopes.

In 1928 he journeyed to Amsterdam, Holland, with the team and from there to The Hague, France, where the range is located. In 1929 the team went to Stockholm, Sweden, and in 1930 to Antwerp, Belgium, where they won the team championship for the first time since 1924, and established a new team prone record.

Gunnery Sergeant Morris Fisher has over one hundred medals which he has won in the United States and abroad, and has enjoyed some wonderful traveling experiences which he could not have done had he not been with the United States Marine Corps. Gunnery Sergeant Fisher has also won several gold and bronze medals in pistol matches, of which he is very proud as he is primarily a rifle shot. He is now completing 20 years of service with the Marines, all of which he has enjoyed very much.

SEZ YOU

Can you tell a better one than these?

Send us an account of your most unusual, bona fide job, or the best story in your repertoire of an unusual experience of a Marine while on active duty.

If your story is true and accepted for publication, we will send you a year's subscription to "The Leatherneck."

Manuscripts should not exceed 1,000 words in length, 500 being preferable; should be typewritten, on one side of the paper only, and should be double spaced.

Marines Guard Queen Marie

When Queen Marie and her royal party reached Portland, Oregon, during her tour of the United States several years ago, the glory of the city was put on parade for her. One of the affairs in her honor was the horse show held at the International Live Stock Exposition. For the accommodation of the Queen, there was erected at the show a royal box. At the request of the manager of the local chamber of commerce, a body-guard of ten Marines was furnished to guard the box and four Marines were furnished as messengers for the royal party. The guard was dressed in full dress blues with blue caps, while the messengers were dressed in full dress blues with white caps.

At seven o'clock on the evening of the show there were driven up to the door of the hotel where the guard was quartered four new sedans on the doors of which were painted the words "U. S. MARINES—BODYGUARD TO HER MAJESTY, QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA."

And those sedans had a free road—no traffic regulations restrained their travel that night!

Marine Hair Dresser

The following happened in the British Royal Marines, but is such an excellent example of the versatility of marines the world over, in whatever navy, that we cannot resist the temptation to include it here.

It appears that when the Duke and



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Toasting removes dangerous irritants

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Throat irritation and Coughing

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In the old Marine Corps, Leathernecks would get together at the corner tavern, drink ale, and tell stories.

In the new Marine Corps, Gyrenes in Washington meet at BRINKLEY'S, drink soft drinks, tell stories, and listen to the latest dance number as played by some famous orchestra. BRINKLEY'S serve meals that are fit for a general. Food that melts in your mouth, prepared by women in clean wholesome surroundings. Dine and dance at BRINKLEY'S.

The lucky Marine this month is A. B. L.—a corporal in M. C. I.

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That's not the spirit of the Marine Corps. Decide today to make an allotment to this bank of part of your pay—We'll do the rest and

You'll have a
Happy New Year

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Duchess of York were going to Australia on the cruiser "Renown" that no female servants were taken along. A news item says in regard to the incident: "There will be no female servants as the men on board are well qualified to run things. This even includes hair dressing, Marine W. R. Uden having taken a special course to qualify for this particular task."

Marine Pilot Brings Down the Quarry

On November 5, 1926, when a fast plane flew across the Mexican-California border and, contrary to custom regulations, failed to land at the customs house, a military patrol plane immediately rose in pursuit. The police plane was a Marine Corps pursuit, piloted by Gunnery Sergeant Albert M. Munsch. He pursued the fleeing ship and eventually maneuvered so that when over San Diego, California, he hemmed the quarry and forced the aviator to land at the point of a pair of machine guns.

The customs officials fined the aviator, who gave his name as Lionel Kay, \$100.00 for violating customs regulations. He had been under suspicion for some time as a smuggler, although no contraband was found aboard the ship when Sergeant Munsch had forced him to land.

Bennie Levine, of Newark, has set a new record for quick knockouts in New Jersey. Levine stopped Tony Lambert of Newark in 15 seconds of the first round. The previous record was held by Jack Dempsey, who knocked out Fred Fulton at Harrison Field in 17 seconds more than a decade ago.

Many great ring battles have been fought in Shanghai, China, since 1927, in which American, Italian, British and French Marines have taken part. A few of the recent scraps follow:

Private Deer, Fourth Regiment, U. S. Marines, won from Private "Red" Stanton of the R. A. S. C., British Army. Four rounds.

Marine Zavelitch, Fourth Regiment, U. S. M. C., and Ed Moore of Kobe, Japan, fought a draw. Eight rounds.

Marine Searcey, middle and lightweight service champion boxer, has been transferred to Fourth Marines, Shanghai, China, from Marine Barracks, Navy Yard, Cavite, P. I.

Bull Dog Morgan, fighting Marine of the Cavite Navy Yard, P. I., fought an interesting eight-round bout to a draw with Harry Telesco, of Manila, P. I., lightweights.

Big Ben Chaves, Fourth Marines, fought a draw with Babe Russ of the French Marines from Avenue Joffre, Shanghai, at the Shanghai Boxing Auditorium.

Zavelitch, Fourth Marines, won a six-round decision over Stoker Harley, H. M. S. "Kent," at the boxing auditorium in Shanghai.

Tony Starr, ex-Marine heavyweight, easily won the decision over Tony Fuente, Mexican heavyweight, in a ten-round bout at the San Diego (California) Coliseum recently. Starr won every round but two and dropped Fuente twice.

The largest stadium in the world, with a seating capacity of 200,000, will be constructed in Marine Park, Brooklyn, N. Y. In addition to the stadium there will be 60 tennis courts, athletic fields, lakes and gardens.

ALL-MARINES TRIUMPH 7-0

(Continued from page 48)

played by the sorely jostled Quantico band.

It is saddening to reflect that this is the last football game the All-Marines will play, as everyone admits that it is a great team and a collection of good sports hard to beat, but let us hope that the three base teams which will struggle for the honor of defending the President's Cup next season will prove even better.

All in all, it was a swell football game, despite the cold and the intermittent light rain, and the \$15,000.00 collected will keep a lot of needy families warm and comfy this winter in the District of Columbia.

First Quarter

Coast Guard guessed the coin right and chose the east goal. Glick kicked off for the Marines and Roland, receiving, was smeared on his own 20-yard line. Coast Guard could not buck the Marine line and Heffelfinger booted the spheroid 55 yards to the Marine 40-yard stripe. Marines made four yards on two off tackle plays, and Robertson punted to the Guardmen's 23-yard marker.

Second Quarter

Coast Guard substituted Edwards for Spaniol and Libby for Pearson. Robertson booted the ball to Coast Guard's 48-yard line. Coast Guard gained eight yards around right end, Edwards and Heffelfinger carrying the ball. Heffelfinger kicked the ball out of bounds on the Marine 20-yard line. Following a 5-yard penalty for off-side, Robertson kicked past midfield, and Heffelfinger returned the compliment by booting the ball deep into Marine territory. Gotko replaced Poppelman. A lateral pass was attempted by McCaffery but the ball was fumbled. Gibson, Coast Guard, caught the ball on the rebound and, under the impression that he had intercepted the pass, raced to the Marine 7-yard line.

Third Quarter

Billingsley substituted for McCaffery, Bauer for Long, Truckenmiller for Beatty. Gotko kicked off, ball being grounded on the Coast Guard's 35-yard line. Billingsley returned Heffelfinger's punt 21 yards to midfield. Another punting duel followed and the Marines got the ball. Murphy relieved Reeves for the Coast Guard. Gotko shot 69 yards off right tackle for a touchdown on the third play, cutting dangerously close to right end to register. Added the point with a placement.

Marines, 7; Coast Guard, 0.

Fourth Quarter

On the second play, Coast Guard fumbled. Roland recovered. O'Neil substituted for Bauer and received a great hand. Heffelfinger punted to the Marine

23-yard line on the third play. Gotko stabbed off tackle and around end for 31 yards. Marines penalized 5 yards for delaying game.

Statistics.	Marines	C. G.
Yards gained from scrimmage.....	173	116
Yards gained from passes.....	0	15
Yards gained on penalties.....	10	50
Total yards gained.....	183	181
First downs.....	3	4
Passes attempted.....	1	11
Passes completed.....	0	1
Passes incomplected.....	1	9
Passes intercepted.....	1	0
Average yards on punts.....	45 1/3	39 1/3

Line-up		
Coast Guard.		Marines
Reade.....	Left end.....	Farrell
White.....	Left tackle.....	Crowe
Shonts.....	Left guard.....	Beatty
Banker.....	Center.....	Sitton
Gibson.....	Right guard.....	Standley
Weineke.....	Right tackle.....	Cummings
Higgins.....	Right end.....	Glick
Roland.....	Quarterback.....	McCaffery
Spaniol.....	Left halfback.....	Robertson
Pearson.....	Right halfback.....	Poppelman
Heffelfinger.....	Fullback.....	Long

Substitutions—Coast Guard: Libbey for Spaniol. Edwards for Pearson. Atkinson for Banker. Banker for Atkinson. Atkinson for Banker. Murphy for Reade. Proseley for Shonts. Bell for White. Spaniol for Heffelfinger and Hostad for Higgins. Marines: Gotko for Poppelman. Billingsley for McCaffery. Bauer for Long. Truckenmiller for Beatty. Gann for Standley. O'Neil for Bauer. Long for O'Neil. Stuckwick for Gann.

QUANTICO MARINES THRILL QUAKER CITY

(Continued from page 42)

A moment later Zeher, the fullback, added the extra point and the sea soldiers were seven points to the good.

It would have been lucky for the Marines if the game had ended right there—but there was trouble in the offing. After an exchange of kicks in the fourth period, an intercepted pass gave the Legion the ball on their own 45-yard line. Bit by bit they worked their way down the field with the ball, slicing a few yards off tackle here, gaining a couple of more yards there. This advance was not stopped until the enemy was literally within inches of netting a tally. But the Legion lost the ball and the Marines punted out of danger.

But again the Legion captured the ball, and began a steady march toward the Leathernecks' goal. This time Rogers made the grade and got over for a Legion touchdown, but Wall failed to kick goal, making the Marines still one solitary point to the good.

It was in the closing two minutes of play that the sea soldiers were finally defeated. A Marine recovered the ball after it slipped from Roger's arms, and the Leathernecks proceeded to punt "out of danger?"

That was the miscue that was believed by many to have lost the game for the Marines. There were two minutes to go. Perhaps the best maneuver would be freezing the ball, and keeping it in play on downs until that fateful two minutes had passed.

A few seconds later with Wall in possession of the ball he flipped a pass to Desmond, Legion end. Desmond raced for the big stripe, he was tackled and rolled over with the precious six points. Wall added the extra point. After that there wasn't any football game.

But the day did not come to an inglorious end. The forty-thousand spec-

tators who sat in the stands on this balmy fall day had their full money's worth before a ball was tossed onto the field. The game was only one of the thrilling incidents of the day—a day which some Philadelphians will not forget if they live to be as old as Methuselah.

Here's how the teams lined up:

QUANTICO.	Position.	LEGION.
Carter.....	Left end.....	Hutton
Shew.....	Left tackle.....	Pannacion
Hallibaugh.....	Left guard.....	Gribbon
Hostad.....	Center.....	McAloun
Levnasky.....	Right guard.....	Austin
Brandt.....	Right tackle.....	Secrist
Adams.....	Right end.....	Desmond
Booth.....	Quarterback.....	Rogers
Diaz.....	Left halfback.....	Wilson
Butler.....	Right halfback.....	Wall
Zeher.....	Fullback.....	Hoffman
Marines.....	0 0 7 0—7	
Legion.....	0 0 0 13—13	

MARINE CORPS LEAGUE

(Continued from page 37)

are based on the net rate and do not include any extra charge to cover the cost of administration. Further, the insured may designate any person, firm, corporation or legal entity as the beneficiary under his policy, either individually or as trustee. To date more than thirty-five million dollars in dividends have been distributed to holders of Government insurance; there are approximately 650,000 policyholders with insurance in force in excess of three billion dollars.

Detailed information may be obtained from the United States Veterans' Bureau, Washington, D. C., or at its Regional Offices located throughout the United States.

Start the New Year right. Apply for Government insurance now. Tomorrow may be too late. There is no Armistice with death.

REPLYING TO THE OLD WARRIOR

What H. C. Edgerton, "The Old Warrior," says about old times brings back to my mind many incidents and people. He writes of the U. S. S. "Powhatan" and Captain Henry J. Bishop being in command of the guard. Captain Bishop was my commanding officer at Marine Barracks, Pensacola, Fla., in 1882 and I agree with Edgerton in regard to the captain being a fine commander. The summer after Captain Bishop took command, Yellow Jack broke out in the city of Pensacola and the guard from the barracks was sent with two companies of the 3rd Artillery, stationed at Fort Barrancas, to Mount Vernon Barracks, Alabama, the Marines going into camp from 29 August to 12 December. It was a vacation (almost) for nearly four months. Captain Bishop was relieved by Major James Forney while in camp.

The "Old Warrior" has the advantage of five years in the Corps as he joined in 1876 while I did not get into the fold until 1881, but we both met about the same people. Colonel John L. Broom enlisted both of us, but I did not stay in Brooklyn long. Was transferred to Boston and soon after to Pensacola. Another old timer, Chas. T. Roth, mentioned in his account of old times the name of Clark, who bought his chance to get on the detail to Pensacola that I



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went in. I remember Clark as he died of Yellow Jack.

A. J. Clark, William Flarity, Chas. Bolton, Ben Barger, Ed Hanifen and A. Ordway were the six that died in August, 1883. Two others had it but recovered—Corporal Benson and Private John Hebrew. Flarity was my bunkie and was to relieve me on a special post. He came to relieve me at 8 a. m. and said he was sick, but insisted on taking the post. On going to the doctor at sick call he was sent to the barracks and I helped to take care of him until late in the day when he was taken to the hospital where he died next day. The naval doctor was Dr. Owen, who also died about the same time. The Marines were moved out of the barracks to one of the store houses in the yard and kept quarantined for several days when we were moved into the pine woods back of Fort Barrancas and no other case of Yellow Jack developed. Our commanding officer was Captain A. S. Taylor. The whole guard was moved to Marine Barracks, New York, in May, 1884. I served at Pensacola again in 1887 under Major (afterwards Brigadier General) Henry C. Cochrane.

After the transfer from Pensacola the first time I was sent to the U. S. flag-ship "Tennessee" and was detailed as flag orderly for Rear Admiral James E. Jouett. While at Key West, Florida, the sidewinder "Powhatan" came in and right away had a fast whaleboat out practicing. A week after they pulled under the flagship's bow and torced oars, the challenge was accepted for a race and the race cutter "Dearing" out every evening for a week. The race that followed was the most exciting naval race I ever saw pulled. There was a big purse and everybody from the Admiral down had some money up.

A four-mile race between a double-banked whaleboat and a cutter pulling twelve oars on a none too smooth sea off Key West . . . it was a hard pull all the way in but the cutter held on the tail of the whaleboat in the rough water till near the finish, where the water was smoother, then walked away, winning by two boat lengths. Dan Wicks was the coxswain of a mixed crew, two Marines in the boat. The whole crew was a husky bunch. I think that the average weight was 175 pounds. It was said that the crew of the "Powhatan" ate cracker hash for two months after.

Most of the officers that Roth and Edgerton mention, I served with at one time or another. In the old days it was hard to get away from any officer as there were so few and most all of them had their favorite post to serve at when doing shore duty, and it was the same with the enlisted men.

Colonel Broom enlisted me in Brooklyn in 1881 and discharged me in Boston in 1886. Among the post commanders were Colonels Broom, Hebb, Hayward, Forney, Tilton, Huntington, and Cochrane. Most of them gained the brigadier general rank before they retired.

Among the duty officers were Captains Bishop, Robinson, Meeker, Kelton, William Rawles Brown, Muse, Fagen, and G. C. Reed, afterwards adjutant and inspector, and Goodrell. There were so many lieutenants that it would cover a page in "The Leatherneck" just to mention them.

Among the tops I remember Chas. Casey, (Scarface) Russell McClure, and Billie Burk. The last I saw of Burk was in Norfolk, Va., where he was post trader at the barracks about 1894 when the beer was taken away from all barracks and ships. Dick Evans was top there. George Boyce was top in Brooklyn, and a good one he was. We were on the most friendly terms while I was acting first sergeant of paper company "B" under Captain Robinson in 1890.

The O. W. writes of Henry Hartung, whom I knew very well. He was a fine soldier and an all around good fellow, but the red stuff got the better of him.

The old days in the Corps were so different than today—there were not so many to know, the same old faces would greet you when you returned from a cruise at sea, nor could we get far away from each other.

Later on I will go through my think tank and bring up some more old stuff and put it in writing.

"WHERE WE COULD TAKE A GUN"

(Continued from page 7)

and drove a bayonet into his throat. Private Purvis of the "Alaska" and Corporal Brown of the "Colorado" ripped the huge yellow ensign from its staff.

The Koreans fought to death. Of the entire garrison only twenty prisoners were taken alive, most of them severely wounded. Some had killed themselves, slashing their throats and leaping into the river.

It was a gallant victory in the face of overwhelming odds, and once more the Marine had led the way. Once more had they taught a barbaric nation that there is one flag that cannot be insulted with impunity.

THE MARINE CORPS DEPOT AT PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from page 5)

made including tentage, leggings, belts of all kinds, various types of canvas and leather bags and carriers, shooting pads, and in general all kinds of canvas and leather work. This department has recently started the manufacture of gauntlets, horsehide, with the idea of producing a gauntlet of uniform quality embodying the improvement in design decided upon to improve the wearing quality and prolong the life of the gauntlet in service. During the last year this department manufactured for the Navy 50,000 pairs Navy leggings and 3,550 pairs of white leggings for Midshipmen.

The Woodworking Department is equipped to handle a great variety of work from the making of pins for target spotters, to the manufacture of large size refrigerators and truck bodies. It manufactures packing boxes and crates for all materials, such as clothing, packed at Philadelphia, and supplies knocked-down boxes for use at other stations. It includes in its output tent

pins and poles, barrack clothing boxes, trunk lockers, expeditionary chests of various kinds, several sizes of refrigerators, mess tables and benches, barrack chairs, cots, hand carts and similar articles. This department also takes care of the maintenance work on the Depot buildings. During the last year it manufactured for the Army 764,200 tent pins and 2,734 tent poles in addition to its regular Marine Corps work. This department recently developed improved adjustable locks and hinges for refrigerators which, it is believed, will give much better service and enable the doors to be kept much tighter than was the case with the type formerly used. These improved locks and hinges are being installed on refrigerators now being turned out.

The Mechanical Department not only manufactures a large variety of metal articles for the Marine Corps from grommets for cap covers to steel lockers for barracks, but also operates the Depot Power Plant which supplies all the power, heat and compressed air and electricity used at 1100 South Broad Street. During the past year three boilers installed in the heating plant have been thoroughly overhauled, the oil feed changed from front to rear, and many improvements made that reflect results in lessened fuel consumption and reduced maintenance expense. This department manufactures a great variety of articles made of sheet metal such as water cans, garbage cans, recruiting signs, steel lockers and meat can covers. A large supply of this last item has recently been made to replace all old meat can covers now in use. The new cover is a great improvement over the old flat cover. It has two compartments, is deeper, and enables the Marine using field mess gear to maintain a reasonable separation of the components of his dinner, rather than having to put everything except bread in the one compartment provided by the mess pan itself. This new cover for the meat can was adopted as the result of recommendations from Captain Joyce while serving in Nicaragua. The original design submitted by Captain Joyce was later modified following comments from the service on certain experimental covers that were made and issued for test. The cover as finally adopted has met with the enthusiastic approval of all military people to whom it has been shown. During the past year the Mechanical Department made notable improvement in the design and manufacture of the steel lockers and recruiting signs which led to material decreases in the unit cost of each of these items. The design of the steel lockers has recently been further simplified with further reduction in cost. As a result of complaints from the service, a study was recently made to see if the rusting of cap cover grommets could be eliminated. As a result, all such grommets are now being galvanized. Judging from a test of the new grommet made by the Bureau of Standards, it is believed that this cause of complaint has been eliminated. The Armory in which the repair of small arms is cared for, operates as a section of this department under a warrant officer assigned to this duty. This section conducts an Armorer's School in which selected enlisted men, having an aptitude for such work, are trained in the repair of small arms and in the proper

methods of packing and caring for such equipment. After graduation these men are sent to various Marine Corps stations where their training makes them especially valuable. The Coast Guard on several occasions has sent representatives to this school for training preliminary to assignment to duty as armorers of their rifle teams.

The Motor Transport Department is not strictly a manufacturing department as it does not engage in the manufacture of vehicles, but is concerned with their maintenance, the operation of those attached to the Depot, and the supply of motor spare parts to the service. It conducts a motor mechanics' school from which two classes are graduated each year. These men are instructed by means of lectures, by a study of cut away chassis and engines, all of which have been made by the personnel of the department from surveyed or obsolete equipment, by visits of inspection to various plants, and by training in the actual performance of the work involved in the repair and maintenance of Marine Corps vehicles. No civilian mechanics are employed, all work being done by enlisted students and instructors. Students are selected from volunteers having clear records, who will have at least two years to do after graduation and who are recommended by their commanding officers. After graduation they are sent to posts or stations where their services have been requested, for assignment to motor transport duty. Graduates are asked to indicate a first and second choice of stations, and so far in making assignments, it has been possible to give each graduate either his first or second choice. It is believed that the value of the course is shown in the results accomplished at posts at which the men are assigned in improving the operation and maintenance of motor transport.

The Stationery Department receives, stores and issues all stationery and blank forms required by the service, making its shipments direct to the widely scattered posts of the Corps including Marine Detachments on Naval vessels.

It should be emphasized that the Depot welcomes constructive criticism of its work, and is anxious to receive from the service suggestions for improvements in its products or methods. Officers and enlisted men using the articles manufactured at the Depot are in a better position to detect weak points and to suggest improvements than are the people who do the manufacturing and who do not see the articles in use. Then again, personnel having to do with surveys may find large quantities of an article being surveyed because of the same defect or weak point and might very readily suggest how this point could be reinforced or redesigned. Even if the proper remedy could not be suggested, the mere pointing out to the Depot Quartermaster of the fact that the surveys result from the same weak point, may enable the Depot to develop a remedy either through its own studies or through experts in the trade.

In the Inspection Department careful inspection is made of all material purchased by the Depot to see that specifications are fully met and that the material supplied complies in every respect with the requirements of the contract or purchase order. This department is equipped to test material normally pur-

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chased by the Marine Corps, except where chemical analysis is required, and keeps in close touch with the inspection services of other branches including the Bureau of Standards, as well as with developments occurring in various branches of industry. It maintains a file of Marine Corps specifications and recommends changes therein, and keeps the standard samples of articles of uniform and equipment used by the Corps. This department is frequently called on by other branches of the service for expert advice and assistance in the inspection of material and the preparation of specifications therefor.

All clothing manufactured at the Depot, or bought under contract, as well as material purchased for use in the manufacturing branch are stored at 1100 South Broad Street and requisitions therefor filled from that point. Clothing received from the factory or by purchase, after inspection and checking, is packed in standard boxes marked with the month and year of manufacture or date of contract, and then stored. All stores, both here and at Snyder Avenue, are so arranged as to facilitate the separation of different contracts or lots and to insure the issue of the oldest stock first.

The storehouses at the foot of Snyder Avenue handle the receipt, warehousing and shipment of all articles other than clothing, stationery, motor parts, and materials for manufacturing. In addition it is the storage place for the bulk of the lumber used at the Depot and for the Marine Corps reserve of motor vehicles. These warehouses also handle the receipt, inspection, and disposition of all property returned from the service, and take care of all material for survey including the sale at auction of property disposed of in that manner. All requisitions from posts and other depots for stock items other than clothing, stationery and motor parts, are referred there for supply, after such revision as may be necessary. These warehouses also handle a small stock of staple subsistence stores for issue to posts designated by the Quartermaster to get stores from that source, and keep a stock of green coffee from which roasted coffee is supplied to posts of the Marine Corps on the East Coast, including the Marine Barracks, Quantico, and the Marine Barracks, Parris Island. Every effort is made to so regulate the roasting of this coffee so that it can be furnished freshly roasted. In connection with this activity it is desirable to impress upon the service the importance of submitting requisitions for all classes of articles required at the same time. This procedure reduces the number of shipments required, reduces paper work, and frequently permits shipments to be forwarded as a carload lot, at a reduced rate, rather than as several less than carload shipments at higher rates.

The offices located at 1100 South Broad Street include the offices of the Depot Quartermaster, Executive Officer, Ordnance Officer, Chief Clerk, Cost Accounting, Purchase and Property Accounting. These offices handle all matters pertaining to the procurement of supplies and services, payment therefor, authorized sales, shipments and accounting, including cost accounting to determine cost of articles manufactured, property and money accountability. The estimates of supplies to be purchased, required by the Quartermaster to support parts of the

Marine Corps Budget, are prepared here as well as requisitions to cover purchases when replenishment of stocks becomes necessary. In connection with this important phase of the Depot's activities, careful records are kept of past issues in order that future requirements may be accurately determined. Similar records are kept of the issues of clothing by sizes and these records are carefully studied in connection with the determination of the manufacturing schedule to avoid the manufacture of sizes of articles not required. After the annual manufacturing program is prepared, based on the best data available at time of preparation, the work is authorized only in sufficient quantities to maintain an even flow through the factory. Each month a further study of the status of the manufacturing program is made in order to make any adjustment that may be deemed advisable due to sudden changes in the rate of issue, or other unusual conditions such as the development of surplus stock in certain sizes at other posts and depots.

The Depot also operates a school of Quartermaster Administration in which two classes of not more than 22 men are instructed annually in the details of Quartermaster Administration, the preparation of the various blank forms, property and subsistence accounting, typewriting, and in general in the varied duties required of the enlisted personnel connected with the administrative side of the Quartermaster's Department. Enlisted men selected for duty as students in this course are chosen from volunteers, who have shown aptitude for Quartermaster Department work, who will have at least one year to serve in their current enlistment after graduation, and who are recommended by their Commanding Officers. Before each class is graduated, Headquarters advises the service of the number of the graduates that will be available and requests Commanding Officers to report the number of graduates they desire assigned to their posts. Graduates are assigned in accordance with such requests, due consideration being given to requests from graduates for assignment to any particular station. So far the number of requests for graduates has always exceeded the number of graduates available, indicating the value placed upon the course of instruction by the service. It is also interesting to note that in making up the annual list of men eligible for appointment as Supply Sergeant, graduation from this school is given due weight in connection with the recommendation of Commanding Officers and report of work performed by the men concerned. Of this year's additions to the eligible list, ten out of sixteen are graduates of the school.

It is believed that a large potential saving to the Marine Corps has been made during the last few years by the careful and continued analysis of the quantities and sizes which should be manufactured and carried in stock. The proper balancing of stocks will also reflect itself in the reduction of stocks throughout the Corps, and in the issue of fresher stock to troops.

No account of the special functions of the other service activities housed at the Depot is included in this article, as it is considered that a proper account of their work requires special treatment.

Awards to Members of the Marine Corps for Meritorious Service in 1930

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

- MAJOR LOUIS M. BOURNE, JR., for aerial flight from Miami, Florida, to Managua, Nicaragua, on 14 January, 1928.
- CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. PAGE, JR. (posthumously awarded), "For extraordinary achievement in aerial flight on 21 July, 1930, successfully completing the longest recorded blind flight as pilot in an O2U-1 airplane from Omaha, Nebraska, to Anacostia, D. C."
- FIRST LIEUTENANT FRANK D. WEIR. Piloting plane in attack against strong force of bandits in Nicaragua on 14 January, 1928.
- FIRST LIEUTENANT FRANK H. LAMSON-SCRIBNER. Piloting plane in attack against strong force of bandits in Nicaragua on 14 January, 1928.
- MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT ALBERT S. MUNSCH. For extraordinary achievement in aerial flight as pilot in Nicaragua on 14 January, 1928.
- CAPTAIN ALTON H. PARKER, U. S. M. C. R. Test pilot on 5 December, 1929, during a flight of exploration over the unexplored regions of the Antarctic.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDALS

- COLONEL ROBERT Y. RHEA. "For exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in a position of great responsibility from March 10, 1927, to June 29, 1927, and from May 11, 1929, to January 30, 1930, while serving with the U. S. Marine Corps in Nicaragua in the successive positions of Commanding Officer of the 5th Regiment, organizer of the Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua, and Chief of Staff of the Second Brigade."
- LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHARLES R. SANDERSON. "For exceptionally meritorious service to the Government in a position of great responsibility as Supply Officer and Brigade Quartermaster, Second Brigade, U. S. M. C., from January 16, 1928, to April 20, 1929."

NAVY CROSS

- FIRST LIEUTENANT LEWIS B. PULLER. For distinguished service in line of his profession while commanding a Nicaraguan National Guard patrol in five successive engagements against bandit forces, on 16 February, 6 June, 22 July, 25 July, and 19 August, 1930.
- SERGEANT GEORGE C. SMITH, JR. For distinguished service while commanding a Nicaraguan National Guard patrol on 13 May, 5 July and 6 August, 1930. Dealt three successive and severe blows against organized banditry in the Republic of Nicaragua.
- GUNNERY SERGEANT WILLIAM A. LEE. For distinguished service as second in command of Nicaraguan National Guard patrols, in six successive engagements against armed bandits, 20 March, 23 March, 6 June, 22 July, 25 July, and 19 August, 1930.
- CORPORAL JOHN M. COBB. For distinguished service while commanding a Nicaraguan National Guard patrol. Dealt two successive and severe blows against organized banditry in Nicaragua on 7 June and 6 August, 1930, and assisted in delivering another on 15 August, 1930.
- FIRST LIEUTENANT HAROLD C. ROBERTS (Navy Cross Star). For distinguished service in line of his profession while acting as second in command of the Coco River Expedition in Neuva Segovia, Nicaragua, between 4 September and 10 November, 1928.
- FIRST LIEUTENANT WILLIAM PAUL. For having distinguished himself by display of extraordinary heroism on 12 May, 1930. In command of ten garrdes, accompanied a party of Government officials to Habitation Dock, Republic of Haiti, for the purpose of seizing state property on which the tenants refused to pay rent.
- MAJOR PETER C. GEYER. For distinguished service in line of his profession while continuously in the Northern Area from 1 April, 1928, to 30 June, 1929, successively as Battalion Executive Officer, Battalion Commander, and Intelligence Officer of the 11th Regiment and Northern Area.
- MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT VICTORY H. CZEGKA. For distinguished service as machinist of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition. Through his exceptional skill, zeal and energy in preparing and modifying scientific instruments he contributed to the success of the Expedition.
- GUNNERY SERGEANT KENNARD F. BUBIER. For distinguished service as one of the leading aviation mechanics of the Byrd Antarctic Expedition.
- MAJOR MILES R. THACHER. For distinguished service as Brigade Operations Officer, 2nd Brigade, U. S. Marines, from 11 July, 1929, to 18 April, 1930.
- MAJOR ALLEN E. SIMON. For distinguished service as Commanding Officer, 3rd Battalion, 5th Regiment, 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, operating in the Matagalpa-Jinotega district of Nicaragua from 10 June, 1929, to 11 April, 1930.
- CAPTAIN EDWARD B. MOORE. For distinguished service in successfully filling several important duties from 16 January, 1927, to 21 March, 1930, in the Republic of Nicaragua.
- CAPTAIN WILLIAM K. MacNULTY. For distinguished service as Commander of a patrol of the 57th Company, 2nd Battalion, 11th Regiment, operating in the vicinity of Bromoderos, Nicaragua, on 27 February, 1928.
- CAPTAIN ARTHUR D. CHALLACOMBE. For distinguished service as a member of a special mission that was organized for the purpose of executing the plan for the disarming of the troops of the Liberal Party of the Republic of Nicaragua, between 12 May to 15 May, 1927.
- COLONEL JAMES T. BUTTRICK. For distinguished service as Commander, 5th Regiment, U. S. Marines, garrisoning the Republic of Nicaragua from 25 Sept., 1929, to 18 April, 1930.
- CAPTAIN JULIAN P. BROWN. For distinguished service as a member of a special mission that was organized for the purpose of executing plan for disarming of the troops of the Liberal Party of the Republic of Nicaragua between 12 May to 15 May, 1927.
- LIEUTENANT COLONEL ELIAS R. BEADLE. For distinguished service in the line of his profession as Chief of the Guardia Nacional de Nicaragua from 11 July, 1927, to 14 March, 1929.
- FIRST LIEUTENANT CLARENCE J. CHAPPELL. For distinguished service as airplane pilot attached to Aircraft Squadrons, 2nd Brigade, operating against hostile bandit forces in Nicaragua from 6 November, 1927, to 8 November, 1928.
- SECOND LIEUTENANT JOHN D. BLANCHARD. For distinguished service while in command of a patrol of one Marine Gunner and twenty men of the Marine Corps serving with the Garde d'Haiti on afternoon of 6 December, 1929, making contact with about 1500 hostile Haitians, preventing the sacking of the City of Aux Cayes and the pillage, fire and murder that would have followed.
- FIRST LIEUTENANT VERNON M. GUYMON. For distinguished service as an airplane pilot attached to Aircraft Squadrons, 2nd Brigade, Nicaragua, operating against hostile bandits from 31 December, 1927, to 26 May, 1929.

SERGEANT CHESTER A. DAVIS. For distinguished service during continuous active service with the Guardia Nacional of Nicaragua and 11th Regiment of Marines operating in the Northern Area of Nicaragua between 28 March, 1928, to 30 June, 1929.

MAJOR HAROLD C. PIERCE. For distinguished service as Commanding Officer of the 2nd Battalion, 11th Regiment, operating in the Northern Area of Republic of Nicaragua from 31 January, 1928, to 5 April, 1929.

FIRST LIEUTENANT HERMAN H. HANNEKEN (Navy Cross Star). For extraordinary achievement, zeal, untiring and most successful efforts during active service in the Northern Area of the Republic of Nicaragua between 11 December, 1928, to 30 June, 1929.

FIRST LIEUTENANT EDWIN U. HAKALA. For extraordinary achievement, zeal, untiring and most successful efforts during active service in the Northern Area of the Republic of Nicaragua between December 11, 1928, to 30 June, 1929.

CAPTAIN ROBERT BLAKE (Navy Cross Star). For distinguished service while serving in the Northern Area of the Republic of Nicaragua from 10 February, 1929, to 30 June, 1929.

MASTER TECHNICAL SERGEANT ARCHIE PASCHAL. For distinguished service as airplane pilot attached to 2nd Brigade, operating in the Republic of Nicaragua.

HAITIAN DISTINGUISHED SERVICE MEDAL

MAJOR DAVID S. BARRY, JR. Distinguished himself by his devotion, activity and zeal to the service of the Haitian Gendarmerie. Merited special mention by his efficient contribution to the advancement of athletics.

CAPTAIN PETER CONACHY. Distinguished himself as Chief of the Transportation Service.

FIRST SERGEANT LOUIS N. BERTOL. Distinguished himself during five years as Commanding Officer of the National Palace Guard.

MAJOR LUCIAN W. BURNHAM. Distinguished himself as Assistant Chief of Staff of the Gendarmerie of Haiti.

MAJOR RANDOLPH COYLE. Has distinguished himself as Commanding Officer of the Department of Port au Prince.

CAPTAIN JOHN H. CRAIGE. Distinguished himself by his activity, zeal and devotion rendered to the Gendarmerie of Haiti as Chief of Police of the Capitol and as Advisory Officer to the Communal Administration of Port au Prince.

GUNNERY SERGEANT BERNARD J. DURR. For four years rendered distinguished service as an officer of the Palace Guard.

MAJOR JOSEPH C. FEGAN. Has rendered important services to his command while Commandant of Military Department of the North.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL JOHN R. HENLEY. As commandant of the Military Department of the North has contributed remarkably, by his activity and his devotion to duty, to the development of an "Esprit de Corps" among the soldiers of his command.

CAPTAIN MARTIN J. KELLEHER. Distinguished himself as Executive Officer in the Department of the Center, also as Commandant of the Dartiguenave Barracks at Port au Prince, during disorders of November and December, 1929.

MAJOR SELDEN B. KENNEDY. Distinguished himself by his activity and devotion to service of the Haitian Guard as Commandant to the Military Department of the Center.

CAPTAIN CHARLES I. MURRAY. Has as Chief of the Military Department of Port au Prince rendered important services.

FIRST LIEUTENANT GEORGE J. O'SHEA. Has rendered exceptional service as Assistant Chief of Police of the Military Department of Port au Prince.

MAJOR BENNETT PURYEAR, JR. Has distinguished himself by his activity and devotion to the service of the Gendarmerie of Haiti in the capacity of Quartermaster General.

MAJOR HAROLD B. PRATT. Has shown while Commandant of the Military Department of the South, eminent qualities of administration and rendered important services.

BRIGADIER GENERAL CYRUS S. RADFORD (Retired). For fourteen years rendered remarkable services to the Haitian Government while acting as Commissioner of the Gendarmerie and of the Haitian Guard, in the United States.

COLONEL FREDERICK A. RAMSEY. Distinguished himself while serving as Chief of Staff of the Haitian Guard.

CAPTAIN FRED S. ROBILLARD. Distinguished himself while serving as Chief of the Division of Motor Transportation.

SERGEANT CHARLES SORESENSEN. Has rendered remarkable service as the Commanding Officer of the 18th Company of the National Palace District.

CAPTAIN FRANKLIN T. STEELE. Has shown eminent qualities of administration while Commandant of the Military School and Chief of the Fire Department of Port au Prince.

NICARAGUAN MEDAL OF MERIT

Awarded by President Jose Maria Moncada of Nicaragua

Brigadier General Logan Feland.
Brigadier General Dion Williams.
Colonel Theodore E. Backstrom.
Colonel John C. Beaumont.
Colonel Randolph C. Berkeley.
Colonel Robert H. Dunlap.
Colonel Robert Y. Rhea.
Colonel Douglas C. McDougal.
Colonel Rush R. Wallace.
Colonel Louis M. Gulick.
Lieutenant Colonel Percy F. Archer.
Lieutenant Colonel James J. Meade.
Lieutenant Colonel Joseph A. Rossell.
Lieutenant Colonel Charles R. Sanderson.
Lieutenant Colonel Clayton B. Vogel.
Major Tom D. Barber.
Major Cecil S. Baker.
Major Louis M. Bourne, Jr.
Major D. L. S. Brewster.
Major William W. Buckley.
Major Oliver Floyd.
Major Marion B. Humphrey.
Major Henry L. Larsen.
Major John Marston.
Major Edwin N. McClellan.

Major Harold C. Pierce.
Major Keller E. Rockey.
Major Ross E. Rowell.
Major Harry Schmidt.
Major Maurice E. Shearer.
Major William D. Smith.
Major Miles R. Thacher.
Major Harold H. Utley.
Major Raymond R. Wright.
Captain John M. Arthur.
Captain Robert Blake.
Captain Victor F. Bleasdale.
Captain Julian P. Brown.
Captain Richard B. Buchanan.
Captain Karl I. Buse.
Captain William C. Byrd.
Captain Alfred C. Cottrell.
Captain Frank D. Creamer.
Captain Merrit A. Edson.
Captain Peter C. Geyer, Jr.
Captain Maurice C. Gregory.
Captain George T. Hall.
Captain Gilbert D. Hatfield.
Captain Clifford O. Henry.
Captain Maurice G. Holmes.

Captain Euvel D. Howard.
Captain Robert S. Hunter.
Captain Thomas F. Joyce.
Captain Donald J. Kendall.
Captain Richard Livingston.
Captain Charles McL. Lott.
Captain William K. MacNulty.
Captain Edward B. Moore.
Captain Robert M. Montague.
Captain Roger W. Peard.
Captain Hu H. Phipps.
Captain Francis H. Pierce.
Captain Lewis B. Regan.
Captain William P. Richards.
Captain Richard O. Sanderson.
Captain Joseph T. Smith.
Captain Charles D. Sniffin.
Captain Donald Spicer.
Captain George F. Stockes.
Captain Edgar S. Tuttle.
First Lieutenant Fitzhugh L. Buchanan.
First Lieutenant Theodore W. Cartwright.
First Lieutenant Arthur D. Challacombe.
First Lieutenant Everett H. Clark.
First Lieutenant Franklin G. Cowie.

First Lieutenant Daniel R. Fox.
 First Lieutenant Julian N. Frisbie.
 First Lieutenant Moses J. Gould.
 First Lieutenant Vernon M. Guymon.
 First Lieutenant Edwin U. Hakala.
 First Lieutenant Elmer E. Hall.
 First Lieutenant Herman H. Hanneken.
 First Lieutenant James B. Hardie.
 First Lieutenant Charles W. Henkle.
 First Lieutenant Joseph D. Humphrey.
 First Lieutenant Charles W. Kail.
 First Lieutenant Herbert S. Keimling.
 First Lieutenant William P. Kelly.
 First Lieutenant Howard N. Kenyon.
 First Lieutenant Thomas J. Kilcourse.
 First Lieutenant Clarence M. Knight.
 First Lieutenant Arnold C. Larsen.
 First Lieutenant Clifton L. Marshall.
 First Lieutenant George W. McHenry.
 First Lieutenant William J. Mosher.
 First Lieutenant Edward F. O'Day.
 First Lieutenant William W. Orr.
 First Lieutenant George J. O'Shea.
 First Lieutenant Lloyd R. Pugh.
 First Lieutenant George R. Rowan.
 First Lieutenant Morton A. Richal.
 First Lieutenant Stanley E. Ridderhof.
 First Lieutenant Reginald H. Ridgely, Jr.
 First Lieutenant Harold C. Roberts.
 1st Lt. Lawson H. McP. Sanderson.
 First Lieutenant Christian F. Schilt.
 First Lieutenant Richard H. Schubert.
 First Lieutenant William W. Scott, Jr.
 First Lieutenant Ernest E. Shaughnessy.
 First Lieutenant Robert L. Skidmore.
 First Lieutenant Robert J. Straub.
 First Lieutenant Philip L. Thwing.
 First Lieutenant George H. Towner, Jr.
 First Lieutenant John G. Walraven.
 First Lieutenant Marvin V. Yandle.
 First Lieutenant Sherman L. Zea.
 Second Lieutenant Arthur G. Bliesener.
 Second Lieutenant Glenn M. Britt.
 Second Lieutenant Wilburt S. Brown.
 Second Lieutenant Guy D. Chappell.
 Second Lieutenant William W. Conway.
 Second Lieutenant Marion L. Dawson.
 Second Lieutenant Joseph W. Earnshaw.
 Second Lieutenant Harold D. Hansen.
 Second Lieutenant Walter I. Jordan.
 Second Lieutenant John S. Letcher.
 Second Lieutenant Robert B. Luckey.
 Second Lieutenant Francis M. McAlister.
 Second Lieutenant Robert H. McDowell.
 Second Lieutenant James G. McFarland.
 Second Lieutenant James M. McHugh.
 Second Lieutenant John C. Munn.
 Second Lieutenant Henry R. Paige.
 Second Lieutenant Earl S. Piper.
 Second Lieutenant Paul A. Putnam.
 Second Lieutenant Raymond P. Rutledge.
 Second Lieutenant Elmer H. Salzman.
 Second Lieutenant James F. Shaw, Jr.
 Second Lieutenant Prentice A. Shiebler.
 Second Lieutenant Adolph Zuber.
 Second Lieutenant Sidney R. Williamson.
 Second Lieutenant Earl A. Thomas.
 Chief Marine Gunner John J. Faragher.
 Marine Gunner Charles R. Nordstrom.
 Ch. QM Clerk Charles F. Burrall.
 Ch. QM Clerk Amos E. Potts.
 Ch. QM Clerk John L. Watkins.
 Chief Pay Clerk Fred S. Parsons.
 Sergeant Major Owen Abrogast.
 QM Sergeant Frederick Dykstra.
 Quartermaster Sergeant Albert A. Firth.
 QM Sergeant Harold L. Lindstrom.
 Quartermaster Sergeant Eugene J. May.
 QM Sergeant Louis A. Sullivan.
 QM Sergeant Frank W. Wright.
 MT Sergeant Norman G. Henderson.
 MT Sergeant Archie Paschal.
 First Sergeant Joseph A. Btrnica.
 First Sergeant Harold I. Crowell.
 First Sergeant Francis B. Cashman.
 First Sergeant Wilbourn O. Christian.

First Sergeant John F. Dirkes.
 First Sergeant Russell H. Dudley.
 First Sergeant George T. Green.
 First Sergeant Johnny F. Hemphill.
 First Sergeant John M. Morrell.
 First Sergeant John P. Romer, Jr.
 First Sergeant Otto N. Roos.
 First Sergeant Robert L. Wilson.
 Gunnery Sergeant Omer C. Adams.
 Gunnery Sergeant William M. Arnold.
 Gunnery Sergeant Ollie R. Blackburn.
 Gunnery Sergeant Edward G. Brown.
 Gunnery Sergeant Fred Coryell.
 Gunnery Sergeant Alva Eadens.
 Gunnery Sergeant Robert B. Ewalt.
 Gunnery Sergeant Michael T. Finn.
 Gunnery Sergeant Nello H. Frazier.
 Gunnery Sergeant Oscar L. George.
 Gunnery Sergeant William G. Groves.
 Gunnery Sergeant George F. Haubensack.
 Gunnery Sergeant Albert W. Hendershot.
 Gunnery Sergeant James F. Hill.
 Gunnery Sergeant Joseph W. Kittle.
 Gunnery Sergeant Morris K. Kurtz.
 Gunnery Sergeant Herbert F. Larrick.
 Gunnery Sergeant Raymond H. Leeper.
 Gunnery Sergeant Henry C. Meacham.
 Gunnery Sergeant George C. Morgan.
 Gunnery Sergeant Charles T. Ostick.
 Gunnery Sergeant George L. Robinson.
 Gunnery Sergeant Willis L. Ryckman.
 Gunnery Sergeant Millard T. Shepard.
 Gunnery Sergeant George H. Smith.
 Gunnery Sergeant Carl E. Stewart.
 Gunnery Sergeant Albert C. Tallman.
 Gunnery Sergeant Patrick H. Tobin.
 Gunnery Sergeant Charles Williams.
 Gunnery Sergeant Derby S. Wilson.
 Supply Sergeant Martin W. Texler.
 Staff Sergeant John S. Carter.
 Staff Sergeant Laurens Claude.
 Staff Sergeant Charles V. Frith.
 Staff Sergeant Harold R. Jordan.
 Staff Sergeant Robert E. A. Lillie.
 Sergeant Samuel A. Able.
 Sergeant Charles L. Arndt.
 Sergeant Gerald R. Brown.
 Sergeant George K. Burt.
 Sergeant Augustus Byrd.
 Sergeant James M. Campbell.
 Sergeant Robert M. Caven.
 Sergeant George Cole.
 Sergeant Fred R. Collins.
 Sergeant Edward J. Cullen.
 Sergeant Bennie Cryts.
 Sergeant Chester B. Davis.
 Sergeant Frank E. Dowdell.
 Sergeant William L. Dubois.
 Sergeant Fred Edge.
 Sergeant George Elms.
 Sergeant Scott Fields.
 Sergeant Irving Fine.
 Sergeant Stephen J. Fitzpatrick.
 Sergeant Rudolph A. Frankforter.
 Sergeant Norman G. Freeman.
 Sergeant Harry Gayer.
 Sergeant Jesse R. Himes.
 Sergeant Juett A. Hurst.
 Sergeant Norman Hussa.
 Sergeant Charles W. Isham.
 Sergeant Alfred D. Kelly.
 Sergeant Arthur J. Kelly.
 Sergeant John T. Kerlin.
 Sergeant Edward G. Matson.
 Sergeant Carlin Mecham.
 Sergeant George W. Montieth.
 Sergeant Melvin Mosier.
 Sergeant Charles A. Mussen, Jr.
 Sergeant Nils A. Nilsson.
 Sergeant Martin F. O'Donnell.
 Sergeant John Owen.
 Sergeant Charles Pelz.
 Sergeant Joseph J. Pifel.
 Sergeant Byron C. Piner.
 Sergeant Herbert J. Quigley.
 Sergeant Emil Riggs.



Have you ever been out on the trail for days and days? Or on a working detail for the same length of time? Did your body ever feel sore, and itchy? Sure it did, and the sure relief for this condition is RESINOL, the Marine's body-guard. The next time you get all hot and tired, jump under the showers with your trusty bar of RESINOL SOAP. Lather well, rinse the suds off and feel yourself glow! If you have an itch, apply RESINOL OINTMENT and relief will be yours. RESINOL OINTMENT is the ideal thing for insect bites. RESINOL PRODUCTS are on sale throughout the Marine Corps. Ask your steward about it.

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Corporal Adolph Thielhart.
Corporal Joseph M. Tucker.
Corporal Vincent Usora.
Corporal Herman Vandenhoogan.
Corporal Werner A. Wampler.
Corporal Charles H. Wolls.
Corporal William W. Williamson.
Corporal Ellsworth C. Wilson.
Corporal Albert N. Woods.
Corporal Olin L. Yinger.
Private First Class Ernest F. Ballinger.
Private First Class Harry M. Blanchard.
PFC Raleigh R. Brandenburg.
Private First Class Morris H. Burr.
Private First Class Frederick Carlson.
Private First Class Estler Crosson.
Private First Class Harold A. Dashner.
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Private First Class Audie C. Ellard.
Private First Class Tony Forte.
Private First Class Frank Hasse.
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Private First Class Willie W. Hood.

Private First Class David J. Jones.
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Private First Class Ira L. Kessler.
Private First Class Herbert D. Lester.
Private First Class Loree F. McRobie.
Private First Class Arvel T. Minor.
PFC Orville E. Pennington.
Private First Class Thomas S. Pietrzak.
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Private First Class Martin Slavonick, Jr.
Private First Class Grady W. Watson.
Private First Class Raymond H. Welch.
Private First Class Ellis H. Whitten.
Private First Class Anthony G. Yelanich.
Drummer Thomas E. Paine.
Trumpeter Karl F. Krollman.
Private Forrest D. Allen.
Private George R. Ackerman.
Private Chris A. Baldy.
Private Lewis Ballard.
Private James A. Barr.
Private Alfred Beckwith.
Private Clarence E. Beem.
Private Adolph J. Bertolini.
Private Elmer S. Black.
Private Robert H. Blair.
Private Joseph W. Bozo.
Private Guy W. Bryan.
Private Bernard F. Callaway.
Private Hershel H. Campbell.
Private Edward J. Carter.
Private Raymond B. Carter.
Private Archie O. Chase.
Private Rastus Collins.
Private Robert H. Collins.
Private Houston P. Corry.
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Private John P. Coyle.
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Private Florence A. Crowley.
Private Peter C. Crum.
Private Lem C. Davis.
Private Harry T. Doherty.
Private Jerry F. Dolan.
Private Max M. Dubois.
Private Howard J. Elles.
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 Corporal Charles F. Bell.
 Corporal Adam L. Byrd.
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 First Sergeant Thomas G. Bruce.
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(Posthumously)

Private Michael A. Obleski.

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Probably some of these men read your magazine. If you feel it would be proper to do so, we would greatly appreciate having you suggest in an early issue that all of our former comrades send their name and correct address to Doane Eaton, 50 Morningside Drive, New York, N. Y.

Very sincerely,
 (Signed) DOANE EATON,
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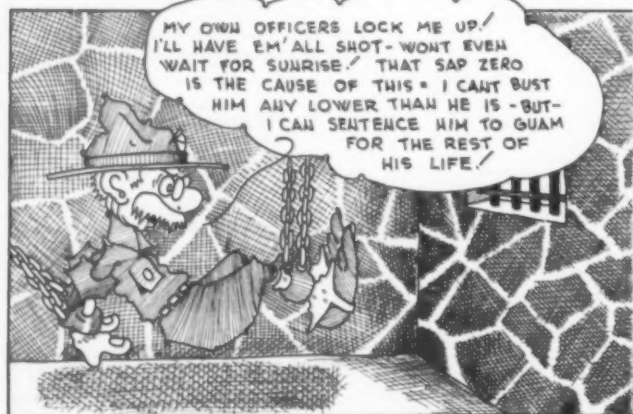
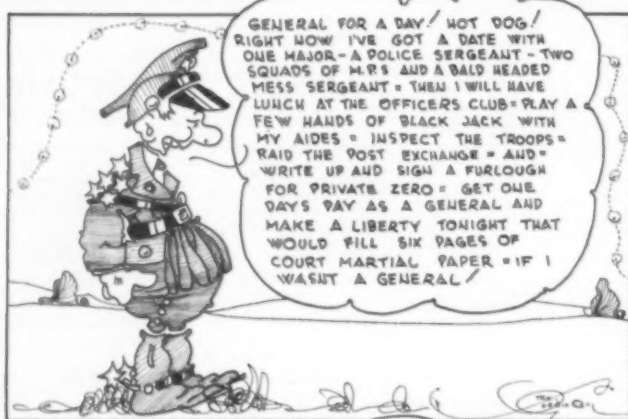
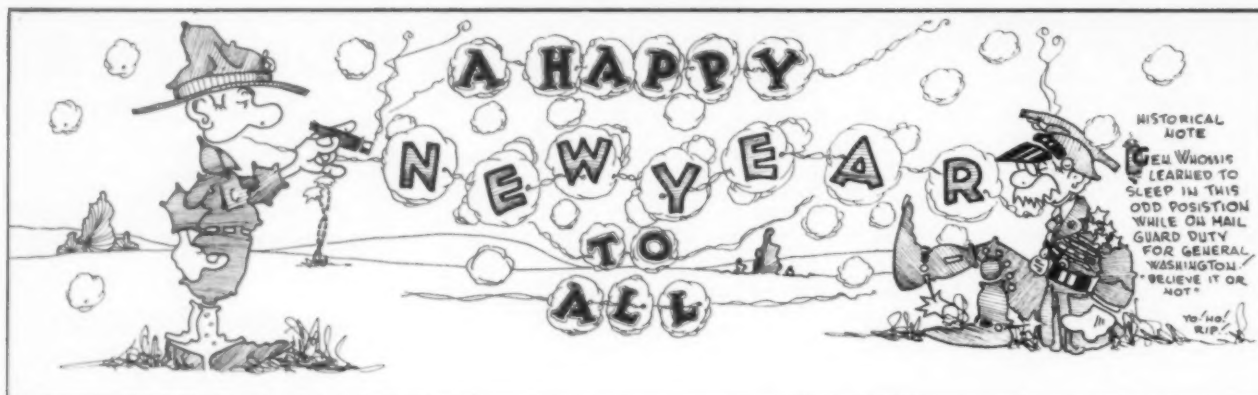
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